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SIR GEOFFREY PHIPPS HORNBY

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

SIR GEOFFREY PHIPPS HORNBY

G. C. B.

A Biography

BY

MRS FRED. EGERTON

yy-j-74

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Dedicated

TO

MY FATHER'S OLD SHIPMATES
AND COMRADES.

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From a photo taken at Lordington.

IR GEOFFREY PHIPPS HORNBY, G.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

ARENTAGE AND BIRTH—EARLY TRAITS—SCHOOL-DAYS AT WINWICK AND PLYMOUTH—CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

r the highest point of the low ridge which vides Cheshire from Lancashire, Winwick Church)wns the slope. It is a beautiful old thir-enth-century church, and used to boast of a ique east window, but this was restored away ne fifty years ago. Winwick was one of the st livings in Lord Derby's gift, and from 1781 1855 was held by two Hornbys in succession. The elder of these two rectors was Geoffrey, y son of Edmund Hornby, Esq. of Poulton and le Hall, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of n Winckley, Esq., of Preston. The Rev. offrey Hornby married, April 27, 1772, Lucy nley, sister of Edward, twelfth Earl of Derby.

The Rev. Geoffrey and his wife were pare
of thirteen children, of whom the second s
James John, succeeded his father in the livi
1812; and the fifth son, Phipps, so called af
his godfather, Mr Thomas Peckham Phipps
Littlegreen, Sussex, entered the navy.

Captain (afterwards Sir Phipps) Hornby, v
had served as a mate on board the *Victory* un
Nelson, commanded the 22-gun ship *Volage* at
William Hoste's action off Lissa, March 13, 18
for which he was awarded the rare distinct
of a gold medal. A flag, belonging to a Fre
frigate captured in the action, still hangs in W
wick Church as a trophy of the victory.

Captain Hornby married, December 22, 18
Maria Sophia, daughter of the Right Hon. Gen
John Burgoyne. The bride, after her fath
death, lived with Lord and Lady Derby,
was married from her old home, "The Oa
in Surrey, a place which Lord Derby had bou
from General Burgoyne, and where he usu
spent the early part of the winter. Of
Hornby there seems to have been but one opin
"the wisest woman that ever lived." Her
lation with her children was most beautiful,
many who were not her children, but who v
lonely and in trouble, were *taken to her h*
and "mothered."

After the war, when Captain Hornby was
on half-pay, the attraction of old associations

the neighbourhood of his brother drew him to Winwick, where the young couple settled down in a little cottage near the church. It was here that on Sunday morning, February 20, 1825, was born their second son and sixth child, Geoffrey Thomas Phipps, as he was christened in Winwick Church, March 22, of the same year.

The earliest nursery tradition of the little Geoffrey is of a sturdy, red-headed little boy, very angry because he had been contradicted by his nurse, and vociferating as loudly as he could, "I will! I will! I shall!"

Mrs Hornby kept a little memorandum-book in which she noted down all the quaint sayings and doings of her children. In most of the anecdotes which concern her son Geoff signs may be traced of qualities which distinguished him in after-life. The strong will, which helped him to overcome a naturally impetuous temper, and made him such a leader and ruler of men, because he had learnt to control himself; a touch of dandyism; an innate sense of chivalry and politeness; a scrupulous honesty and dislike of any half-truths, and a simple faith and strong religious feeling, which made him always give duty and uprightness the foremost place, and would never allow him to truckle to expediency.

The first seven years of his life were spent at Winwick, with only an annual break of a few months' visit to Knowsley. Lord Derby's great

pleasure was to gather a large family party together in the summer months, and the visit to Knowsley was looked forward to by all the children as the holiday-time of the year. Every room in the house, every spot in the park, seems to have its own legend, its own particular "Do you remember?"

In 1832 Captain Hornby was appointed Captain Superintendent of the Naval Hospital and Victualling-Yard at Devonport. The whole party went round to Plymouth by sea — father and mother, seven children (the eldest son was then at Rugby), governess, and servants; and owing to stormy weather, the passage from Liverpool to Plymouth took eleven days.

Little Geoff had already been to school for a year, as a day-boy,—to the Grammar-School at Winwick, which just then had risen to great prosperity as a preparatory school under the mastership of the Rev. T. Hinde. At Plymouth the school chosen for him was Mr Southwood's, because the mathematical teaching was said to be good. His ability showed itself not so much in any precocious quickness, as in thoughtfulness, perseverance, and a keen desire for knowledge.

One who knew Geoff at this time describes him as a quick, active boy, neither particularly good-looking nor the reverse, with a very red head, which his mother called "auburn," and a great passion for animals, especially horses. His only other

passion was the navy: every evening his occupation was to carve little boats out of small pieces of wood, spreading his handkerchief very tidily on the table to catch the chips, and then, having got his sisters to hem the sails, he proceeded to rig his small flotilla. Some of his uncles amused themselves by trying to persuade him to try for the appointment of page to William IV. Among many of the glories of the position, which they invented for his benefit, they told him that he would have a horse kept for him. For a while this rather attracted him; but when they told him truthfully that the end of a page's career was a commission in the Guards, he utterly declined to countenance the idea, renouncing even the hope of having a horse, because he would be a sailor.

CHAPTER II.

H.M.S. *PRINCESS CHARLOTTE*, 1837–1840.

H.M.S. *PRINCESS CHARLOTTE*—HOW SHIPS WERE FITTED OUT IN 1837—AN ADVENTURE AT MALTA—RECOLLECTIONS BY SIR ARTHUR FARQUHAR—DEFEAT OF IBRAHIM PASHA AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF ACRE, 1839.

GEOFFREY THOMAS PHIPPS HORNBY was entered on board H.M.S. *Princess Charlotte* as a first-class volunteer on March 8, 1837. She was then fitting out as the Mediterranean flagship, carrying the flag of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford, K.C.B. One of the advantages of being in a flagship was that she carried a schoolmaster, a privilege seldom granted to any other class of ships in those days. Captain Phipps Hornby took his little son down to Portsmouth to enter him; but as the flag-captain, afterwards Sir Arthur Fanshawe, did not want the boys on board when he was fitting out, the lad was given leave to return to Plymouth till May 20, when he left home to join his ship by a steamer which plied between Plymouth and Portsmouth every Monday morning.

The *Princess Charlotte* was still at Portsmouth

at the time of the Queen's Accession, June 20, and the first royal salute which Geoff Hornby ever heard fired was in honour of that event. In after-life he was wont to say that he and her Majesty entered the public service in the same year. In those days, fitting out a ship was a much longer business than it is now. Instead of receiving her quite ready from the hands of the dockyard, the captain had usually to hoist in her masts and to see to her rigging; and how she was found depended very much on what means he had at his disposal. He had, moreover, to enter his own men. Placards would be posted up all over the town where the ship was commissioning, "Wanted, so many hundred men of the right sort," &c., &c. If few ships had been commissioned lately, and if the captain or the station was popular, a ship's company was very quickly got together. The day before she sailed the men were given a little pay in advance, and there was a regular orgy on board. All the men's friends, male and female, came to take leave, and a great many who were not friends brought liquor on board. There was a great deal of drunkenness, and some mothers, who were ill-advised enough to go that day to take leave of their little midshipmen sons, went away with a horrible impression of life on board ship. A day or two at sea, however, usually sufficed for things to settle down in their usual routine till the end of the commission.

The *Princess Charlotte*, with Admiral Sir Robert, Lady Stopford, and her daughters on board, sailed for the Mediterranean from Portsmouth on July 3, 1837.

During the winter 1837-1838 the fleet wintered as usual at Malta, and in those days the feeling between the English and Maltese ran very high. There was one exhibition of this during the winter, which Geoff Hornby used always to describe with great gusto. One night at the opera, in consequence of a large party which was going on elsewhere, there were very few English in the house. A prima-donna, who was very popular with the English, was singing, and for this reason the Maltese decided to hiss her. Directly she had finished her aria, and the English began to applaud, the Maltese began to hiss. A big Englishman who was sitting next to a Maltese said, "If you do that again I shall turn you out." The Maltese turned round, and saw that his countrymen very much outnumbered the English, so he hissed again. Immediately he was taken by the collar and forced towards the door; the Maltese tried to rescue him, the English backed up their man, and the fight became general. The English were in such a great minority that the flag-captain, anxious for their safety, broke the legs off the chairs in the Commander-in-Chief's box, and handed them down to his officers as weapons of defence and offence.

Somehow word had been passed up to the main-

guard that some officers were getting the worst of it in the opera-house. Of course the guard turned out, and took the Maltese in the rear, just as the English inside the house were beginning to force them into the street, with the result that the Maltese had a very bad time of it. Next day there was an inquiry; but as the flag-captain, who had been present, said that his officers had only been acting for the maintenance of order and in self-defence, no further notice was taken of the incident.

Much less leave was given then than now, and the commander of the *Princess Charlotte* was not fond of giving the youngsters a run on shore. He had a way of replying to the question, "Please, sir, may I go on shore?" "Oh yes, certainly, certainly;" and when the boy had almost finished saying, "Thank you, sir," he would add, "but not to-day, no, not to-day." Occasionally, however, the commander's heart softened, and the midshipmen did get on shore; for during the summer of 1838 an uncle of Geoff Hornby's (the Rev. George Hornby), who lived at Naples, offered him £10 if he would sit for a miniature to be sent home to his mother. The boy very much grudged the time he had to sit cooped up in the studio, when he might have been careering all over the country round Naples on horseback; but it was finished, and despatched at last, and the £10 procured him a great deal

of enjoyment, to say nothing of a certain amount of smartening up of the cutter, of which he was given charge. This boat was an endless source of delight and pride to him, all his spare cash was spent in beautifying her, and he even got his sisters to work little mats for the men to sit on. Her great achievement, during the commission, was winning a race at a regatta when it was blowing very fresh. The little lad was never a very good sailor, and this day he was very sea-sick indeed; but he carried on, and brought his boat in a winner, in spite of all the pangs of sea-sickness.

Probably on account of the smartness of the above-mentioned cutter, and also because Geoff Hornby spoke French better than any other midshipman on board the *Princess Charlotte*, he was frequently employed in carrying messages to and from the French ships when the British squadron was at Toulon at the time of the Queen's Coronation, June 1838. On the Coronation day the French Admiral and suite dined with Sir Robert on board the *Princess Charlotte*, and for several days after they were royally entertained by the French.

Even then young Hornby, or, as his messmates called him, "Rufus," had made himself a reputation for "smartness." Sir Arthur Farquhar writes:—

"Hornby was my messmate in the *Princess*

Charlotte from autumn 1838 to autumn 1840, he being a midshipman and I being a mate at that time. Afterwards I was lieutenant of the *Princess Charlotte* from November, 1840 to August 1841, whilst he was still a midshipman. Young Hornby was a very bright, clever boy, with a ruddy complexion and reddish hair; he was a great favourite with both his messmates and superior officers, and even then gave promise of high qualities as an officer. He, young Peel (afterwards Sir William Peel), and Egerton (the late Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton) were, I think, the finest specimens of youngsters I ever saw."

The summer of 1839, after visiting a portion of the coast of Sicily and the Greek Archipelago, was spent at Besika Bay, and at Vourla in the Gulf of Smyrna.

On July 14, 1839, the Turkish fleet of thirty-two sail was delivered over to Mehemet Ali by a traitorous Turkish admiral, thus leaving the Sultan virtually at the mercy of Ibrahim Pasha (a stepson of Mehemet Ali and generalissimo of the Egyptian forces), who was ruling in Syria. The European Powers (except France) agreed to interfere to help the Sultan; but as there was no really secure anchorage for ships during the winter on the coast of Syria, operations did not begin till the spring. In March 1840 two ships were sent to reinforce Sir Charles Napier on the

coast of Syria, and orders were given to Lieut.-Colonel Hodges, Consul-General at Alexandria, to give immediate notice of the sailing of the Turco-Egyptian fleet. Sir Robert Stopford did not go to Syria till September, but remained most of the summer at Mitylene, so as to be out of the way of collision with a French fleet of eight sail which was anchored at Besika. He (Sir Robert) was waiting, 1st, for some Turkish ships and transports, under the nominal if not real command of Sir Baldwin Wake Walker, which were to be conveyed to Syria; 2d, for the *Benbow*, which was bringing some sappers and miners from Gibraltar, and 10,000 stands of arms to be distributed among the Syrian mountaineers; 3d, for Mehemet Ali's answer to the Sultan's ultimatum.

Mehemet Ali declined to accept the Sultan's conditions, and the English Admiral proceeded to the coast of Syria, where all the marines of the fleet were landed, so as to make a demonstration imposing enough to induce the people from the mountains to come down to receive their arms.

The combined English (under Sir Charles Napier), Austrian, and Turkish forces defeated Ibrahim near Beyrout on October 10, and the Egyptian army retreated south to St Jean d'Acre, which on November 3d was taken, after a three hours' bombardment. The capture of Acre led to the expulsion of the Egyptians from

Syria, and to a peace by which the viceroyalty of Egypt was made hereditary.

This, then, was the only time in his life that Geoffrey Hornby saw a shot fired in anger; and it seems a curious coincidence that his first and last service afloat should have been in a fleet which was acting as the ally of the Sultan.

CHAPTER III.

H.M.S. *WINCHESTER*, 1842–1844—H.M.S. *CLEOPATRA*, 1844–1847.

H.M.S. *WINCHESTER*, 1842—LETTER TO ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT STOPFORD — VOYAGE TO THE CAPE — A BOER INSURRECTION—EXPEDITION TO NATAL — REMINISCENCES BY SIR ANTHONY HOSKINS—H.M.S. *CLEOPATRA*, 1844—EAST AFRICAN SLAVERS—RETURN TO ENGLAND, 1847.

FROM the time the *Princess Charlotte* was paid off, August 1841, till the spring of 1842, Geoffrey Hornby was at Woolwich Dockyard, to which his father had been appointed as Captain Superintendent after leaving Plymouth. Admiral the Hon. Joscelyn Percy, C.B., was then commissioning the *Winchester* as his flagship for the Cape of Good Hope, and it was thought well to send the boy in another flagship. She sailed from Spithead on Thursday, June 9, and the earliest letter extant in Geoffrey Hornby's handwriting describes the voyage to the Cape:—

"Admiral the Hon.
Sir ROBERT STOPFORD, G.C.B.

"*H.M.S. Winchester*,
SIMON'S BAY, *Sept.* 4, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As you were so kind as to

express a wish to hear from me by any opportunity, I will, now that I have a little time to myself, give you an account of our proceedings. We arrived at Madeira after a fortnight's passage from England, and as we were to lay there two days, a large party of us started to see the lions, and we made the most of our time, for we went to the Nunnery, the Church on the Hill, and afterwards to the Grand Corral, which is a large ravine between two of the largest hills, and comprises in itself, and in the road to it, quite the most beautiful scenery I ever saw. And, moreover, on our way home we nearly made a vacancy for a lieutenant—one of our party who was rash enough to race with two of us mids. He was of course beaten, and as he was going astern was saluted by four horse-shoes whistling by his head, which had been discharged with considerable force from our horses' heels. Our next exploit was receiving Neptune, and the christening of us his new children. We were fortunate in having a very fine day, and the Miss Percys, who were on the poop, seemed to take as much interest as we who were concerned. We reached Rio after rather a long, but a very fine, passage of five weeks from Madeira. We lay there a week, and, I think, I never enjoyed a week more. We had several parties to the most beautiful parts of the environs, and we were also invited to two balls. The first was a native one, and rather re-

minded us of Peter Simple's 'dignity ball,' and we laughed not a little at many of the figures. Fortunately, everybody who noticed us was, or seemed to be, pleased at being noticed, and thought we were admiring them. The other ball was at the British Minister's house, and this we enjoyed, if possible, more, as we met either English people or those who spoke French or English. We very foolishly sailed on a Friday, and we were of course kept under double- or treble-reefed topsails the whole way, fell in with the usual gale off the Cape, and lay-to four days, as the captain and master did not like going into a place where they had neither of them been for some years. We anchored here on Thursday last, and were rather astounded at the apparent barrenness of the place, though on landing we were equally surprised at the beauty of the wild flowers, which proves that the land must be good as well as the climate. We have lying here the *Southampton* and *Iris*, which have lately returned from Port Natal, where they were obliged to go with a detachment of troops, 200 men, to quell an insurrection that has broken out among the Dutch Boers, who wish to declare their independence. They had some smartish work for their first brush, which took place very shortly after their landing; they lost 45 men killed and wounded out of 200. They say that these fellows get behind some shelter to fight, and being excellent marksmen, they picked off our men before they

could find out where their enemies lay. However, they were subdued for the time; but we hear a report that they have risen again, and killed the officer commanding the troops and several of his men. If this is true, it is supposed that we should have to go down there again with more troops. We have fortunately secured the Kaffirs to our side, and they are of more use in such irregular war than even our own soldiers—that is, when they are properly supported. I find the ship very comfortable, as much so as the *Princess Charlotte*, except from the superior advantages of a gunroom to a berth, but I do not think we shall be in such good order. The ship sails remarkably well, and is exceedingly easy in her motion, although she rolls very deep, and is wet when under a press of sail. I am sorry to say there have been two very bad shipwrecks in Table Bay,—one, the *Abercrombie Robinson*, a troop-ship that we overtook on our passage out with troops for the Cape. The agent was persuaded to go in to Table Bay, and she went on shore in a north-westerly gale that we fell into, Sunday, 28th. Every one was saved from her; but the other, the *Waterloo*, a convict-ship, was totally wrecked at the same time, and lost about 180 men.

"*Sept.* 11.

"The *Hyacinth*, which we expected would sail last Monday, has been delayed a week, I believe,

on account of Admiral King's illness. Every one who has been at Cape Town is delighted with it. I am thinking of going up for a day at the end of the week to make acquaintance with the Governor, who has sent me a most kind invitation; and I should like to go again on the 24th for the races, which are expected to be very good this year, and a race ball is to be given on the 28th, to which everybody is going. We hear of more losses in Table Bay almost every day; I think there are now about eight vessels on shore. We are anxiously looking out for a packet from England, as we have heard nothing since we were at Madeira. We there heard the news of the Tariff having passed, though whether the news was true we cannot tell. The *Hyacinth* brought no news from China; she had been engaged in a few skirmishes just before she left, and she left all the fleet looking forward anxiously for the commencement of this year's campaign. I must now close my letter, which is shorter than I could have wished. Pray remember me to all your family, and believe me ever, sir, your sincere and grateful young friend,

"GEOFFREY HORNBY."

The *Winchester* was a good deal at Simon's Bay, and consequently the midshipmen were often on shore. As is proverbial with "Jack on shore," they were a great deal on horseback. It is re-

corded that Geoff Hornby once rode seventy-five miles to a ball. He had ridden from Simon's Bay to Cape Town, a distance of twenty-five miles, when he discovered that part of his evening uniform was missing. There was nothing for it, as he was determined to go to the ball, but to ride the extra fifty miles to Simon's Town and back, to fetch what he required. Another time, when riding near Cape Town, he had a bad accident. Having been thrown from his horse, he was picked up insensible, and carried into the house of a Dutch lady, Mrs Van der Byl. Here he was nursed with the greatest kindness and attention, so that after he recovered he used always to allude to Mrs Van der Byl as "my old Dutch mother."

During the first winter at the Cape the *Winchester* went up to Natal with provisions for the town, an expedition which lasted only three weeks, January 15 to February 3.

Sir Anthony Hoskins, who was a messmate of Geoffrey Hornby's in this commission, furnishes the following recollections of this time:—

"I have a vivid recollection of the fitting out of the *Winchester*, 50, in April 1842 (Hornby's second and my first ship), and of the lead he at once took among us youngsters. His bright, debonair appearance and high-toned look and bearing are as fresh in my mind's eye as if it were yesterday that we were thrown together in that ship. After we put to sea he was stationed as mid of the main-top,

and of the admiral's barge, the latter a not unenviable position, with such a charming family as that of Admiral Percy. His passion for riding, cricket, and all manly sports and amusements was intense; and I need hardly say that he excelled in all, and was considered the champion of the midshipmen's berth, if not of the ship. Many a cricket-match on Miller's Point and at Wynberg attested his prowess at that game, and he was, though so comparatively junior in rank, generally voted the captain of our team, as the wardroom officers were not very proficient at it. Those who were in the ship can well remember his neat, active figure as wicket-keeper, and the geniality with which he chaffed us into good humour, and kept us together.

"Soon after we arrived at the Cape, we were sent to Natal with provisions and stores for the troops, who were in a state of siege, or rather blockade, by the Boers. The bar of the Natal river, which our heavily laden boats had to cross, was little known in those days, and considerable risk attended the service. The jolly-boat, in charge of Hyde Parker (who was the first officer killed in the Russian war), was swamped, and all the stores lost, but the crew fortunately were saved, principally by the shallowness of the water where the accident occurred. All the boats returned to the ship as soon as discharged, except the second cutter in charge of Hornby, which Captain Eden had

selected to take him in. This boat was detained by him until late in the afternoon, but in the meantime a gale of wind had come on, necessitating the ship being got under weigh, and it was by the exhibition of much skill and seamanship, both in the ship and the boat, that the latter was at last got on board and a course shaped for Simon's Bay. It was a very narrow escape. I remember Hornby describing how he was fully occupied in baling out the boat, no other hand being available, and how more than once, owing to the knocking about of the boat, he could not help discharging the contents of the baler right in the captain's face.

"After two years in the *Winchester* I went with the commander (Kelly) into the *Conway*, and Hornby shortly afterwards obtained a death-vacancy in the *Cleopatra*, and we did not meet till 1846 (I think December), when the *Conway* being at the Cape for refit, he was borne on her books, while waiting passage home after the trial of a slaver which he had brought down from the Mozambique. He was not doing duty, but I remember his once walking a forenoon watch with me, and unfolding his views of the service. How necessary it was to preserve the highest tone and discipline, and how determined he was that in his hands nothing should ever be allowed to detract from it. It was an inspiring confidence, and has remained with me through life."

Admiral Percy had intended to give the death-

vacancy alluded to above to his son; but as Percy was not old enough to pass for mate, and the Admiralty refused to keep the vacancy open, it was given to young Hornby instead. He did not join the *Cleopatra* till the autumn of 1844. She was a Symondite 26-gun frigate, and a very pretty little ship indeed, commanded by a very smart officer, Captain Wyvill, and for the next two years was employed exclusively in suppressing the slave-trade on the East Coast. Here the experience in boat-sailing which Hornby had acquired in the Mediterranean came in very usefully, as the ships were often obliged to lie out a long way from the shore, and the boats would be sent in for information, fresh provisions, or water. Often the distances were too great or the reefs too dangerous to allow a return to the ships in the dark, and the boats had to remain in some creek or other for the night. As the malaria was very dangerous, awnings had been made for the boats, with curtains all round, which at night were laced down to the side of the boat. There were generally fourteen men in the boat, very often poultry and goats as well; and yet no one got suffocated—nay, more, they did not get fever as much as when these precautions were not observed, so that it does not seem as if ventilation were such a necessity as we are taught to believe. There were one or two very exciting chases, and also one or two captures. One slaver in trying to

escape struck on a reef. The Cleopatras were able to get off the women and children, and they gave the men leave to swim on shore, taking anything they liked with them. One black fellow went overboard with a Dutch cheese under each arm, and another wrapped a large piece of diachylon plaster round and round his body, though what ultimate use it could be to him no one could discover. The crew of five men either could not swim or else were afraid to face the surf, and as Captain Wyvill would not let his men's lives be risked in saving such blackguards, they were left for the night; and though it was momentarily expected that the ship would go to pieces, no one felt very much compunction at their punishment, for those who had seen what cruelties were practised on the slaves grew very hard-hearted towards their capturers.

After two years of this work, Geoff Hornby was, as Sir Anthony Hoskins says, sent down to the Cape in charge of a captured slaver. Here he remained for some months on board the *Conway* awaiting a passage, as Captain Hornby thought his son had been long enough—four and a half years—on the same station, and was anxious to get him home; but though he was daily expecting him to arrive in February 1847, the opportunity did not occur till March, when he got a passage in the *Wolverene*.

She was a smaller ship than any Geoff Hornby had been in before, and for the first few days

he was very sea-sick. The voyage home took little more than a month, March 28 to April 29, and the next day he joined his family at Shooter's Hill, when we find the following entry in his father's diary:—

"*Saturday, May* 1.—Left London at 8 A.M. to get home to breakfast. Found my dear Geoff, whom I had not seen for five years, grown into a fine young man. James arrived from Oxford in order to see his brother, so we were a large and grateful family party."

CHAPTER IV.

H.M.S. *ASIA*, 1847–1851.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—APPOINTMENT AS FLAG-LIEUTENANT TO HIS FATHER IN THE PACIFIC SQUADRON—H.M.S. *ASIA*, 1848—LIFE AT VALPARAISO—DEATH OF HIS ELDEST BROTHER—APPOINTED COMMANDER OF THE FLAGSHIP—DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA—RETURN TO LITTLE-GREEN, 1851.

As his father had said, the promising boy had developed into a fine young man, not very tall, about 5 feet 10 inches in height, but slight, well proportioned, giving rather an impression of activity and energy than of physical strength, spruce and dapper in his appearance, scrupulously clean and particular, more from self-respect than from vanity, though he had quite the average share of good looks. Either time or the tropical sun had burnt his ruddy hair into a warm chestnut; but, after all, no description of curly hair, or hazel eyes, or firm-cut mouth or chin, would give any idea of the charm of the man, of his light-hearted bonhomie, and the irresistible twinkle with which his eyes lighted up if any-

thing amused him, so that you were constrained to laugh whether you understood the joke or no. Then another of his great attractions was the keen interest he took in everything that came in his way, whether dancing or cricket, sport or science, politics or service matters, so that those about him were stirred to enthusiasm by his keenness. Below all this there was a very warm, tender heart, and a wonderful gentleness to anything weak and suffering; hence probably his great love for and sympathy with animals. If ever he was disposed to be hard or intolerant, it was towards those whom he would have called "fools"—those who either did not make the best of the abilities with which they had been endowed, or were not conscious of their own shortcomings. If such a one were caught tripping, he was certainly not let down easily.

When Geoffrey Hornby returned from the Cape, his father, who had lately been promoted, was just giving up his house at Shooter's Hill; and very soon after the young man had passed his lieutenant's examination—a matter which took him to Portsmouth for the inside of a week—the whole party started off to spend the summer among their relations in Lancashire. While at Knowsley, Admiral Hornby received in August the offer of the Pacific command. It was not an appointment which he coveted, for at his age, sixty-two years, he very much dreaded the prospect of starting off

to assume an active command on the other side of the world. The probability, however, of being able to give his hauling-down vacancy to his son induced him to accept it, and to take his boy Geoff as his flag-lieutenant. Captain Robert Stopford accepted the position of flag-captain, Mr Jones that of secretary; and on September 6 the new commander-in-chief of the Pacific station hoisted his flag on board H.M.S. *Asia* at Sheerness, but left again the same day with his flag-lieutenant for Knowsley, to be present at the festivities in honour of Lord Stanley's coming of age. As things never seem to go quite right in this world, just a few days after Admiral Hornby had accepted the Pacific command, Portsmouth Dockyard, an appointment he much desired, was given away to Admiral Sherriffe, who had been extremely anxious to go to the Pacific.

The one month's leave extended to two before the *Asia* was ready for sea, and it was not till the beginning of November that the Admiral and his son took leave of their dear friends at Knowsley, Winwick, &c. After a ten days' stay in London, to complete preparations and to receive final instructions from the Admiralty, they left for Portsmouth, where they were to join the ship. Besides his son, Admiral Hornby was taking out with him his wife and three daughters, and Mrs Parker, a widowed sister of Mrs Hornby's. The whole party embarked finally on November 26, and sailed next

day for Plymouth, where they were to take in some boats, &c. They were detained here for three days, and when not far outside, got into a very severe gale of wind, which so damaged the ship that they were obliged to put back to Plymouth to have her caulked. She was not ready for sea again till the 29th, when she was towed out into the Sound, where she was kept waiting for despatches till January 1, 1848, and till the 6th for a wind. Though light at the time they weighed, the wind freshened, with every appearance of bad weather, and next day at 6 P.M. the main-yard went in the slings. The yard-arms, which were knocking about a good deal, were, however, lowered without any further damage, though it took most of the night to do this, and next day the mizen-top-sail was set as a mainsail. Thus they proceeded to Lisbon, where the Channel Fleet was lying. Here the *Canopus* sent her main-yard to the *Asia*.

Five days' sail brought them to Madeira, where they did not anchor, but merely waited to send in home letters for the Queen-Dowager, who was wintering there. A week later, January 25, they passed the last of the Cape de Verde Islands, and saw no land again till 6 A.M. on February 13, when they sighted Cape Frio, and anchored the same evening in the harbour at Rio de Janeiro. The beauty of Rio harbour seems to have impressed the younger Hornby much more than on

his former visit in the *Winchester;* in fact, henceforward Rio was always the standard by which he judged other harbours: "Almost as beautiful as Rio!" "Not a patch on Rio!" &c., &c.

After a week at Rio they sailed and rounded Cape Horn on the 14th March, reaching Valparaiso April 3. Admiral Hornby agreed to take over the house and furniture belonging to his predecessor, Sir George Seymour. This first house was not a good one, some of the floors were undermined by rats, and it was too small for Admiral Hornby's family. He was therefore not sorry to accept the offer made by an English resident to build a house for him. The new house was a very comfortable one, built round a courtyard or *patio*, surrounded by a large field or garden full of orange-trees and lucern-grass, and only one storey high, because of the earthquakes, which were very frequent, and occasionally very severe. Sometimes on returning from a shooting expedition Geoff Hornby would find that fissures wide enough to jump his horse over had appeared in places where in the morning there had been no sign of any disturbance; but, as a rule, houses founded on the rock did not receive any damage, though the shaking of the floors and furniture was enough to be very disagreeable, and often very alarming.

When the Admiral was living on shore at Valparaiso, the duties of the flag-lieutenant were

not very arduous. There was a certain amount of signalling to the ships in harbour, invitations to send out and to accept, and occasionally visits to be paid. Valparaiso was a hospitable and sociable place, and the Hornbys did their share of entertaining with continual dinner-parties, which never exceeded the number of sixteen, and an occasional reception or dance. Besides this, the fashion of evening visits obtained in Chili, so an evening rarely passed without some one coming in, the French Admiral being among the most frequent of these casual visitors.

In the daytime, for serious occupation, Geoffrey Hornby and his sisters set themselves to learn Spanish, as they found French not quite the universal language it pretends to be, and also to acquire some knowledge of the natural history of the country. For amusement they had chiefly riding expeditions, whether it were only to Playa-ancha to see a cricket-match, or for a riding tour of a few days' duration to various points of interest.

Some curious old customs still prevailed in Chili; for instance, on Maundy Thursday all business ceased, all vessels of Roman Catholic countries struck their flags half-mast, the women left off their usual bonnets, and walked about the streets with black scarves or mantillas over their heads. This continued till 8 A.M. on Easter Eve, when the ships saluted and squared their yards, the

flags were hoisted, and the traffic in the streets recommenced. In the autumn, again, there was the *rodeo*, or annual collection of cattle. Admiral Hornby describes it in his Diary, October 5, 1848, Pitama :—

"Up at six, and the whole party on horseback started to see the driving of the cattle and horses from all the surrounding hills down to the enclosure in the plain. The scene wild, beautiful, and striking, the riding of the horsemen wonderful, all the party highly amused. A picnic under the trees at noon, consisting of a lamb roasted whole over the embers and a leg of veal. Dined at Mr Macfarlane's rancho, and two or three of the farmers' wives and daughters to dance the national dance in the evening.

"*Oct.* 6.—Still at Pitama, a mere rancho of the country, affording a sample of rural life in Chili. The girls on two truckle-beds in a room floored —a great luxury—but not ceiled, and bare walls. The dining-room ditto, two of the gentlemen sleeping there, and the remaining four in another apartment of the same description. Food, a soup, called *casuela;* dish 1st, made of fowls chopped up and stewed with potatoes; 2d, ditto of mutton; and 3d, ditto of turkey. We saw also young horses, unbroken, mounted at once and ridden; but they are small weak things, and soon beaten. The lasso is first applied, and poncho thrown over the head, the saddle then put on, and a leathern

thong in the mouth for a bridle. The man mounts, poncho and lasso are removed, and off they go—a few plunges, a fall or two, and the horse is made. Certainly, as an exhibition of horsemanship and skill, I never saw anything like the facility with which the heaviest bull was thrown and rendered powerless by a man with a mere pony."

These mere ponies were, it can be understood, not very easy to be ridden by people accustomed to well-broken English horses. The first horse Geoff Hornby had, broke away one day just as his master had dismounted, and galloped over a precipice. At the time he did not seem much hurt, but after a few days died from his injuries. The next horse was very satisfactory, except that he had a tendency to buck, and to run away with any rider who did not understand the peculiarities of his mouth. Once, when this horse was lame, the flag-lieutenant hired one which had recommended itself to him by its good looks: it proved, however, to buck furiously on being mounted, and before amicable relations could be established the girths broke, and saddle and rider were deposited on the road, luckily without any serious injury.

Only part of the year was spent on shore; at other times the flag-ship cruised about to various parts of the station. The first cruise was to Callao, Payta, and Guayaquil, May to August 1848. The Peruvian capital showed signs of having gone back a good deal during the late revolutions, though a

certain amount of trade seemed to be returning to the place through the enterprise of foreigners. While at Callao, the *Plover* arrived on her way to Behring's Straits in search of the Franklin expedition; and more than a year later the *Gorgon* was sent to tow two other ships through the Straits of Magellan on the same errand, as it was not till the summer of 1850 that the news was confirmed of the loss of Sir J. Franklin and all with him.

At Callao, 1848, Admiral Hornby heard of the death of his eldest son, a captain in the Royal Engineers, which had occurred at Montreal the preceding April. A heavy blow this to the old Admiral; but though clinging perhaps more than ever to his second son, Geoffrey, he at once sent him off to break the news to his mother, who, after the long voyage out, had preferred remaining at Valparaiso during the cool weather.

The Admiral's family embarked with him for the next cruise to Concepcion the following December; the French flagship also sailed the same day, December 4, for the same destination. There had been a discussion between the two Admirals as to whether it was better to make an inshore voyage or stretch right away, as was the practice with English ships. To settle the question, the *Asia* stood out close to Juan Fernandez; the French frigate, *Poursuivante*, took an inshore course. The two ships met again in a thick fog close to

the entrance of the bay at Concepcion on the 9th, when the *Poursuivante* appeared on the *Asia's* weather-beam, and then began a trial of seamanship in which the English ship proved successful, as she just managed to get in a short time before the Frenchman.

The longest expedition was planned for the early part of 1850, but the *Asia* had only got as far as Panama, on her way to some of the Pacific islands, when the news arrived that Captain Paynter of the *Gorgon* had come into collision with the Americans in the Gulf of Fonseca, and had landed and taken possession of Tiger Island there. Of course the Admiral had to go off at once to inquire into and settle the affair, and the longer voyage was abandoned. It was during the cruise to Central America that the younger Hornby was promoted to commander. Captain M'Dougall, commander of the *Asia*, having been given the vacancy caused by the death of Captain Rodney Eden, the Admiral made his son commander of the flagship, thus giving him his step a day before his twenty-fifth birthday, February 19, 1850. Meanwhile Captain M'Dougall had gone off to join the *Amphitrite*, and bring down a freight from the coast of Mexico. Just then the discovery of gold in California was making the freights very heavy, some of the ships carrying as much as 400,000 dollars. In Valparaiso merchants were throwing up their businesses to go off to the gold-fields, and

even the peons left their masters and begged, borrowed, or stole sufficient for a passage. As in all these epidemics of gold-fever, it was only the few who succeeded; the others, after enduring unheard-of privations, returned poorer than they went. Still, the accounts which came were sufficient to excite the most phlegmatic. Admiral Hornby in his occasional memoranda says:—

"Wonderful are the accounts that have for some time reached us of the riches of California, and all are more than confirmed by Captain Courtenay of the *Constance*, who left that country September 17, 1848. Pieces of solid pure gold have been picked up of thirteen pounds, and one of sixteen. The gold is found in all the ravines over an extent of country ninety miles by thirty on the banks of the Sacramento river. The average value of a cart-load of earth is 400 dollars, but in one instance five cart-loads produced 16,000 dollars of gold-dust. New diggings are being daily discovered. The Rocky Mountains are said to be full of gold, and the streams and rivers to the east also."

No wonder that some of the men from the *Asia* tried to desert, and though some were brought back, two marines succeeded in getting away.

This last year of Admiral Hornby's command in the Pacific was the only experience which his son had as commander. His midshipman logs are lost, but he kept a log of all his subsequent voyages, including the one home in the *Wol-*

verene. When he became a commander he added notes as to the advantages and disadvantages of the various ports, the facilities for watering, the prices of provisions, and sometimes also of water. During the earlier commissions, he mentioned sometimes where baulks of timber were to be bought, and the different varieties of wood produced, but later he usually noted only the quality and price of coal, and what lighters, &c., were to be had.

In February 1851 Admiral Hornby's successor arrived at the station, and on the 13th the Admiral embarked with his family for the return voyage. Four months later the *Asia* arrived at Spithead, and almost immediately Admiral Hornby settled at Littlegreen, a place which he had inherited from his godfather, Mr Thomas Peckham Phipps, in 1837. At that time there were so many charges on the property, and so many annuities to be paid, that Admiral Hornby could not afford to live there; but now, as many of the annuitants had died off, and he had made a certain amount by freight during his command in the Pacific, he was enabled to establish himself there. Luckily, Littlegreen was only sixteen miles from Portsmouth, for besides the usual impedimenta of a family move, each member of the family had brought collections of animate and inanimate objects from the other side of the world. There was a white mule, who had been bought from a priest to draw Mrs Hornby's chair, because he

had the reputation of being very old and very steady, who nevertheless lived for more than thirty years after his removal to England. There were some black-headed swans, the first ever introduced into England; a stuffed alligator, and other trophies of the chase; a collection of butterflies and insects; some ponchos and other articles of national costume, including the full dress of a Fiji chief (which is not bulky), and a variety of other things impossible to remember or to catalogue.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO CEYLON, 1851—PORTSMOUTH, 1857.

TOUR WITH LORD STANLEY—MALTA—SUEZ—CEYLON—ILLNESS AND RETURN TO ENGLAND—PROMOTION—MARRIAGE, 1853—MANAGEMENT OF HIS FATHER'S ESTATE—APPOINTMENT TO THE NAVAL COLLEGE.

AFTER his one year as commander in the *Asia*, Captain Hornby never served again in that rank. He was not, however, very long at home, as he was asked to go with Lord Stanley for a tour in India. The two young men started from London July 22. From Paris to Marseilles was a fifty-one hours' journey, part of it by rail. At Chalons-sur-Saône their diligence, which had accompanied them on a truck, was taken off, and they drove the rest of the way.

Journal. "*July* 1851.—The want of gentlemen's country houses and dilapidated state of most of the country buildings deprive it of a home-look; but its richness is surpassing, and the extreme appropriateness of the terms 'La Belle France' and 'Merrie England' has been recurring

to my mind perpetually, as so expressive of the peculiar features of the two countries."

A three days' voyage brought them to Malta, where things remained pretty much as in 1840, except that "the roads have been a good deal improved since I was here, and the horses also. There are also dressed police at the corners of the streets, armed with batons, who must be a great temptation to the naval officers."

Two days later, August 1, the steamer from Southampton arrived, and they went on to Alexandria, thence, August 5, by Nile boat to Cairo, arriving there the next day. The same evening they start for Suez:—

Journal. "*Aug.* 6.—Bathe and dine, pay an exorbitant bill, and get into a yellow box on two wheels, drawn by four horses, which is called a 'van.' I must say it is admirably suited to its work. Preceded by two men, one cracking a whip, the other carrying a cresset full of lighted pine, we drive at a hand-gallop through the streets, and halt about half a mile outside the walls to allow the other vans to join us. The horses are changed every five miles, and at every twenty miles there is a very good house, where tea, coffee, bread, meat, &c., is provided by the P. & O. Company. At the first and third three-quarters of an hour is allowed, at the second one and a half hours. The night-travelling is very cool and pleasant. Indeed I found my greatcoat very com-

fortable. During the day on the Nile the thermometer had been 94°."

They reached Suez at noon on the 7th, and embarked on board the *Haddington* next day, but were detained twenty-four hours for the mail. Six days took them to Aden, ten more to Point de Galle. From Point de Galle they visited Colombo and Kandy. At the former place they came to the conclusion that the cinnamon-trees did not scent the breezes. In the neighbourhood of the latter, Europeans were scarce, and at a village they went out to see they were received by a grand procession:—

"There were six elephants, very well caparisoned with covers of red and white, sometimes plain, sometimes embroidered. Each elephant was followed by a chief of the temple to whom he belonged, all of whom were more finely dressed than any we had previously seen,—embroidered jackets, caps, and belts,—and each chief attended by three or four well-dressed followers. All the people had good clothes, and many of the handkerchiefs that they wore on their heads, or round their waists, were either red, white, or parti-coloured, and always of a different colour from the 'to-petty,' which when white was always very clean. They thus presented a most gorgeous show, fully equal to any drawing or description of Eastern splendour, and the odd thing was to think that these, after all, were their common

dresses, and that this pretty show cost nothing, and pleased them as well as us."

From Kandy they went up to Newara Ellia by most difficult roads, which they thought most appropriately described by Knox, "The King of Kandy loveth to have his country intricate and difficult of access." Here they heard reports of elephants being in the neighbourhood, but were unsuccessful in getting anywhere near them, or even in finding a sort of sambur deer, which they call elk in that country.

Their original idea had been to go from Ceylon to Calicut, thence through the Neilgherry Hills and Mysore country to Seringapatam, and so on to Madras, getting some elephant-shooting by the way. This, however, was frustrated, as far as Captain Hornby was concerned, by an attack of illness, which developed into abscess on the liver. The climate had never agreed with him from the first, and in the early days of his stay in Ceylon he writes several times, "Not well enough to go with Stanley;" "Not well enough to dine with So-and-so"; but the collapse did not happen till they were on their way down to Colombo again. September 17 he writes:—

"We had a ride of about eighteen miles to the hut of one of the road officers, where we were to pass the night. The ride was most tedious, rain falling heavily. Just before sunset we caught a glimpse of Adam's Peak. We did not get in till

8 A.M. I complained to our host of the diarrhœa, and he gave me a mixture that was issued for his men in such cases, which gave some relief."

"*Sept.* 18.—Started at daylight, after a copious draught of the mixture, and rode about seventeen miles to Yatiantolli. By the time I arrived there I was dead asleep from the effect of the laudanum in the draught. I lay down and slept till 4 P.M., when the boat was reported ready. We embarked in tremendous rain, which I believe continued all night. We arrived at the bridge of boats at 3 A.M., knocked up one or two fellows, who, we were certain, knew the road to the house; but they were so lazy that, though we offered any reward, they would not turn out. So we set off alone, and at last found a guide by chance. The walk seemed interminable, for I was in great pain. At last we arrived, and I was carefully put to bed and attended to."

There is no further entry till October 21:—

"Stanley left this morning for Galle, and I am sorry I could not accompany him, but I suppose it is all for the best. Employed myself writing up his [Stanley's] journal and reading the 'Calcutta Review.'"

During this time the Bishop of Colombo and Mrs Chapman were doing everything imaginable for him in the way of kindness and hospitality, but it seemed impossible for him to recover in that climate. It was therefore decided, after

several relapses, that he must be sent home, and accordingly, as he writes in his journal, November 15—

"I left Elie House in company with the doctor at 4.30 A.M. At 5 A.M. we took to the coach, and the rain commenced, which lasted until 10 A.M., of course doing me no good. To add to my pain (which was very great) the carriage was overloaded with luggage, and so came down on the bed of the springs, giving us tremendous jolts.

"*Nov.* 17.—We went off to the steamer at 3 P.M., and I found a very good cabin ready for me on the main-deck. The old doctor seemed quite sorry to part from us, and though I cannot say that I was anything but happy at being again homeward bound, I felt fully aware of what kindness I had received at his hands. I am put on bread-and-milk diet, which, as they have four cows on board, they can afford to give me."

Though he had been put on board the steamer as the only chance for his life, his recovery began from that time. In Cairo, after the journey from Suez, he had another bad turn; and though for a year afterwards he was subject to attacks of fever and ague, which left him very weak, he was to all intents and purposes well by the time he arrived in England towards the end of the year.

The following February, Admiral Hornby accepted a seat on the Board of Admiralty under

the Duke of Northumberland, chiefly in the hope of being able to help his son, and in May was made a K.C.B. Parliament dissolved in June, and Sir Phipps at Lord Derby's request stood for Lyme, but was beaten by a majority of twenty. Most of the summer was spent at Littlegreen, the family only returning to town in November for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, November 18.

Diary. "The funeral of England's greatest man! The day was fortunately fine, the arrangements very good, the behaviour of the crowd admirable. The show of the procession and the mournful notes of the band were very impressive. As the car passed every one rose and uncovered, and the voices of the crowd were hushed to silence. It was indeed painful to think that he in whom we all trusted for our safety was gone, and that Providence had not as yet designated the man who was to stand in the gap in the coming hour of danger."

The man who wrote these words was at that time a young commander, twenty-seven years of age, studying at Woolwich. Twenty-five years later, 1877 to 1878, he was the one man who virtually held in his hands the question of peace or war.

In November 1852 Lord Derby's Government was defeated on the Budget, and on resigning office the Duke of Northumberland promoted two very young captains, the sons of his colleagues,

Hyde Parker and Hornby. Captain Parker was appointed to the *Firebrand*, but as Sir Phipps Hornby resigned office at the same time as his chief, Captain Hornby remained on half-pay during the whole of the Crimean war.

The disappointment of having to remain idly on shore while all his friends were actively employed in the Black Sea was, however, compensated for by his marriage, in the following year, to Emily Frances, daughter of the Rev. J. J. Coles of Ditcham Park, Hants. The wedding took place on April 27, 1853, the anniversary of his father's birthday and of his grandfather's wedding. Speaking of his engagement, Captain Hornby writes in his diary, January 27:—

"I do believe firmly I was directed to it, as I had prayed that I might be to the right thing. May God bless her! and make us a good and useful pair, helpmates for one another, and His true servants."

After a three-months' honeymoon, spent partly at Woodcote Manor, near Alresford, they settled first at Huxholt, a tiny cottage about a quarter of a mile from Littlegreen, till Lordington should be ready for them.

From 1853 to 1858 Captain Hornby remained on half-pay, five years with nothing to mark them except small domestic events: the births of four little children; marriages of his sister and his wife's brother; deaths of the uncle and

cousin at Winwick, which brought a large accession of fortune to Sir Phipps.

Though quiet, they were not by any means idle years. In the first place, he was managing the property for his father. The estate is of about 4000 acres, a good deal of it down-land, so poor as arable land that even at the time when corn was dear it hardly paid for the expense of breaking up. At one end of the property is Littlegreen, seven miles from Petersfield, twelve from Chichester, which, though not a pretty house, has very pretty surroundings of downs, and beautiful trees, chiefly beeches and hollies, which latter here grow into forest trees. Lordington, at the other end of the property, is a gabled cottage, ivy-covered to the eaves, which has been added to three separate times, till it has become a much larger house than it looks. There are the remains of some avenues of old elms which led to the old Manor House; but all the other trees have been planted since 1854, and most are beautifully grown. Woodcraft was always a favourite science with Captain Hornby, and in those days the copses were the most profitable part of the property; but to-day, though the woods he planted add very much to the beauty of the scenery, their value has considerably decreased. Another thing in which he took much interest was the improvement of the cottages and farm-buildings, and of this there was a good deal

to be done, as there are six villages or hamlets on the property—Compton, one mile from Littlegreen; Walderton, one mile from Lordington; four Mardens—East Marden, West Marden, North Marden, and Up Marden.

For indoor occupation he had the study of strategy (naval and military), mathematics, geology, and chemistry; and for outdoor amusements fishing, hunting, shooting, and in summer breaking in setters, in which he took great pride, though it not unfrequently happened that though the dogs worked splendidly for him, they would not do a stroke of work for any one else.

All through the Crimean war he looked with very envious eyes at his friends who were fitting out ships at Portsmouth and elsewhere for the Black Sea, but he had no connection with the service till in August 1857 he was appointed to the Naval College at Portsmouth. Here he remained till after the examination, an easy one, which took place early in June 1858.

CHAPTER VI.

H.M.S. *TRIBUNE*, 1858–1860.

THE COMMAND OF H.M.S. *TRIBUNE* IN CHINA, 1858—DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS FROM WHAMPOA — NANGASAKI — ESQUIMAULT — THE FRAZER RIVER—THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY—NAVAL OFFICERS ELECTIONEERING — RETURN TO ENGLAND — DEATH OF LADY HORNBY.

HITHERTO Captain Hornby had been content to take life pretty much as it came. When he first joined the navy he was a younger son, and as one of a large family he had to work for his living; but by the death of his elder brother in 1848 he became heir to Littlegreen. His father, who had lately had one eye operated on for cataract, was growing an old man, and would have been glad to have his son near him. The latter had a wife and four little children, in fact abundant excuses for giving up the service and settling down into a country gentleman; but he had undertaken to serve his country, and he would not allow himself to be turned from his purpose.

As soon as Lord Derby returned to office in the spring of 1858, Captain Hornby began to press for a ship. A few days after he left the College, June 10, he went up to see Sir John Pakington, and afterwards wrote to Lord Stanley to use his influence in getting him one of the new corvettes, and so on through the summer. Yet when at length the appointment came to command the *Tribune* in China, it came as a shock. The offer was made on August 16, his appointment dated from the 19th, and he was ordered a passage by P. and O. overland, but, to give himself a few days longer in England, he paid his own way as far as Malta.

On September 8 he started, having had just a little over a fortnight in which to make his preparations. Admiral Martin said that his trip would only be a short one, but it takes time to get round the world. The journey to Ceylon was very much as in 1851, except that there was now a railway all the way to Marseilles, and from Cairo to Suez. After Point de Galle they only touched at Penang and Singapore, reaching Hong-Kong at midnight on October 24. The next morning he breakfasted with Captain Edgell on board the *Tribune*, and was much pleased with what he saw of her. On Friday 29 he took command, and on the 31st sailed for Whampoa. From there he writes to his wife:—

"*October* 31.

"It is true I have a vast of little inconveniences connected with my housekeeping. For instance, I had the other night to be indebted to the gunner for a pillow. To-morrow I intend to give a dinner, and I have no soup-ladle, cheese, or beer. I shall call it a picnic.

"*November* 7.

"The furniture Captain E. has left me is faded and worn, but it is comfortable enough, and I hope as soon as I get to Hong-Kong to make a few improvements in the cabin. I have bought out of a ship here some hams, beer, bottled fruits, and preserved haddock. Tea and sugar from the shore. The officers had a chance of buying fourteen sheep, of which they have offered me half. My acting steward is a very worthy man, an excellent ship's corporal, but as much fit for a steward as I am for a violin-player.

"As to strange sights, they are innumerable. The river population strike one as very extraordinary. Every boat, instead of having a man and a boy belonging to it, has a whole family. The mother generally takes the heavy stern-oar, with which she sculls away with immense vigour, frequently with a little child, of two or three years old, tied at her back, and then it falls asleep, and you see its little head, hands, and feet nodding in time as she sways about with the oar. As

to Chinese ladies, I have not yet seen one; but the women here are ugly to a degree: the only good part about them is their feet, which are very small and well-shaped, and they keep them very clean.

"*November* 13.

"I have had a most successful trip to Canton. I started yesterday morning in my gig at five o'clock. Of course the tide went down sooner than usual, so I had a long pull up, and did not reach till 7.30. I went on board a very nice brig, the *Camilla*, had a capital breakfast, and about half-past ten went on shore with the commander. We walked the whole day. We visited every part, and all the worst parts of the town, and not a soul said a word or lifted a finger against us. We went into a very large temple 'of the 500 gods.' I believe it has only once before been visited by a European. There we delighted the old priests by making the two dogs that were with us carry the umbrellas, and go and fetch them when we had hid them among the idols. The town was much cleaner than I expected—indeed I should call it decidedly clean. We went into no end of china, lacquer-ware, and curiosity shops. I have bought you a fan, some china, a curio, a table, &c. The only thing I was disappointed about was in not getting any toys for the chicks; the toys don't seem to exist now."

"*Sunday, November* 21.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I left Whampoa on Monday 15th. I then began to pull the ship to pieces, and found that the rigging wanted overhauling very much. The ship has been lying at Whampoa for the last nine months, during which the rigging has had nothing else to do but rot. The first lieutenant in charge (who is very young) merely thought of keeping the ship looking nice, so now we require, and are having, a heavy refit. Our mainmast is not to come out. They have cut the decayed parts out, have filled in with new wood, and have encased that part of the mast with iron fishes, which are to be strongly hooped together, so that if it now decays right away we shall be like a hollow iron mast; they say the decay will go no further. We shall be awfully lumbered up with our 150 marines; I don't know where all the room gets to. She is 1570 tons, her complement is only 330, and yet she only stows three months' provisions for them below. No tiers, bad storeroom, sailroom, &c. I take three marine officers to sleep in my forecabin. We shall have three or four casks between every gun on the main-deck, and the Royal Marines stowed on top of them; so—as they say she is very wet at sea—they will have a jovial time of it. It seems to me that our fellows here have got to a great extent tarred with the Chinaman's brush, and do things just opposite to what they would elsewhere. In the

first place, the flagship never exercises. All the ships lie with top-gallant-yards across, and the sails bent, and do nothing. When I came down the Admiral said he was anxious to get me away, 'when could I be ready?' I said it depended on his carpenters, as I could do little till they were ready. When I found out they hoped to have done by Tuesday, I went to him again, to ask what day we were wanted to go. But he said, 'Oh, you must settle that; get ready as convenient.' This is very civil and comfortable, but sounds to me strange. I then said I thought if the fittings could be sent us for the troops, we should be ready to go on Thursday. 'As I pleased.' So then I went and asked Hall (flag-captain) for a lot of carpenters, which he sent us directly, more than most flag-captains would do; and the first lieutenant went on board the nearest ship and quietly asked her first lieutenant to make us 150 pair of clews for the marines' hammocks, which he immediately agreed to do. Altogether I am dumfoundered at their civility. Then the last time I dined with the Admiral he said, 'If I were you, I should look in to Nangasaki as I passed. I can't order you there, but I should run short of water or something, and go in, for it is worth seeing.' I think, as I have a good many sick on board, I shall, if possible, drop in. Lord Elgin is trying to do a grand thing to the northward—viz., push up the Yang-tse-

Kiang 500 or 600 miles. Most people think he will have no difficulty but the unknown navigation, and that by going up he will open up a very large trade. I think the Admiral does not like his taking the ships about in this way without consulting him, and still less his being active, while the Admiral is only doing the routine business of the station down here. It is a great pity that they do not hit it off together, for I suspect they are both capital men in their way, but they did not start well together.

"*Thursday, Nov.* 25.

"I have received orders to be ready for sea on Saturday, and we embark our marines to-morrow. I am sorry to say I have plenty of work before me; not that I am sorry to have work, but I am sorry to find that things have been allowed to go so far to the bad. The fact is, I formed at first too favourable an opinion of the ship; she looked clean, and the Admiral said her gunnery was excellent. To-day after our refit, and plenty of warning, we bent sails. We took from 2.20 P.M. to 6.10 P.M. to bend and furl all sails!! And the sorts of mistakes I saw made, and the answers I received from captains of the tops, astonished me, for it showed they had forgotten their duties as seamen. I say 'forgotten,' because some of them came out of good ships, and must have known better there. The great difficulty I have is that we shall be so overcrowded with supernumeraries

on deck, and casks on the main-deck, that the exercises aloft and at the guns will be much impeded. I shall expect to make a rare exhibition before the *Ganges*, where we hear there is a good deal of exercise. If we do, I shall of course get the credit of having spoilt the ship; if we improve, and get on passably, we shall at least have no credit. Again, I find all the midshipmen very much in debt, and to-morrow I have the pleasure of going on shore to compromise a claim on their mess of 100 dollars.

"The Admiral threatens me with a sixty days' passage to Vancouver's Island, but I hope to do it under fifty, even if I call at Nangasaki. Of course there is much luck in it, but I shall think it most perverse luck if I don't get a fair wind somewhere.

"We have as yet no news from Lord Elgin. The flagship's people are not much pleased at his being made a G.C.B. and nothing done for the Admiral, and it does seem to me a great slight."

Diary. "*Saturday, Nov.* 27.—Got up steam 9.30 A.M. Got all on board, and weighed about 11 A.M. Squadron cheering. Ran out through the Simoom passage. A heavy swell outside, but light winds. Made sail to single-reefed top-sails and royals. If it were not for the supernumerary marines, I do not know how we should get on; our men are singularly adrift."

Letter to Wife.

"NANGASAKI, *Dec.* 31.

"My notable *Tribune*, with whose appearance I was so much taken, proves to be a very queer craft. As long as the screw is down, or she is at anchor, it is all very well, but get her outside, and in a breeze of wind, and it is another pair of shoes. After the first day that we were out, and I found how helpless the men were, I began, before doing anything, to explain to them all the details of how it was to be done, and so we are *now* beginning to get a little straight. As to ever having things done in a man-of-war fashion, that is a thing I despair of; but still we now go on with comparative safety, though very slowly. Of course misfortunes never come singly, so, coming to sea overloaded with provisions and marines, and with a sickly crew, we of course fell into very heavy weather. As I found the currents running against us, I was obliged to carry a press of sail, and with all that, I constantly found myself set back in one day as much as I had gained in three, besides the wear and tear of ropes, sails, and body in being up at night constantly to shorten sail. At last, after about twenty days' hard battling, we passed a certain chain of islands (called the Bashees) that had been our bugbear, and after one final gale outside of them, we discovered that the head of the mainmast was seriously damaged. We found that three of the four fishes were broken or sprung.

From the pieces that came out I should say they were rotten, and have taken measures accordingly; but as it occurred on the other side of the Loochoo Islands, I determined to make for a Japanese port, to secure the mast as much as possible before stretching across; and the direction of the wind determined this to be the one. Here we anchored yesterday, having made a very long passage, and the most unfortunate one I have ever made. For thirty-one days we were never able to steer our course, and it was only during a few hours of the last day that we got a fair wind."

Diary. "*Dec.* 31.—Landed early, with three officers and two midshipmen, to call on the Governor. We were received in great state by a very intelligent-looking man, and feasted in succession on pipes, tea, sweetmeats, cold omelettes, and something that looked like cheese, very good soup, both meat and wild-fowl and turnips in it, most excellent. More things were brought, but we had had enough, so we let them pass. Everything was handed on separate lacquered trays, black with gold edge, and the soups were in lacquered cups. We took our leave in about half an hour, after he had asked us several questions about where Vancouver's Island was, &c. The people were all very civil as we passed through the streets, but some laughed considerably at our cocked hats. All the little children rush out of the shops, shouting after

us 'Bouton cachee,' a gilt button being apparently the height of their ambition. I shall go on shore to-morrow well armed with them. The town is clean, with streets a fair width, generally paved in the centre for about 6 feet, and the sides left of plain earth. They are a jolly-looking people, and must be hardy, for the lower classes have no trousers, and their loose dresses must be very airy. Neither do they cover the head, and yet we find it cold in our cloth,—the thermometer varying from 42° at night to 52° in the daytime."

Letter to Wife.

"*January* 7, 1859.

"Whenever we see anything in the shape of lacquer-ware or china that takes our fancy, we walk in and pull it down, perhaps search the shop for more. The people seem very much amused at our proceedings, and crowd round us, feeling our cloth and buttons, always asking for some of the latter. In one of these excursions I came across some very fine lacquer-ware, and found that the owner had a shop in the Dutch factory, in which he had a few of the same sort; but he seldom produced them, as the foreign taste seemed to lie in the more gaudy specimens. The officers and I have nearly cleaned him out of good things. I have not done much in china-ware. What we call egg-shell china is very pretty and curious, and I have got one or two specimens. The thick stone

china is doubtless very good, but they do not bring in good specimens as regards design. I have seen one large dish that was a present from the Governor of Nangasaki to the head of the Dutch factory, which is admirably executed, but I can buy nothing like it. My Dutch friend invited me yesterday to go for a walk with him to show me some bronzes. I went accordingly, and was delighted with them. They are of such a good design, and so well executed, that you might put the vases on a dinner-table as centre ornaments mixed with silver things. If I can buy the dollars reasonably, I think I shall have a shy at them; our sovereigns go for nothing here, and dollars are scarce, and therefore very dear."

To Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby, K.C.B.

Lat. 150° *north, long.* 143° *west,*
Feb. 7, 1858.

"We left Nangasaki, January 15.

"We have made a very good run hitherto, and as we are now within three figures of our port, we consider ourselves there. Our passage has been a very rough one—perpetual gales of wind, though mostly fair, and latterly very cold. We have been navigating with an amount of science that is perfectly appalling. First making a great circle course, then we fell in with one of those circular storms off the coast of Japan, round the outer edge of which we ran, as Colonel Reid would have

directed us, and so kept out of harm's way and nearly made a fair wind of it, but it did blow above a bit. At about the height of it a whirlwind passed about a quarter of a mile of us, which was one of the most frightful things I ever saw. You may have seen in windy weather the dust in a road whirled up in an eddy. In this case the surface of the sea for the space of about half a mile in length was whirled up in that manner, but with tremendous violence, to the height of 20 feet, looking like a mass of steam of an orange-red colour, as if the water were red-hot.

"Then I have been all the time making and shortening sail by the barometer, and it is surprising how correctly he has guided us. Once I nearly came to grief, for he had been telling us for so many hours that bad weather was coming that I began to mistrust him, and I thought I had done enough at sunset in putting the ship under treble-reefed top-sails, and a reef in the mainsail, with top-gallant-masts housed. But in the first watch we got a rattler, only got the fore- and mizen-top-sails in in time to save them, and I spent that and the middle watch on deck trying to furl the main-sail, which we did not succeed in doing. Since then I have always reefed as it fell, and have only been on deck once in the night-time since. The men are getting more handy than they were at reefing, and the officers are getting into my ways about carrying sail—viz., to carry plenty, but not

to carry spars away. I have fitted two splendid outriggers of the fore- and main-top-gallant-masts, and if I can get some new royals shall do well; the present ones are like brown paper. The advantage of carrying sail is shown thus. We have made good as follows: first week, 1337 miles; second week, 1255 miles; third, 1190 miles, or, as it was really a week of eight days from our crossing the 180th meridian, 1369 miles.

"ESQUIMAULT, *February* 14.

"Fourth week, 1875, and beat the *Pylades*. We anchored here all safe on Sunday, and the next day the *Pylades* had the satisfaction of finding we had beaten her on the passage across, as on the second day from leaving Japan we were abreast of her, and not many miles apart.

"*February* 18.

"I have been twice up to Victoria, which is growing wonderfully. It is laid out in wide streets, most of which are at present nearly impassable for mud, and contains nothing but wooden houses. They are still finding gold in the Frazer river, and expect to do so very largely next month; at present the weather is too severe to admit of much washing."

All the ships at Vancouver's Island had already lost men, and the *Tribune* and *Pylades* were no exceptions to the general rule; indeed, considering

the inducements which were offered to bribe the men away, it is surprising that so few of them deserted. In June, Captain Hornby made an expedition up the Frazer river, and was much struck by the scenery.

Letter to Wife.

"*June* 19, 1859.

"The mountains are mountains, not Drachenfels. The river is a river and no mistake, about as wide as the Thames at Gravesend for nearly 110 miles up, and running six knots. The whole country is a forest, and the woods come down *into* the river with a foliage as luxuriant as if the country were tropical. It is beautiful to look at, but, to colonise, it would be better if it were more open and less precipitous. I started Tuesday at 3.30 A.M., and got back on Friday night. We lived all the time in the boat, and were boarded, lodged, and carried at the expense of the Company, so that the trip did not cost me more than five dollars. We saw all the new towns, but they are nothing but a few huts with more or less cleared ground round them. We never stopped more than two hours except at night, so we could see nothing but the river, and did not see any miners at work. I was very anxious to dig a little gold for myself, but the river was so full of water that mining operations are almost at a standstill. We brought down several miners, and I was much pleased with them.

They are intelligent and energetic men, disappointed with the country, and consider themselves neglected by the authorities (I agree with them), but perfectly civil, quiet, and sober, and not blustering and fighting as I expected."

All these letters are signed "Geoffrey Phipps Hornby," unlike the earlier ones, "Geoffrey Hornby." It seems that after his brother's death he used his name "Phipps" as an acknowledgment of his connection with the Littlegreen property. The letters took nearly two months from Vancouver's Island to England and *vice versâ*, and the postage was half a dollar, so that correspondence was somewhat expensive in those days.

Except the trip up the Frazer river, and another in the *Tribune* to Nanaimo to get coals, and to convoy back to the north part of the island some Indians (who had so thoroughly acquired all the European vices that their presence in the neighbourhood of Victoria became a great scandal to the place), the first months of his stay at Esquimault were occupied in putting a new mainmast into the *Tribune*. There were plenty of single trees large enough, but it was difficult to find a suitable one close enough to the water. Two were cut, and had to be rejected because they had a dead knot or other defect, but a third perfect stick was found at last, and successfully got in. "It is a great weight off my mind, and

'though I says it as didn't ought to,' it was very well done."

Part of the foremast also was discovered to be rotten, but the bad parts were cut away and replaced with good wood: altogether the repairs were not completed till the beginning of July. Just about this time, as it seemed that England was likely to go to war to help Austria out of her troubles, the Americans took the opportunity of advancing their claim to the island of San Juan.

Letter to Wife.

"San Juan, *July* 31, 1859.

"You must know that there is a considerable group of islands lying between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, and the terms of the treaty do not define clearly to whom they should belong. This is the one that lies nearest Vancouver's, and has always been held by the Hudson Bay Co. as a sheep-farm, and the agent has until lately had a commission as a magistrate. The Americans claim the island, and as the negotiations do not seem to advance rapidly, a hot-headed General Hearney (who hopes to get his name up for a future President) has sent a small detachment of soldiers, who have formed a camp on the island and hoisted their flag. Now, the Governor's instructions expressly tell him we are to commit no act of war, and we are not allowed to bundle these fellows off

neck and crop, so he takes a medium course. He sends over a magistrate, who is to take legal steps to warn them off the land, and to issue a summons (!!) against those that won't go. I am sent to prevent any more troops landing, and to assist the civil power.

"8 P.M.

"Everything is changed since I began my letter this morning. I have received fresh orders to take no steps against these men at present, or prevent others landing. We have sent for a detachment of marines from Queenborough, with whom it is proposed to occupy part of the island. The object now seems to be to avoid a collision at all hazards until we hear from the American authorities, but I fear if the marines are landed, it will inevitably produce one sooner or later. We have had one most lucky escape. The Governor told me it would be as well if I called on the commanding officer, and told him what my orders were. When I called he was away, and before he returned my visit I had received my counter-orders, so I have not the disgust of having blustered, and then being obliged to haul in my horns. He (a Captain Pickett) speaks more like a Devonshire man than a Yankee. His manner is more quiet than that of most of his countrymen, but he seems to have just the notion they all have of getting a name by some audacious act. He dropped one or two things which may be useful to us to know,

and, I hope, did not get much information out of me.

"*August* 5.

"De Courcy has gone down to San Francisco to take Colonel Hawkins, R.E., who goes home with despatches on the subject. This leaves me senior officer. The Governor has sent me a long despatch, which seems to me to give me considerable latitude of action. He told me to propose certain arrangements to Captain Pickett, which, he says, he has not authority to accept, but has forwarded them to his commanding officer. As he has refused them, I have told him that he and his Government must be responsible for whatever happens hereafter, and also that I land directly I conceive that the honour or interests of England require it. As we are fortunately here in much superior force to him, we can afford to be forbearing without danger of our motives being misunderstood, while I hold it would be impolitic to land except some of our people were absolutely interfered with."

Extracts from letters from Colonel Moody, Vancouver's Island, to Sir John Burgoyne :—

"*August* 8.

"It is fortunate for Great Britain that Hornby of the *Tribune* is at San Juan. His sound good sense may avert evil. He will avert war to the

last moment without in any degree perilling the proper dignity of England. The Governor wrote him a very clever letter, indirectly ordering him to land the troops, but throwing the responsibility on him. Hornby has far too much 'mother wit' to be caught that way,—of course he did not land them. He is a fine fellow; I cannot tell you how charmed I am with him."

"*August* 12.

"I am rejoiced at Hornby's prudence. The Governor's letter involved an impracticability,—to land, but not on any account to come into collision, and that he confided in his judgment and discretion as to how to act. There can be no doubt from Hearney's instructions, and his present letter, that a collision was desired. The imbroglio would then have been inextricable."

Captain Hornby's Letter to Wife.

"*November* 6, 1859.

"I hear from the Admiral, but in confidence, that General Scott [relieved General Hearney] has asked us to occupy San Juan jointly with 100 men each; that he and the Governor have suggested instead a civil occupation, which does not meet General Scott's views; that General Scott is very anxious to make some definite arrangement before the mail goes, so that he may send it to Washington in time for publication in the President's message to Congress, while our authorities wish to

hold off to see what instructions the mail may bring from home, and further, because they think that General Scott ought at once to begin to remove his troops and guns from the island. The Admiral then went on to say that he considered we were indebted 'to my good judgment in not following the Governor's instructions' for not being involved in a war, and that he had written to that effect to the Admiralty.

"*December* 4.

"I hear that the Governor has got much praise in England for keeping the peace with the Yankees. That is rather good, when one knows that he would hear of nothing but shooting them all at first, and that, after all, peace was only preserved by my *not* complying with his wishes, as I felt he was all in the wrong from the first. I got the abuse for saying that San Juan was not more our island than the Americans', and that we should be equally wrong in landing troops there, and now they find that I was right."

The joint occupation took place some little time later, but the question of the ownership of San Juan remained an open question till the island was finally given up to the United States as a sop to get them to agree to the Alabama Arbitration, 1872.

It had been arranged that after the temporary settlement of the San Juan difficulty the

Tribune was only to remain at Vancouver's Island long enough for the Admiral to transfer his flag into her from the *Ganges.* However, the day before leaving San Juan, symptoms of dry-rot were discovered in the stern of the *Tribune.* A survey was ordered, with the result that it was decided that the ship was too rotten to remain out longer. Still, what with waiting for instructions from home, and one thing and another, most of the winter passed away without any very great excitement except the elections, which took place about the middle of January.

"*January* 8, 1860.

"Yesterday, to my great delight, the two most respectable members were returned for Victoria, a miserable, Radical newspaper editor being rejected. Our own candidate here for Esquimault is to be polled for to-morrow. The Opposition papers are very irate at the Navy helping him, and began to try to write us down. First they began by saying generally that they should report us to the Admiral, who would soon set us to rights. Of course I read him the paragraph at once, to his great amusement. Then they had a shot at me specially. I didn't understand it at first; but as I am assured on the best authority that it was meant for me, of course I go at the election with redoubled ardour, and by help of Peele of the *Satellite* we are going to have a great demonstration if we are successful, as I think we shall be."

"*January* 13.

"We carried the election triumphantly, but the demonstration we had intended failed. It was proposed to have a waggon and four horses in which to take back our candidate (if successful) to Victoria, and having covered it and the horses with motto-flags, ribbons, &c., to draw up abreast of the newspaper office and give three cheers. However, though we started it from here in great style, a wheel broke just before they reached Victoria, and shot the inside passengers into the mud. Still our friend the editor was very angry at the result of the election, and gave us an angry shot in his paper next day, at which we laughed."

A year or two later it was reported that the candidate so triumphantly brought in by the Navy had been convicted of embezzling public funds, after which Captain Hornby said that he would not again interfere in colonial politics.

The *Tribune* sailed from Esquimault on January 31, and made a long but uneventful passage to Valparaiso, as the ship was for two or three weeks more or less becalmed in the doldrums.

Chili struck them all as specially charming and civilised, after their long stay at Vancouver's Island, and the fruit and fresh provisions as specially delicious after the long voyage. They were delayed at Valparaiso nearly three weeks, as there had been a great run on the stores lately,

and it took time to collect all that was required. On April 24 they left Valparaiso, and got on very well till they were near the Straits of Magellan, whence Captain Hornby writes to his wife:—

"PLAZA PARDA, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN,
Sunday, May 13, 1860.

"It seems to me that we are bound (as Jack says) to have 'man-of-war Sundays' this cruise. It being supposed that in the Navy the fourth commandment runs, 'Six days shalt thou labour, &c., &c., and the seventh day strike lower yards and topmasts, exercise all guns and small-arms, &c., &c.'—in fact, work like seventeen slaves. Last Sunday I would not forego service, and we got washed out of church by a sea. The breeze freshened, which caused us to perform various nautical evolutions entailing considerable trouble. The next day, as I sat down to dinner, I was enlivened by the sudden appearance of the first lieutenant to say that a bad leak had broken out in our rotten old stern, and that they couldn't stop it. At last we did stop it, but I saw enough rotten wood in those parts to make me feel very anxious. Yesterday I was told that the leak had broken out again worse than ever. Of course having to look for an anchorage, it came on very thick, and we had some difficulty in finding a certain Port Valentyn, where we lay last night. As it was called a bad harbour in the 'Directory,'

I weighed this morning to come on here. It blew so hard to-day that in coming in here, not 400 yards from a high hill to windward of us, and in perfectly smooth water, all the steam would not force her ahead. To avoid a shoal-point I had to anchor *pro tem.*, and then to weigh again to get a safe berth for the night; so our whole Sunday has been spent weighing, loosing, reefing, and furling sails, anchoring, weighing again, &c., and all to the accompaniment of a heavy gale of wind.

"On Tuesday we fell in with a merchant-ship in distress, and took the crew out of her. She was leaking greatly, and the sea washing clean over her; the crew had been sixty hours at the pumps and were exhausted. The captain has now been taken off sinking ships three times. One of the men, when he came on board and asked the ship's name, said, 'Why, I was saved from the wreck of the *Europa* by this ship four years ago.' And another man proved to be the brother of one of our marines, and they had not met for fourteen years."

"*Sunday, May* 20.

"We lightened the ship abaft, and found the leak proceeded from all the oakum having worn out of the seams in those parts from age. Fortunately she is more sound than we had expected. In fact, outside she is quite sound, so that we were able to caulk her and make her tight again, but inside she is dreadfully rotten."

"Rio de Janeiro, *June* 6.

"After infinite bother from fog and rain, nearly getting on shore and being obliged to resort to steam, which always goes against the grain with me, we got in here, Monday afternoon, June 4."

The necessary repairs at Rio occupied till June the 10th, and though Captain Hornby had intended making a forty-five days' passage, it extended to forty-eight, as they did not anchor at Spithead till the morning of the 29th.

It was probably the happiest home-coming he ever had, as his old father had just been restored to sight. At one time during his absence in the *Tribune*, Captain Hornby had almost decided to give up his command and come home, as, though the first operation had seemed successful, Sir Phipps either caught cold in his eye or used it too soon, and completely lost the sight of it. It was feared that the poor old man would become totally blind, but the operation on the other eye proved quite successful, and there was never again any serious thought of Captain Hornby's leaving the service. The happy family circle only remained complete for a very few months longer, and then the first break came in the death of Lady Hornby. Captain Hornby was away at the time on a visit to a married sister in Lancashire, and though he and his sister started immediately the news of their mother's dangerous illness arrived, they were met

at Petersfield with the sad tidings that they were too late to see her in life. It was the morning of Christmas Day, and the death on that day of a mother so much beloved cast a gloom over many subsequent Christmastides.

CHAPTER VII.

H.M.S. *NEPTUNE*, 1861–1862.

APPOINTMENT TO H.M.S. *NEPTUNE*, 1861—SIR WILLIAM MARTIN—THE BEGINNING OF STEAM-TACTICS—CELEBRATIONS AT NAPLES—LIFE AT MALTA—KING VICTOR EMMANUEL VISITS THE FLEET—RESIDENCE AT NAPLES—H.M.S. *BLACK PRINCE*.

AFTER his first appointment Captain Hornby was not obliged to wait for another ship until his own party was again in power. The March following his return in the *Tribune* he was appointed to the *Neptune* in the Mediterranean. The *Neptune* was an old three-decker converted into a screw two-decker, and she was manned by what Captain Hornby describes as "the last and worst of the bounty crews." The bounty-men had been induced to enter when there was a war scare in 1859 by a bounty of £10. This of course attracted some of the worst characters, and also made them desert and re-enter as often as was possible without detection. To make matters worse, the *Neptune* had twice changed her captain during the commission, and when Captain Hornby

went on board at Malta, March 13, 1861, his diary of that date gives a gloomy view of the state of affairs:—

"Crew a very rough-looking lot, but the officers have evidently done well with them. Ship looking well below, but wanting polishing up aloft and on the gun-deck. The Admiral acknowledges the wretchedness of the crews we have to deal with, but says we must work at the young ones, as it is our last chance."

On March 21 he writes to his wife:—

"I am beginning to settle down a little, but I am aghast at the load of work there is to do. What has been done on this ship is wonderful, seeing the shameful riffraff they have in the shape of a crew; but still there remains more to be done than in any newly commissioned ship I ever saw. Now, when one hears Lord Clarence Paget saying so barefacedly to the House of Commons that everything is *couleur de rose*, and having been deprived of the greatest part of our authority by a new system of punishments, which are to come into vogue on the 1st of April, I must say I feel very much disgusted and appalled.

"I cannot sufficiently admire what I see of the officers in this fleet, but the Admiralty are treating them cruelly, and I really don't know how it will end."

There were a few minor cases of want of discipline, &c., which occurred during April, but

nothing of any importance went wrong till May 8, when (*Diary*) "I came into collision with a watch (starboard) who would not hoist the main-top-sail, for which they got a benefit." Again, May 20 (*Diary*): "Found a lot of ropes cut this morning—sail-tackles, tacks, bunt-lines, &c. Had the ship's company aft, and told them what fools they were. Asked if there were any grievances, was told that they were aggrieved at having to scrub hammocks every week instead of every fort-night, and at being exercised in their dog-watches —*i.e.*, after quarters. Pretty well for the present state of things! Told them they were not likely to get much redress except in the way of ham-mocks, which would be less frequently scrubbed if they kept them clean. Put sentries from among the ordinaries on the ropes at night."

The culprits were never discovered, although "the Admiral was very savage at our not being able to identify them."

The Admiral then commanding in the Mediter-ranean was Sir William Martin,[1] and he was of the school which considered that in service matters business and pleasure ought not to be combined. For instance, to take an extract from Captain Hornby's Diary:—

"*April* 26, 1861.—I went to the office, and

[1] Admiral Martin was not made K.C.B. till July 31; but he is better known as Sir William Martin, therefore it is simpler to de-scribe him thus.

Martin (secretary) told me that there being a good many supernumeraries to go to Naples and Palermo, and for other reasons the presence of another ship being desirable, he had suggested to the Admiral that we should combine pleasure with profit, and go to Syracuse, Messina, Naples, and Palermo. This had been agreed to, and it was ordered with the proviso that we were not to stay more than twenty-four hours at each place. It then occurred to the Admiral's secretary that it would be more desirable to give all the officers a chance of landing at Naples, and he suggested that we should be allowed to stop there forty-eight hours. The Admiral was off directly. No amusement on any account. He would send off a despatch-boat with the supernumeraries, and we are to go only to Syracuse and Messina, and cruise, and the orders are peremptory not to stay more than one night in port."

Therefore they were kept cruising about for nearly three weeks, sometimes in sight of Malta, seeing the mails going in and out, and not allowed even to fetch their letters. At last, May 16, they were called in by signal to take in provisions for Corfu, and sailed next day for a very pleasant cruise. They joined Admiral Dacres, then captain of the fleet, between whom and Captain Hornby a very warm friendship was established. After his return to Malta, Captain Hornby watched his

opportunity to represent to the Admiral how much inconvenience was caused to officers by their being kept in ignorance of their future movements. The Admiral's flagship *Marlborough* had gone home for repairs, the *Neptune* for a time carrying the flag, and in July Sir William and all his family took a passage in the latter to Naples to get further advice about one of the Admiral's daughters who was ill with fever. Captain Hornby thought his heart might be softened, and that it was a good moment to appeal to his feelings.

Letter to Wife.

"*July* 17.

"I spoke out my mind pretty plainly. I said, 'The authorities might in a great many cases tell us what their intentions are as to our future movements: they of course should say that they were not bound to these arrangements; but officers might avail themselves of the information in many instances, and at all events they would be satisfied that everything possible was done to meet their comforts.'

"He evidently profited by my hint; for the next morning when I went to call on him he said, 'I hope to get a squadron together, and away from Malta early in August, to cruise for six or seven weeks, anchoring here or at Cagliari, &c., every week or ten days, then to go into harbour' (mean-

ing Malta) 'for three weeks to avoid the equinoctial gales, and then take another three weeks' cruise before laying up for the winter.' Then he added, 'This is what I hope to do, if the Secretary of State does not interfere with me.'

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, and as he came on board specially to wish us goodbye, and thanked us very heartily for having made him and his so comfortable, I feel sure he means to do us a good turn."

It was during the summer of 1860 that what may be called the embryo of steam-tactics appeared.[1] June 20, Captain Hornby writes in his Diary:—

"Looked through the Admiral's steam-tactics, which do not seem to me to be very brilliant, and looked at the boats performing them in the evening. It seems to me, if he tries them on with ships, that there will be a deal of fouling, and I cannot see the advantage to be gained by most of them."

"*Sept.* 26.—The Admiral had the boats out to manœuvre, and I was not much edified. Too many boats; and it hardly seems to me that the boats are any test of what ships will do. This occupied all the forenoon, then on board *Marlborough* to discuss these things till 2 P.M."

[1] In after-life Admiral Hornby always gave Sir William Martin great credit for having originated the present system of steam-tactics.

Monday, October 7, the experiment was tried with the ships:—

"Weighed at 10 A.M., and got through a few simple evolutions indifferently,—no one knowing his own speed, or the relative speed of other ships. Great fun at the meeting on board flagship when we came in, for every one was pitching into his neighbour. *Doris* [Captain M'Clintock] and ourselves were complimented on the station we kept."

"*Oct.* 8.—Manœuvring as yesterday, and not so much abuse."

"*Oct.* 9.—Manœuvring about the bay again all the morning at general quarters, and passing so as to get shots on opposite tacks, &c."

So it went on till the middle of the month, when Captain Hornby writes to his father:—

"*October* 20.

"I hear we are all to be called on for our reports on these manœuvres that we have been trying. I hope we shall all tell the truth. I fear the service is likely to be saddled with a very second-rate system, because there is a dislike to condemn what the Admiral has been taking so much pains to perfect, and what he is so well satisfied with. My own opinion is that they are quite wrong in every principle, and I shall say so. It is no use fancying that steam-ships can only form as sailing-ships used to do; and by adhering to those ideas, instead

of following the new systems, which have been shown to be possible under most circumstances, we are throwing away the advantages that steam has given us."

In the intervals between manœuvring, the ships went into Naples for a few days at a time, and in September Captain Hornby was present at some of the festivities in honour of the anniversary of the entrance of Garibaldi into the town the year before. The account of the three days' festivities is given from his Diary:—

"*Saturday, Sept.* 7.—Landed at 11 A.M. Met Uncle George [Rev. George Hornby], walked with him up the Toledo, and through the streets, where the principal illuminations would be.

"The processions were very late, and I did not stay to see much of them, but walked out to look at the illuminations. Except the large church in the Palace Square there was nothing very fine, but I never had an idea of such a thorough demonstration; every little street was lighted. They had some second-rate fireworks, and I then went across to the Chiaia gardens, which were prettily lit. Garibaldi's hymn was always received with the greatest enthusiasm, and indeed when any little grumbling appeared, the bands by striking up that tune could instantly stop it, and change it into cheers.

"Cialdini [the Piedmontese general who com-

manded at Castelfidardo, and who had been charged with the pacification of the Neapolitan kingdom] was well received.

"*Sept.* 8.—Heard that an invitation had been sent to [Captain] Glasse for all of us to accompany Admiral Torresano to the *fête* this evening. Old Glasse made all inquiries, and told us we were to go in frock-coats, and, much to our disgust, we found every one else in full dress. However, they were very civil to us, and we had a very good look at Cialdini, who is a very good-looking—that is, working-looking—fellow, with a remarkably bright determined eye. A great many soldiers and National Guards were turned out, and everything went off well.

"*Sept.* 9.—An order to meet Admiral Dacres to arrange for dining with Cialdini at 7 P.M. The dinner went off very well, though it was a thousand pities the Admiral (Sir W. Martin) did not come. I sat between the chief of the staff and a very nice young fellow, an A.D.C. who had been in the Crimea, and we got on very well together. The dinner very fair, but nothing extraordinary. No one there but ourselves, the Italian admirals, our consul, and Italian officers."

Some one represented to Sir William Martin that he had committed a breach of etiquette by not accepting General Cialdini's invitation. The Admiral therefore did his best to make amends when the Piedmontese general dined on board the *Marl-*

borough, October 5. Captain Hornby's Diary thus describes the reception given to the General :—

"I had to be back by 5 P.M. so as to dress for dinner with the Admiral to meet Cialdini. They took Cialdini forward to look at the large Armstrong gun, which seemed to interest him, and round the decks, which was a great mistake, as he suffers from sea-sickness, and there was a close smell among so many hundred men.

"He was received with manned yards on board all the ships, and a salute, and when he went away the *Marlborough* manned yards with blue-lights at the yard-arms, coloured lights—red, white, and green—at the side to represent the Italian colours, and a double line of boats from the ship to the shore, all burning blue-lights to light him. I think it must have had a very pretty, and I hope a good, effect on shore."

Towards the middle of October Captain Stewart (Sir William Martin's flag-captain) had serious thoughts of giving up his appointment on account of the critical state of Mrs Stewart's health, and the Admiral's secretary was sent to consult Captain Hornby as to whether he would like to succeed him. Somewhat to the Admiral's surprise, he demurred, for the reasons he gives in a letter written the same day :—

To Sir Phipps Hornby.

"*October* 15, 1861.

"I told him [the secretary] I could not receive

such an offer without feeling flattered by it, and that in the main, as regards the service, I should feel inclined to accept it, because it was looked on as a hard and unpleasant place, and one, therefore, which one would not like to shirk; but I said that I thought in some of our service notions the Admiral and I did not agree, that a worse objection was a private one—viz., that when I left home, you had understood that I should probably get back about this time of year, and that it would be a disappointment to you if I was delayed—besides that, for other reasons connected with the property, it was not desirable that I should be very long out of England."

Partly because he found some difficulty in finding a substitute, and partly because every one he consulted on the subject advised him to do so, Sir William Martin decided to give Captain Stewart two months' leave to remain with his wife, and to leave Captain Hornby in the *Neptune*. Shortly afterwards the squadron dispersed for the winter, the *Marlborough* and *Neptune* going to Malta, where Captain Hornby found that Mrs Hornby and "my bonny chicks," as he generally called them, had just arrived.

Except that there is now a railway from Valetta to Citta Vecchia, six miles, a new opera-house, and that the head of the Grand Harbour has been drained for a race-course, Malta is very

little changed since those days. There may be a few more winter visitors, but otherwise society is exactly the same. In the first place, there is the governor; and almost every governor may be described as Captain Hornby did "his Excellency" in 1861: "He is so great a man that it is said he seldom condescends to notice any one; and when he does have you to dinner, he is like George IV., he sits up and does king and queen. I do like to see these little dignitaries make fools of themselves." Then there is the Naval Commander-in-Chief, who has a house in Strada Mezzodi out of sight of the harbour, and lives on shore in the winter; the Dockyard Admiral; and the officers of the ships, with a certain number of wives and families. The military also, a general commanding the troops, engineers, artillery, and two or three line regiments, with a great many wives and families. Besides these, there is the Colonial Secretary; the Maltese nobility, who, by the way, are generally not Maltese at all, but old Spanish, Italian, and Sicilian families which have settled in Malta. Lastly, there are the minor officials, elected members of Council, &c., &c. A few people who have merely official positions are only invited to official parties, but, as a rule, everybody goes everywhere; and as when the ships are in dock the sailors have very little to do, and except an occasional review or march-out the soldiers comparatively nothing,

there are a great many entertainments, and everybody meets everybody else at least twice a-day. The houses are large, the Governor's palace being the old Grand-Master's palace, and the club, most of the official residences, and some of the barracks being the old auberges of the Knights. Living is cheap, luxuries—such as game, fruit, and flowers—very cheap, thus entertaining is very easy; and to people of a sociable disposition a few winter months pass very pleasantly. Captain and Mrs Hornby established themselves in a roomy house in Strada Forni; but Sir William Martin did not allow his captains to be too comfortable. Early in December the *Neptune* was sent out for a three weeks' cruise, returning only just two days before Christmas Day. Some of the authorities thought so badly of the crew of the *Neptune* that they wished to prevent any of the usual indulgences, but Captain Hornby did not think discipline was likely to be improved by denying the men their legitimate enjoyment. He dined on Christmas Day in the wardroom, and slept on board that night; but otherwise everything went on as usual, except that having so lately come into harbour it was not possible to decorate the lower deck. The men's dinner was, however, excellent, and no one was any the worse except the captain's two little sons, who tried to eat all the plum-pudding which was given to them when they went round the dinners with their father. In

February again the ship was sent off for a six weeks' cruise to Corfu, and while there the *Osborne* arrived with the Prince of Wales on board. It was the first time that Captain Hornby had seen his Royal Highness.

By the time the *Neptune* returned to Malta the Carnival was over, and the only excitement during Lent was the arrival of the first Japanese ambassadors on their way to England.

Diary. "*March* 28.—*Himalaya* arrived unexpectedly at 10 A.M. We were all summoned to the palace to receive the Japanese ambassadors at 2 P.M. The younger of the two is a very intelligent man. Called on them with the Admiral at 4 P.M., found the French consul there trying to persuade them not to go through France. The Japanese are not well pleased.

"*March* 29.—A review at Florian in the morning. In the afternoon the Japanese came on board us, and we went to quarters, with which they were much pleased, and seemed astonished at the facility with which the guns could be moved. Ship looked very clean, but the men forward talked on the yards, and we were not as quiet as we usually are."

Letter to Sir Phipps Hornby.

"*March* 30.

"As they went away they paid a visit to the *Marlborough*, which was cruising outside. They

said they liked the ships the best of anything they saw, and then *the ladies*."

At Easter, about the middle of April, the fleet left Malta, Sir William Martin being obliged to go East because of the troubles in Greece; but the *Neptune* was sent to Naples, where she arrived the same day as King Victor Emmanuel.

Diary. "*April* 28.—Very much hurried, as the king had left Gaeta at 8 A.M. About 3 P.M. he came in sight escorted by four French liners under Vice-Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. We manned yards and cheered, &c. The French seemed not to manœuvre their ships very well, to come in very slow, and to have a difficulty in picking up their berths. We landed to receive the king at the palace, and were presented to him. Went out on the balcony (where he was well received) to see the troops march past. In the evening four more French liners arrived, and took up their berths well, seeing it was dark. Landed with the two boys [his sons] and drove about to see the illuminations, which were very fine. Feeling very sore at the French producing so strong a fleet here, we having only three ships, one of which is under orders.

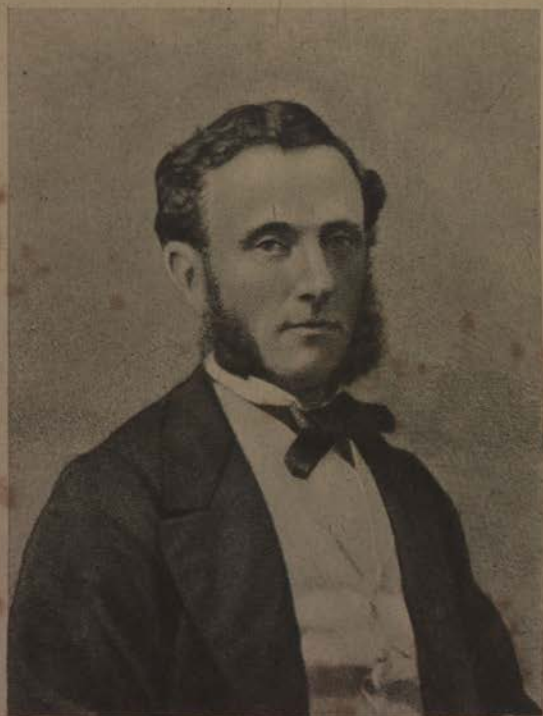
"*April* 29.—I went off to call on the French admirals with Codd and Price. Paid long visits, and then Price and I went to call on the captains. All the ships were painting, and in that, and in

the rapidity with which they get their crews together and make their ships look decent, they are a good deal ahead of us; but there is no ship among them to compare with the *James Watt*, and they do not look so neat aloft. We all had to dine at the palace. Dinner handsome, but cold; wines indifferent. Then to the theatre for a ballet, at which there was some very good dancing.

"*May* 3.—Got an intimation late last night that the king was coming on board us to-day. He went first to the *Bretagne*, and then came here. We manned yards and saluted when he embarked, cheered as he passed. Manned and saluted when he left the *Bretagne*, dressing ship at the same time. I think our manœuvre must have looked very pretty, and better than that of the French.

"*May* 4.—Torresano came on board to ask if I would accept a decoration, which of course I declined. Got an invitation to the palace to witness a French engagement which is to take place at 8.30 P.M. this evening. Got a little feverish attack, which prevented my going to the palace, but they said the Frenchman's spectacle was pretty."

While the king was fêting and being fêted by one part of Naples, there were other sides to the picture. On one hand there were some who, like the Rev. George Hornby, had strong Bourbon sympathies, which he expresses very forcibly, *vide* his letter to Sir Phipps Hornby:—



J. Miller Bourke

Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc.

"NAPLES, *April* 30.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Well, here we are, Geoff, wife, and the most charming children. Geoff is stifled in the midst of eight great French ships. There never was such folly; but the whole plan of backing up a new Italy against Austria is insanity, as far as English interests are concerned. I say nothing of the state of this place, or you won't get my letter, the post being, according to the constitution, 'inviolate.' *N.B.*—I wrote two letters to N. F. while she was at Rome, and she three to me, none of which reached their destination! and whereas under the tyrant Bourbons there were 11,000 persons in prison, there are now (on suspicion) 18,000, and people arrested every day. The number taken and shot then and there innumerable. I rejoice to think you have so many you love around you, and with every good wish to all, am ever yours, G. H."

On the other side were those who thought that the unification of Italy did not advance quickly enough, and there were risings and rumours of risings.

Captain Hornby's Diary:—

"*May* 18.—Called on Sir James Hudson [the English Minister] when Ratazzi came to consult him about Garibaldi's movements, which are causing him some anxiety.

"*May* 19.—Heard of an outbreak of Gari-

baldians near Brescia. They are about to make an incursion on Austrian territory. The Government seems to have acted very well, and the agents concerned were arrested at once, and it is said that Ratazzi telegraphed to say that Garibaldi himself must be arrested if he were compromised.

"*May* 20.—I nearly was late for the Palace dinner, to which we had been invited in plain clothes. Found every one there similarly dressed, a large party, and we dined in the ballroom, which was beautiful. I had to go off directly it was over; but it seems the party broke up, and the king hurried off, in consequence of a demonstration in favour of Garibaldi, which took place in the Toledo."

O bella Napoli! With your blue sky and still bluer bay, and the beautiful hills all round! All so bright, and rich, and luxuriant, the vines festooned among the fruit-trees, and the corn growing below,—three crops ripening at the same time. And there, central point in the landscape, Vesuvius, with one dark burnt-out crater, and the other with a tiny cloud of smoke resting on its summit, as a warning that angry fires are still smouldering below. The people also, seemingly, so simply light-hearted and friendly. Shouting, yelling, one moment for Garibaldi, and when an hour or two later the king came along the Toledo, equally ready to shout and yell for him. Now

and then you heard a story of brigands, of some one (perhaps from the centre of the town) being carried off, where and by whom no one exactly knew; and if the ransom were not promptly paid, a bit of an ear, or a finger, sent to the relatives as a hint to use despatch. In the same villa where Captain Hornby and his wife were living, a German banker and his wife were almost always guarded by Bersaglieri, because they had been threatened; but the English captain, who lived on the other side of the courtyard, who sometimes had the band up from his ship to play in the gardens of an evening, who had the terrace illuminated, and who, when the party was over, would with some of his guests march down through the town with the band playing before them, bringing all the people to the doors and windows to see what was happening — he was perfectly safe! He was free to come and go through the woods, and vineyards, and narrow streets at any hour of the day or night, with no companion but his black-and-white setter "Jerry," and no weapon but his walking-stick.

At Malta Captain Hornby had lived on shore, but at Naples he was senior officer, and he therefore made it a rule never to sleep away from his ship, so as to be ready at any moment for any emergency. Nothing, however, was required of him till, at the time of the rising near Brescia, Sir James Hudson asked for a ship to take him to

Leghorn; and as the *Neptune* could steam more economically than any other ship then at Naples, Captain Hornby embarked the Minister and his suite and took them to Leghorn. After a three days' visit, as Sir James Hudson's guest, to Florence and Pisa, he rejoined his ship, and returned to Naples under sail. What was his surprise to find, three days after his return, that he was superseded by Captain Chads in the *London*, and was ordered to go off at once for a cruise to Sicily, "because I had gone to Leghorn instead of the *Algiers*, the Admiral having written to the Admiralty to say that *Algiers* would take Sir J. H. I wrote two very angry letters to my father and Martin [secretary]."

The letter to Mr Martin was, however, modified, and rewritten on the following day as a semi-official explanation, as officially Captain Hornby could only write acknowledging the receipt of the orders:—

To G. P. Martin, Esq.

"*H.M.S. Neptune, June* 6, 1862.

"You may conceive, if I cannot describe, the surprise with which, on my return from gun-exercise off Capri yesterday, I received the Admiral's letter, and orders of the 27th and 28th inst. I look at the telegram, 'Yes, send *Algiers, if necessary.*' It seems now, as it did at first, more permissive than

imperative. What necessity was there to send the *Algiers?* *Neptune* would go as fast as Sir J. Hudson required, had as good accommodation for him, and, what was the real inducement, she has always gone her eight knots for from 30 to 40 tons a-day, while Captain Rice tells me *Algiers* consumed from 40 to 45 at the same speed. I think these reasons over, and still believe I did what was right under the circumstances, and economically for the Crown. I of course regret that the Admiral should disapprove—still more, that in a case which at most amounts to an error in judgment, he should inflict on me so public a reprimand as is conveyed in my supersession, as senior officer here, one month after my arrival. Between you and me, I confess to a small private influence. I think I told you of a conversation I had with the Commander-in-Chief on board the *Marlborough*, in which he said he must always set his face against officers making themselves too comfortable with their families. It did, therefore, occur to me, that in going away from them, and encumbering myself with a lot of passengers, I was at least taking the most disagreeable course, and, if there had been a doubt, this would probably have decided me that it was the right one. You must not tell Sir J. Hudson that I talked of 'encumbrances.' As the event proved, he and his suite were most agreeable, and I cannot but think, after his kind expressions to me, that he

will be very sorry if he hears that, indirectly, he has brought me to grief.

"*P.S.*—If you have an opportunity, you will do me a kindness, perhaps, by bringing the matter before the Admiral."

Captain Hornby's orders were to go for ten days to Palermo, then on to Messina to await instructions. Two days after his arrival at the latter place, he was surprised by receiving a telegram from Admiral Codrington (Malta Dockyard) ordering him at once to Malta, preparatory to relieving *Algiers* at Naples. Part of the *Neptune's* engines were on shore being repaired, but by great exertions she was got under weigh that evening, and a forty hours' passage took her to Malta. Here, however, she had to wait for a week till the answer arrived to what Captain Hornby calls his "letter of apology." Sir William Martin acknowledged that the telegram might have been read in the sense in which Captain Hornby had taken it, and gave him leave to return to Naples. The same evening he sailed, but the winds were so light that it was eleven days before they got back into Naples Bay, and when the ship had been eight days out, she was boarded by a felucca, asking for bread and water, as she had been eighteen days from Messina.

All the rest of the summer Captain Hornby re-

mained at Naples, as the Admiral was occupied in watching affairs in Greece. There were, therefore, no more steam manœuvres this summer.

King Victor Emmanuel did not return to Naples, but part of the summer his three sons were there, when Prince Humbert seems to have impressed Captain Hornby by his simple unaffected manners and general air of intelligence. Just after the departure of the Princes the Garibaldian rising broke out in Sicily, and it was rumoured that the king himself meditated a march on Rome, so that the English ships at Naples received orders to be ready at any moment to embark the Pope, and take him to Castiglione. The time for making Rome the capital of Italy had, however, not arrived, and whatever designs may have been afloat, Cialdini was sent against Garibaldi, who was taken (wounded), with all his men; and except that the people grumbled sorely at the weight of taxes and the severity of the Bersaglieri police, the rest of the summer passed without any political incident. In October the *Neptune* received orders to return to Malta and England, and at the same time Captain Hornby was granted permission to give his family a passage home. They accordingly embarked at Naples, and reached Gibraltar on November 14, where they found part of the Channel Fleet, and where Captain Hornby for the first time saw an ironclad in commission.

Diary. "*Nov.* 14.—Went to *Black Prince;* had

not time to see her thoroughly, but what I did see was very fine. The vulnerable ends, however, are a great mistake, also the three masts instead of four. The men in the ironclads are so disgustingly proud of their ships that they will allow them *no* faults."

CHAPTER VIII.

H.M.S. *EDGAR*, 1863–1865.

H.M.S. *EDGAR*, 1863—A TOUR OF THE BRITISH ISLES—GREENOCK —LIVERPOOL—VISIT FROM GARIBALDI AT PORTLAND—CAPTAIN COWPER-COLES ON ARMOURED SHIPS—MISSION TO LISBON—INVESTITURE OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL WITH THE GARTER —"UNCLE GEOFF"—COMPARISONS WITH THE FRENCH FLEET.

CAPTAIN HORNBY had been on shore for barely three months when he was asked by Admiral Dacres (who succeeded Admiral Smart in command of the Channel Fleet) to go as his flag-captain. The offer was accepted without hesitation.

To Rear-Admiral Dacres, C.B.

"LORDINGTON, *April* 1, 1863.

"I feel extremely gratified at your letter of the 26th March, and so far from refusing, I shall be most happy to accept your kind offer, if you don't object to what follows. With my present standing, I think I may naturally look forward in a year or eighteen months to one of the better appointments of the service, such as a steam-

reserve or dockyard, especially if there was a change of Ministry; indeed in the latter case, if I heard of a good thing going a-begging, I might feel inclined to ask for it. Now, though I know you would not like to stand in my way, it very probably may not suit you to take a captain who may wish to leave you before your flag comes down. I therefore leave the matter thus: if it suits you to take me, with the chance of my getting a steam-reserve or dockyard, I shall be very glad to serve under you again. The appointment having been made public, I have so far taken advantage of the permission given in the end of your letter as to tell my father of your offer, though it will go no farther than his ears. I write hurriedly to save the post."

Admiral Dacres hoisted his flag at Plymouth on May 17 in the *Edgar*, and the ship remained in the hands of the dockyard for another three weeks, while the cabins were being put in order, and leave given to some of the men. It was a very busy three weeks,—a cheerful time also, as Captain Hornby had many friends in Devonport and the neighbourhood, and hardly ever dined on board. The only unusual incident which occurred was that the flag-captain got one of his wrists badly burnt while helping to extinguish a very bad fire, which destroyed several houses in Plymouth. Early in June the flagship sailed to join the rest of the squadron at Portland.

Letter to Wife.

"*June* 9, 1863.

"We left Plymouth at noon yesterday, and went right out into the open sea between France and England; but we navigated with much skill until we at last saw certain lights, which proved to be those of Portland, and entering the anchorage there, we cast out an anchor at midnight, and made the ship fast until the daylight appeared. We had a splendid breeze, and it is a pleasure to have a ship that can sail again, and not such an old dummy as the *Neptune*. However, I find I have plenty to do; for though the mariners here are by no means such villains as those were at first, they don't knock the yards and sails about as our fellows did latterly. Though Foley has begun this ship remarkably well, still she is but a new ship. I fancy it will be with the squadron that I shall have most bother. So you doubtless will hear me plentifully abused for my own sins, and those of the Admiral, in calling them to order."

The transition from sails to steam for battleships was gradually being accomplished. In the *Tribune* it had simply been a question of steaming in and out of harbour; in the *Neptune* there had been passages under steam, steam tactics, and orders by telegram; and now in the Channel Fleet came a mixture of wooden ships and iron-

clads: most of the former could not steam, none of the latter could sail. Nevertheless the Admiralty, who always have an eye to economy, decreed that, as the ships had masts and yards, they must sail.

June 17, Captain Hornby writes to his wife from Yarmouth:—

"We sail for Sunderland to-morrow, weather permitting. I have no idea how long we may be getting there. It is 190 miles—one day's sail for this ship; but if Sir F. Grey's dummies are to go under sail, I shall think it lucky if we get there in ten."

As a matter of fact it only took five days, as the squadron had to get up steam to avoid some dangerous shoals on the Norfolk coast. The dummies alluded to above were the five ironclads, the *Resistance*, the *Defence*, the *Black Prince*, the *Royal Oak*, and the *Warrior*. The other ships of the squadron were the *Edgar*, flagship, a two-decker; the *Emerald* and *Liverpool*, frigates; and the despatch vessel, *Trinculo*. Their summer cruise was to be a tour of the British Isles, and to stay two or three days at each of the principal ports. As Captain Hornby says:—

"We are doing popularity to a great extent. Ostensibly we are to show the ships, and what happy fellows the British mariners are in a man-of-war—nothing but porter and skittles! Really I suspect we are doing a little electioneering."

After Sunderland, they were to visit Leith, Invergordon, Kirkwall, Lough Foyle, Lough Swilly, the Clyde, and Liverpool. At every place crowds of people visited the ships, and the townspeople got up balls, dinners, and every sort of festivity in their honour. The officers on their part were also anxious to make some acknowledgment for the civility shown them. For this purpose Captain Hornby tried to arrange "a plan for enabling the officers of the squadron to show some special civility to people whose acquaintance they may make. It is, to set apart one ship every day, where only people will be received who are brought by officers of the squadron; and that there, there shall be a band playing for dancing, and a little tea, and so on. Most of the fellows seem to like the idea, and I think it will work by-and-by."

As far as he personally was concerned, the flag-captain was not able to do much entertaining, or to accept much hospitality, from the time he left Sunderland till they reached Lough Foyle. The fatigue and anxiety of being up constantly at night (to see that the ships kept station, and that the sailing-ships shortened sail, so as to prevent their overtaxing the powers of the boilers of the ironclads—"tin pots," as he called them) brought on a severe liver attack, accompanied by a great deal of fever and ague, which left him so weak that it was not till they reached the Orkneys that the cooler air enabled him to begin to regain his strength. By

the time the fleet reached Greenock he had quite recovered, and was immensely interested in the great shipbuilding yards.

To Sir Phipps Hornby, G.C.B.

"*H.M.S. Edgar*,
GREENOCK, *Sept.* 6, 1863.

"I was up in Glasgow on Friday with the Admiral inspecting some of the building-yards, and notably an iron-cased frigate building for the Confederates, and three more for the Turks. I am delighted with the energy and skill of these Glasgow men, and the more I see of them the more Radical I grow with regard to our dockyard system and Somerset House. When these men sit down to plan a warship propelled by steam, they make a steamship of her, and don't go puddling on drawing large sailing-ships to put engines into. The Cunard people took us a grand trip on Thursday round Bute and up Loch Ranza. The steamer was beautifully fitted, and we went at the rate of fourteen knots all the way. Her sister-ship the *Giraffe* was sold for £30,000 to run the blockade, putting a profit of £8000 into the hands of the company. I wonder what the new Admiralty yacht the *Enchantress* has cost; and if she ever goes fourteen knots for six hours together, I'll eat her!"

From thence the squadron crossed to Belfast, and after four days there, to Liverpool. Here

Lord Derby had offered Captain Hornby a week's shooting for himself and his friends, but he was only able to manage two days' shooting, as the other days were taken up with visits to the building-yards and docks, and various entertainments on board the ships and on shore—the week's festivities ending by a banquet given by the Mersey Yacht Club to the Admiral, captains, and officers of the fleet, on Monday, September 21. At this banquet it fell to Captain Hornby to propose "The Ladies." An anonymous bard (not a sailor) who wrote a rhymed account of the "Fleet in the Mersey" seems to think that it was very well done:—

"Admiral Dacres gets up, and makes every one laugh
In a speech that's a mixture of cake[1] and of chaff.
Lord Stanley is lengthy; the Archdeacon is dull;
Admiral Evans is heavy—in fact makes a mull.
The toast of 'The Ladies,' the last of the night,
The gallant Flag-Captain was told was his right;
He rose, and in a few well-chosen phrases,
More expressive than all the most flattering praises,
Gave the toast, which was drunk—as it always will be
By soldiers and sailors—with twice three times three."

The summer cruise ended with visits to Dublin and Plymouth, and then the *Edgar* was for two months at Portsmouth giving leave and making good defects.

The winter of 1863-64 was spent between

[1] An allusion to the Knowsley ale and cakes with which they had been regaled the previous Saturday.

Madeira, Teneriffe, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, though there were many rumours of the possibility of the English interfering to help the Danes in their resistance to Germany.

The beginning of March saw the ships again in England, and on their arrival at Portland, Captain Hornby, who had again been knocked over with one of his fever attacks, was sent home for a week to recruit, and took with him a poor little midshipman who had been very much pulled down by sea-sickness. There was a great deal of small-pox at Portsmouth, so the ships had to do as much as possible of their caulking, &c., at Portland, instead of going there to be docked.

Towards the end of April Garibaldi came down to visit the ships.

Letter to Wife.

"*H.M.S. Edgar*, PORTLAND, *April* 26, 1864.

"Yesterday about five P.M. he turned up and came on board with a large party, who ate ravenously of the lunch which the Admiral had prepared. It seems the Great Western directors had arranged to make a private show of him by taking him to Taunton, where they had prepared a lunch, and invited their friends to meet him; but he insisted on coming to see the ships, so they turned off at Durston, just short of Taunton, and sold the directors. With him came the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Sefton, Mr Ashley (Lord Palmerston's

private secretary), Colonel Peard and his (Garibaldi's) younger son. After lunch (6 P.M.) the Admiral went with Garibaldi to the *Warrior*. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing Garibaldi, and must say that his face is benevolent, and not cunning, like Uncle George said. He is much shorter than his pictures make him appear, and very lame. His intimate friends say he has been turned out of England by the Ministry, and I think we shall see a row about him yet. It is evident that the extreme Radical party, who are closely identified with the Italian Liberals, are very much disgusted with their Whig allies about it, and that this visit of his must be another source of weakness to Ministers."

The next move was, in the beginning of May, to the Downs, to make a demonstration against the Austrian squadron, which was going round to support their German allies in the Schleswig-Holstein war. As the fleet were only to bluster, and not to obstruct the passage of the Austrian ships, it was perhaps just as well that they did not arrive in the Downs till too late. In the Downs they were kept all the time that the Austrian ships were in the Elbe, and they then moved down to Plymouth to be docked.

During the summer there was no regular cruise; the squadron was moved backwards and forwards between Plymouth and Portsmouth, Queenstown

and Bantry Bay. Captain Hornby does not seem to have been very much impressed by the Irish people.

This summer there had also been much talk of steam manœuvres, of trying a steam signal-book lately issued,—"an abortion of a signal-book," Captain Hornby calls it; but as ships were constantly detached for particular duties, it was not possible to do much in that line. Nevertheless, the flag-captain advocated "keeping the sea as much as possible; for the whole art of sailoring seems to me to be nearly extinct in the British Navy, and the only way I know of putting common-sense into officers and men is to keep them at sea."

Though steam tactics were not nearly so perfect as Captain Hornby would have liked, the general smartness of the squadron was very much increased, and the state of the *Edgar* was good enough to satisfy even so severe a critic as Admiral Jones, who came on board at Queenstown in August.

Letter to Wife.

"He [Admiral Jones] was our commander in the old *Charlotte*, and a pretty tight hand, when tight hands were the fashion. When he got below he said, 'Well, it is a pleasure to see things like this again. You don't see it nowadays.' The last part of his remark is melancholy to think of, but it is

something to hear that we keep up the traditions of cleanliness and order somewhere."

From the middle of August to the end of October the headquarters of the fleet was at Portland, the ships going out for a few days at a time for exercise. Nothing much was doing on shore, except an occasional cricket-match, so Captain Hornby was able to devote most of his leisure time to assisting his brother-in-law, Captain Cowper-Coles, in a great paper warfare with the Admiralty on the subject of fighting-ships. Captain Cowper-Coles held that armoured ships should be mastless floating batteries, with low free-boards and revolving turrets; but the Admiralty would hear of no innovations, except a certain thickness of iron plates on the outside of fully rigged ships. Yet within a very few years, masts for fighting-ships have entirely disappeared, and Captain Cowper-Coles's theories form the basis of all naval construction. In spite of opposition, Captain Cowper-Coles continued to press his views all through the winter, and when Parliament met, Captain Hornby primed Lord Stanley and Sir John Pakington with awkward questions to ask the Government, until in the following June the Committee which had been sitting on the question agreed to advise the Government to try a two-turret ship.

The fleet had wintered in England—the *Edgar*

and some of the ships at Portsmouth, the rest of the squadron at Plymouth. They remained in their winter quarters till March 27, when the *Edgar* came out of harbour under sail—*the last line-of-battle ship that ever sailed out of Portsmouth harbour.* At Spithead she remained till, in the middle of April, the Channel fleet was sent to Lisbon with Lord Sefton, who was to invest the King of Portugal with the Garter. On April 22 they arrived at Lisbon, and Captain Hornby's account of their proceedings begins:—

"*April* 22, 1865. — My Lord and his two Guardsmen attachés made themselves extremely agreeable, and indeed everything on the voyage went as well as possible. Lord S. seems to think we shall be here about eight days.

"*April* 25.—Nothing can exceed the civility of the Mission since they landed. On Sunday Lord S. took a lot of us to see a bull-fight, a poor affair enough, keeping us to dine afterwards. To-night he dines all the captains of the squadron, to-morrow the officers of the *Edgar*. We went yesterday to be presented to the king. There is nothing to be said about that—it was a dull affair. On Thursday we go to present him with the Garter. The Admiral and I take part in the play, having to carry the cloak, or the spurs, or something.

"*April* 27.—Our departure is delayed for four days on account of the death of the Cesarewitch.

The Court did not like to have the installation so soon after hearing of his death, and accordingly postponed it until next Thursday. The dinners still go on greedily. To-night the Admiral has a heavy feed on board, and to-morrow we honour the Minister with our company.

"*April* 28. — Just returned from our heavy dinner. Four-and-twenty people at the feast, which was very elaborate as regards cooking, but wanted arrangement in the guests. Chamberlains, naval captains, ex-prince, ministers, &c., all jumbled together at table without introductions. I was fortunate in getting near the Russian Minister, who is a decent fellow. Everything was dressed with truffles, so I am like a stuffed turkey. If I get a good innings to-morrow, I shall attribute it to them.

"*May* 5.—Yesterday was our great day. We landed about 10 A.M., started in very gorgeous old carriages, all gold, glass, and landscapes, drawn by six horses each (Sefton having eight), and proceeded at foot's pace to the palace. Colonel Carleton and I went in the first carriage, carrying the 'hat' and 'cloak,' each upon brilliant velvet and gold cushions; then followed the Admiral and Lord H. Percy with the 'collar' and 'sword'; then the heralds with the 'Statutes of the Order,' &c.; and last, Sefton and the Garter King-at-Arms. It took us nearly two hours to get to the palace. Arrived there,

we formed a procession in which Carleton and I led, accompanied by six little pages. We passed through a very handsome banqueting-room, in which all the officers who had been invited to see the ceremony were drawn up, and then into the throne-room. On the dais stood the king and queen, with the king's father and brother. The queen is quite a good-looking woman, very well dressed, and wearing some very beautiful emeralds and diamonds. The king's father is a very handsome man. As for the king, he is not good looking, and when he came to be covered up in the cloak that I had so carefully carried for him, he looked very miserable. We (the procession) advanced from the door towards the throne in a series of three steps and a bow, opening out as we came, and halting about six feet from the king. Lord Sefton and 'Garter' then came through the middle, the former presented the Queen's letter 'To our dear brother,' and made him a speech in English. The king then read a reply in Portuguese. Lord S. then proceeded to invest him with the different articles, a small herald taking each article in succession from us, giving them to 'Garter,' and he to Lord S. 'Garter' then read the king a couple of long Latin sentences, and we all bowed out backwards in the same order as we had come in. Lord S. was then recalled, and given the highest order of 'Tower and Sword' in diamonds.

"We all went back as we came, in our magnificent glass coaches, and at the slow pace, so we did not get to the hotel till 4 P.M. We then had a mouthful of lunch, and went to be photographed.

"At seven we were again at the palace for dinner, sitting down, about forty-five, to a handsome table, with everything very well done, and all the people remarkably civil. After the king had taken his leave, he returned to ask if we would like to see the queen's private apartments, which are certainly very pretty, and the Admiral, who was specially favoured, saw the queen and the baby.

"On Wednesday the king visited this ship, *Achilles*, and *Prince Consort*. The Admiral gave him a lunch, and we manned yards, and fired various salutes in a way that was most gratifying to him.

"On Tuesday the *Achilles* and ourselves gave the Lisbon C.C. a tremendous thrashing. I believe I saved the first innings, for we were unlucky at first, and our fellows got nervous; but in the second we made about 220 runs, and showed that we were better at every point of the game."

Captain Hornby also received an order, which he was allowed to accept, but not to wear.

The fleet having returned to England, and landed the Mission at Portsmouth, left again towards the end of the month for Portland. Here they remained the greater part of the summer,

going out occasionally, as in the previous year, for a few days at a time, and sometimes getting into such confusion, in bad or thick weather, that the flag-captain feared that "his chickens would run into each other and crack their shells." No collision occurred, but it was probably the solicitude about the said "chickens" which earned for Captain Hornby his service nickname of "Uncle Geoff," a nickname which seems first to have come into use about this time.

In August the fleet sailed for Cherbourg, where they were to meet the Lords of the Admiralty.

Letter to Wife.

"*H.M.S. Edgar*, CHERBOURG, *Aug.* 15.

"We did not get securely moored here until 6.30 P.M. yesterday, and have since been living in a state of turmoil, disgust, and envy. 'My Lords' did not leave Portsmouth yesterday morning when they ought, 'because the weather looked threatening.' Consequently all the people here, who were expecting them at 2 P.M., were kept waiting nearly four hours. We were very late in getting the ships moored. This morning I have been calling on all our half-pay and other admirals here, and have been to the *Magenta*, whence I have come back full of envy at their cleanliness. I always thought this was a clean ship, but they beat us into fits. Their steam-launches are a deal better; but that I always

knew, and said, for which I was called a Frenchman, &c. Now they may see for themselves.

"*August* 17.

"On Tuesday we dined at the Hôtel de Ville. A very handsome service of plate, good attendance, dinner, &c., and I had a fine opportunity of improving my French between two French officers. The next morning *déjeûner* on board *La Flandre* at 11, lasting till 1.30; truffles. Dinner on board the *Magenta*, very prettily arranged, but more truffles. This morning *déjeûner* on board *Heroism;* truffles and oil. Inspect *Heroism* and *Magenta* with Stewart, then our own *Hector*. Stewart and I in disgust. The Frenchmen's decks are a deal cleaner than ours, and many of their fittings much neater, besides being better ventilated below. Never mind! Thank God, we are young and strong, and we must grind till we beat them. But we shall have plenty to do to beat them, for they are active intelligent men, and have got a start which they mean to keep. Admiral Dacres tells me the Minister of Marine is immensely struck with the *Royal Sovereign* [altered according to Captain Cowper-Coles's plans]. The Frenchmen fully appreciate Cowper, though we do not.

"BREST, *August* 21.

"Here we are, safe in one of the most magnificent harbours I ever saw. I wish we had it in

England. I think we made rather a pretty sight of it coming in, steam and sail; but I must ask Stewart, who was a spectator, and see if he was satisfied.

"*August* 22.

"I am glad to tell you that the French Mediterranean Squadron, now here, are nothing like so clean as we are, so possibly the Frenchmen may have told us the truth at Cherbourg—viz., that it was only from their being so much in harbour that they looked better than we did. Almost every one complimented us very much on the way we came in yesterday. Stewart said we shortened sail well, and that the manœuvre was a very pretty one; but Sir F. Grey, Hall, and Fanshawe won't say a word of commendation. This rather annoys the Admiral, who was pleased, and said to me as we picked up our buoy, 'If they all come in as well as we have done, it will be a very pretty sight.'"

CHAPTER IX.

H.M.S. *BRISTOL*, 1865–1868.

APPOINTED COMMODORE OF THE WEST AFRICAN STATION, 1865—H.M.S. *BRISTOL*—OUTBREAK OF FEVER AT SIERRA LEONE—THE SLAVE-TRADE—MISSIONARY AND TRADING DIFFICULTIES—ASCENSION—ST HELENA—DEATH OF ADMIRAL HORNBY, 1867—IMPAIRED HEALTH—HOME AGAIN.

THE "year or eighteen months," of which Captain Hornby had spoken as his probable term as flag-captain, had lengthened out into nearly two and a half years, during which time dockyard and other appointments had been given away to men junior to him, before an offer of an appointment came, that of commodore on the West Coast of Africa,—an offer very flattering in itself, but with so many pros and cons that the decision to accept it was a difficult one to make.

Letter to Wife.

"*H.M.S. Edgar*, PORTLAND, *July* 26, 1865.

"I have been surprised and perplexed by a great offer that has just come to me from the Duke of Somerset—viz., to send me out to the coast of

Africa as a commodore of the first class and Commander-in-Chief. In other words, he makes me for the next three years a Rear-Admiral, and gives me the command of a station. I know there is much to be said against it, and especially that dreadful separation. On the other hand, it brings me so much to the front that it cannot but eventually be a help to those dear boys. I pray to God to guide us in making the proper decision."

"*July* 30, 1865.

"Your letter has carried the decision. My father was against it, and I was sorely divided. I have taken Admiral Dacres' opinion and Willes', and they both agree most strongly that I have the ball at my foot, and shall for ever regret it if I don't kick it. I have decided to take the most disagreeable course and go."

To Captain Robert Hall, R.N.

"ADMIRALTY, *July* 30, 1865.

"MY DEAR HALL, — As there is no postal delivery to-day in London, I have taken till the last moment to consider the very handsome offer that the Duke of Somerset has had the goodness to make to me through you. My only ground for hesitation was, whether my health would stand in the tropics so as to enable me to work. I have come to the conclusion that I ought to try, and it will be my endeavour to justify the selection the

Duke has been pleased to make. I feel there are circumstances in my case which make the Duke's offer peculiarly complimentary, and I trust that you will convey my warmest sense of his kindness to his Grace. You speak of the *Bristol* not being commissioned before next week. I am most unwilling to leave my good Admiral just as he is going into French ports, to say nothing of losing all the wrinkles that I expect to pick up there. Could the commissioning be deferred till the end of August or beginning of September? It would suit me much better, as I suppose we shall not be back till the third week in August; and really to get officers, and still more cooks and stewards, is a thing that cannot be done in a minute. Pray believe that I am much obliged for your kind letter, &c., &c."

Captain Hornby not only remained in the *Edgar* till after the visit to the French ports, but until the return visit of the French squadron had been paid. Then on September 5 he took leave of the Channel Fleet, and was rowed on shore by the midshipmen, a compliment which he very much appreciated. The next day he proceeded to Sheerness, but the *Bristol* (his flag-ship) was not yet ready for commission, and he was therefore appointed for one month to the *Formidable.* It was not till the middle of November that the *Bristol* was ready for sea, and that Captain

Hornby took leave of his old father, now eighty years of age, whom he was never to see in life again. On November 19 the ship sailed, but was detained at Portland for a week by some of the most severe weather experienced for years. They arrived at Sierra Leone on Christmas day, and their greeting on the station was the appearance of "yellow-jack" on board.

Letter to Wife.

"*H.M.S. Bristol*, SIERRA LEONE,
Dec. 29, 1865.

"I should have sailed yesterday, but delayed that I might shift to a more healthy position—an unfortunate depot ship, the *Iris*, on which all the people have been getting fever and dying.

"*Jan.* 4, 1865.

"We have been obliged to alter our course in consequence of fever having broken out on board, and are now making our way to Ascension, calling at Cape Palmas to leave these letters. Out of 104 men who were employed in shifting the *Iris*, 35 have been attacked by fever. Of these, three are dead, and we are likely to lose three or four more.

"ASCENSION, *Jan.* 14.

"We arrived here last night, coming in under sail, with a bit of splash that has pleased all on board with themselves, and which they believe to have been the admiration of all on shore. All I

can say is, 'More's the pity that it should be so rare a thing to see a ship come into harbour under sail.' I am sorry to say we have in all lost 21 men. But, thank God, all the first and worst cases that have survived are mending, and we have only had one more case of fever this week, and that a slight one, so I hope we have got over it."

To Sir Phipps Hornby, G.C.B.

"BRISTOL, *Jan.* 23, 1866.

"The fever laid on us very hard. We had thirty-nine cases, and lost 22 men, all dying of yellow fever. Fortunately it did not spread, no man taking it who was not on board the *Iris*. For the sake of this island I keep in quarantine until the 26th—*i.e.*, fourteen days from the last case. This has been an unhealthy season on the coast, so I hope I may have seen the worst of it.

"Still, it is not a place that any one would stay at if he could get away. I hear on all sides that the slave-trade is done, that the demand from Cuba has ceased, and that no vessels come to this coast. If this is so (and the Foreign Office seems to believe it), this squadron should be reduced to one half at least, and there can be no doubt that one commodore could work the whole of S. Africa well. I can go even further, for if the slave-trade does continue, I feel sure that it would be better to combine the East and West

Squadrons, so as to give the ships an opportunity of profiting by the change of climate from one coast to the other, and still more by the occasional bracing of the Cape. Three years for a small ship on this coast is *very* hard,—more than our men should be called on for, merely to suit the whims of so-called 'philanthropy,' and a niggardly philanthropy too."

Only two officers on board the *Bristol* had been attacked by the fever, both of whom recovered; but the unhealthy climate had been doing its work among the officers of other ships, and before the new commodore had been a fortnight on the station he had promoted his flag-lieutenant, R. O'B. Fitzroy, into a death vacancy, caused by the death of Commander Blakiston of the *Sparrow*, and given Mr James Bruce the flag-lieutenant's vacancy. Commander Fitzroy did not, however, leave the *Bristol*, but exchanged with Captain Cambier, her commander, who was anxious to return to England on account of private affairs. He was therefore glad to get the *Sparrow*, which had only a few months to remain on the coast.

This exchange having been effected, and the men being sufficiently recovered from the fever, the commodore left in January 1866 to visit the principal ports on his station. As Captain Hornby said in his letter to his father, "the slave-trade was done," mainly because the demand had ceased.

Since the war no slaves had been taken into the United States, and the Governor of Cuba refused to have any more. As for the blockade, Captain Hornby writes :—

"It appears as if it would be very difficult to keep up an effective blockade against slave-dealers, if there was a sufficient demand to make it again worth their while to run, and if they really organised their scheme. At Manque Grande more than 20 canoes are reported by Commander Nelson, each of which can ship 30 slaves at a trip, so that in half an hour a cargo of 600 might be shipped. At present (February 1866) the demand seems to have totally ceased, but it is reported that a few will be wanted ere long for Brazils."

What Captain Hornby advocated in this eventuality was, that the chiefs on the coast should be made to see that it was in their own interest to encourage legitimate trade—*i.e.*, palm-oil, india-rubber, &c.—instead of the illegitimate—*i.e.*, slaves and rum.

Notes on the Bight of Benin, 1866, 1867.

"From the Volta to Porto Novo, a distance of only 220 miles, is the main seat of the slave-trade; in that short distance, backed by the King of Dahomey, the slaves are shipped. The country for 20 miles east of the Volta belongs to England, having with the now deserted fort of Quito been purchased from the Danes, with all rights, in 1850.

I propose that the fort be repaired and garrisoned, which would reduce the beach for shipment to 100 miles in length. These 100 miles of coast may be divided into two parts. The most westerly about 65 miles, with the small towns of Flowhow, Fishtown, Gowalonto, Porto Seguro, Little Popo, Aghevey, and Great Popo; the easternmost, with the large town of Whydah and its dependencies. The former six towns are independent, and governed by their chiefs and headmen; sometimes they fight among themselves; they have little or no territory. These towns are purely trading communities; they carry European goods into the interior, and sell them for produce, oil, &c. I am convinced, from a tolerably intimate acquaintance with them, that any person of character, firmness, and, above all, patience, could, partly by reasoning and partly by a small demonstration of force (merely the presence of the two nearest gunboats), get them to agree to a few simple conditions—viz., not to allow slaves to be exported from their territories, or to admit white dealers in slaves; to give protection to black or white missionaries or merchants, a fair import duty, &c. If a reasonable, though rather heavy, duty were placed on rum and spirits from the Volta to Lagos, it would give revenue to the chiefs, and make it worth their while to encourage legal trade to the utmost. I believe that they would gladly accept such a treaty, and, what is more, keep it. It must be borne in mind that

we can, by means of a regular blockade of any particular port, easily stop its trade, which is nearly equivalent to starving the chiefs into submission. There now remains about 35 miles of coast, the sea-front of Dahomey, for 150 years the headquarters of the slave-trade. The chief seaport, Whydah, is situated a short two miles from the beach, from which it is divided by the lagoon, here generally fordable. From its central position, and command of water-carriage, Whydah will always be an important place. The King of Dahomey would make no treaty promising to abstain from exporting slaves, and he would not keep it if he did. An agreement with the French, and if necessary a few police from Lagos (Houssa men), would cause a bloodless revolution or secession, and Whydah would form another petty trading community, like the other towns in the 65 miles of sea-coast. The smaller ports would speedily follow, and Dahomey would be cut off from the sea. The consequence would be, that the kingdom, with its Amazons, sacrifices, and hideous fanaticism, would cease to exist in three years, and the present king be begging for chop round the English factories."

Another burning question on the West Coast at that time was the missionary and merchant question. The reason of this difficulty was, that the missionaries so often combined trading with their other avocations that it was not easy for the

native to distinguish between the Europeans who came in the interests of commerce and those who came in the cause of religion. Apart from cases which were reported to the commodore, of a negro being tortured to death by a Portuguese, or shot by a drunken factory clerk for no reason except that the clerk was drunk, and happened to have a revolver in his hand, there were disturbances which arose from a mere trifle. For instance—

"*March* 31, 1866.—Commander St Clair reports that some time back a native's dog strayed into the factory-yard at Chinaongo, and was wantonly shot by one of the clerks. The owner remonstrated and claimed compensation, which was refused, so he came the next day and shot a pig belonging to the factory. They sent to his village, and asked the chief to give him up, which was refused, and they then sent a party of Kroomen to take him by force. These got hold of the man, but the natives rescued him, fired on the Kroomen, and it is believed killed one of them. After this both sides took to arms. The natives fired on the factory, the whites called in the assistance of the Portuguese, and, from what Commander St Clair could hear, attacked one of the native villages. After going on in this way for some time, the natives agreed to give the man up; but he died, or was killed, before he reached the factory. Finally, there was a palaver, on which the whites succeeded in getting a promise to pay them thirty

barrels of palm-oil for the expenses to which they had been put."

No wonder that under these circumstances the negroes were not disposed to receive missionaries with open arms, especially as they were not easily distinguished from traders, and the majority of the said missionaries were not men of very high calibre. Captain Hornby often speaks in very strong terms of their worthlessness, and warns his relatives against subscribing to missions to the West Coast. "For, as a rule, they [the missionaries] are a bad lot, and the worst enemy to the black man. If he is dull and incapable of civilisation, he is at least a good-tempered harmless brute until they come amongst them. After that, the negroes become untruthful, discontented, and tricky." During all the time he was on the West Coast, the commodore notices only two missionary settlements with any approbation. One was at Trading Town on the Cameroons river.

"*April* 13.—When we got up, we found rather an interesting missionary, a Baptist, looking, poor fellow, as if he hadn't an ounce of life left in him; but he must be a man of wonderful energy. He has reduced the language of the natives to writing, and has translated the Bible for them. He has been miles up the pestilential rivers, and has been stripped by the natives, and obliged to walk thirty miles naked, through these mangrove swamps, till he came to a friendly village, yet he will not

hear of our using force against the offenders. He lives up to his Christian principles, and has to a great extent succeeded in living down their opposition. He told me he had taught several men different trades, and trained many boys in his house and schools, but that they all fell back into their old savagedom. His hope now was in educating girls, who as mothers might improve their children. There cannot be much enjoyment in this life, but I have no doubt he will reap a rich reward in the next world."

The other instance was an American settlement at Cape Palmas.

"*March* 22, 1867.—Only one of the missionaries present, the rest having gone to America for health. He said honestly he was not satisfied with the progress of the place. The educated blacks did not show sufficient energy either in opening the country or in cultivating the soil; most of them liked to keep a shop, or, as they called it, to trade. At the same time, the climate was against industry. Four hours' work a-day was as much as a man could well stand; truly, those four hours would produce as much as twelve hours' work in America, yet the balance of rest engendered habits of idleness. He had seen many energetic black men who on their arrival had worked early and late, as they were accustomed to do in the States, but they never lasted more than four or five years. In the county of 'Harper' he says there are 1200

or 1300 American blacks and 100,000 natives. The latter are now docile, and feel that the missionaries are their friends. In his own village, 'Rocktown,' he says he is supreme, but they are bigoted to their old superstitions, 'as fond of them as Englishmen are of their Church.' He sees little progress in Christianity, but he hopes his successors may reap a larger harvest."

Everywhere on the coast it was the same story; men seemed either to wear themselves out by the force of their own energy, or to sink under the enervating effect of the climate and the exceeding monotony of the life. Captain Hornby in the early days on the coast describes his own manner of life:—

"I get up at 7 A.M., have a bath and a quarter of an hour at the dumb-bells. Breakfast at 8.15; then write, and see people all the forenoon. Lunch at one; land at four; walk till six. Dine at seven, with another turn at the dumb-bells before dinner. A game of whist at nine, and to bed about eleven."

So it went on, year in year out, with no variety but working at mathematics, "so as to be able to help my boys," when there was no writing to be done; and that at sea the walk was up and down the deck instead of up and down hill. Even the reception at each new place, though at first amusing, became, by frequent repetition, tedious.

To Miss E. Phipps Hornby.

"*Feb.* 20, 1866.

"You have no idea what a 'Grand Panjandrum' your father is nowadays. Wherever he lands, if there are guns, off goes a salute of eleven guns when he lands, and again when he embarks. A large guard of soldiers is turned out. 'Present arms!' two officers in full fig saluting, 'Too-too-ti-too,' &c., on an old cracked bugle. All the nigger soldiers dressed in dirty Zouave dress, with huge shoes and gaiters, looking like canoes with large sails, and legs like pipe-stems, or masts on which the sails were set. Then all the niggers of the place are collected on the beach to see the sight, and the number of very ugly, skinny old women is surprising. A lively nigger in the crowd calls out, 'Yep, yep, yep, olly!' by which he means 'Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!' and they all call 'Yolly!' and break into shouts of laughter."

Nothing occurred to break the monotony of visiting one little trade settlement after another, except a run to St Helena and Ascension in June and July, till in August an American man-of-war brought news of war having broken out between Italy, Austria, and Prussia, of a change of Ministry in England, and that war was imminent between France and Prussia. In this state of conflict on the Continent, Captain Hornby could only believe that England would shortly be drawn

into the fray. No confirmation of the news could be expected for a month, as it took two months for the mails from England to reach the West Coast. Just as the commodore was cogitating at what place he could most quickly and surely hit off the next mail, Captain Somerset, flag-captain, came to report that the engines had completely broken down. There was no possibility of repairing them on the station, so the only thing to be done was for the ship to make the best of her way to Ascension, where the commodore landed with his secretaries, while the *Bristol* was sent home to have the necessary repairs executed. While awaiting the arrival of the *Greyhound*, to which he intended to shift his flag, Captain Hornby moved into a little cottage on the "Green Mountain," as it is called, where a few bushes and tufts of grass make an agreeable refreshment to the eye. The island of Ascension is of volcanic origin, and the general effect is that of a cinder-heap. There are no wells on the island, and as it practically never rains, all the water had to be condensed. At that time the allowance for all purposes was one gallon per diem for each person. Fresh provisions were also very scarce; and as to meat, except an occasional rabbit, it was impossible to get any besides the Government allowance of 1 lb. per head three times a-week, and more than once Captain Hornby made official complaint of the quality of the meat thus served out.

Some alterations had to be made in the *Greyhound* to accommodate the commodore and his staff, so it was not till the middle of October that she was ready to sail for St Helena. At St Helena Captain Hornby took a little cottage, and very much enjoyed the cooler air and the luxury of cold baths; but either Ascension had disagreed with him, or the climate was beginning to tell on his health, as during his residence at St Helena he was never well. At first he thought the cooler climate was doing him good, and at one time he improved sufficiently to enjoy a game of cricket; but the mischief continued to increase, and when at the end of the year he left again for the Bight of Benin and Sierra Leone, he was attacked with such a severe form of dysentery that he wrote privately to Sir Sydney Dacres to say that it might be necessary for him to "invalid." Before resorting to this course he determined to try what a strictly milk diet and a run to the Cape de Verd Islands would do for him. Even by the time he reached Sierra Leone he was so much better that he was able to accept an invitation to dine with the French Admiral. Admiral de Langle received him warmly, and in proposing the commodore's health coupled it with that of Sir Phipps Hornby, alluding feelingly to the time when they were serving together in the Pacific, so that Captain Hornby felt compelled to reply in French,—the first time he

had made a speech in any language except his own.

Within a few days of this dinner the old Admiral, his father, passed away at Littlegreen, after a very short illness. Almost the last service act of his life had been to ask the Admiralty to bestow a vacant G.S.P. on his son, who, though now holding the highest command possible as a captain, was the only one among the twenty-six senior captains on the list who had never received any official recognition of his services. The old man's request was refused, with the usual polite but empty excuses, and his disappointment was very keen. He appeared, however, as well and cheerful as ever when on the 13th of March he had a few of his dearest friends to dine to celebrate the anniversary of Lissa. The next day he was taken ill, and after a four days' illness died, March 18, 1867. The news first reached his son by a newspaper report on April 24, the home letters not reaching him till a week later. April 25 he writes to his wife:—

"Only yesterday I heard of my dear father's death. My last accounts of him were so good that I was quite unprepared for it. I was completely knocked down, and though I know, as long as you and the dear children are spared to me, it is wrong to complain, I feel constantly inclined to abuse this ship and all the ill-luck she has brought us. First, that heavy sickness and the loss of so many

men; then the loss to poor Boyle of his father, and to Cambier of his wife; next, the grief that must have fallen on the mother of the boy we buried at Sierra Leone, just as she had started him in life; and now my loss, and the great disappointment of feeling that I shall not see his kind face on my return. God grant that when I die I may have as good a name and example for the encouragement of my boys as the dear old man who has now left us has given to his children."

By the time that Captain Hornby had received this news the *Bristol* had returned from England, and as the cruise to the Cape de Verd Islands had so far restored his health that he felt better than he had done for the last six months, he was able to start in her to visit and inspect the various cruisers employed in the blockade of the West Coast. Many of the crews were very sickly; and, as far as was possible, he took the invalids on board the *Bristol*, and replaced them by healthy men from that ship. What he saw on this cruise caused him to write most strongly to the Admiralty on the subject of relaxing the blockade, and again joining the Cape and West Coast stations.

To Sir Alexander Milne, K.C.B.

"Congo River, *May* 28, 1867.

"The fact is, Sir, the bow has been overstrained. With very few vessels the officers have kept as

strict a blockade as fully employed a larger number two years since. A bad season has fallen on them, and they are done. I must tell you openly, that if it is not the intention of the Admiralty to keep the squadron up to the lowest mark—namely, fourteen effective cruisers—I think we should have permission to relax the stringency of the blockade. The work is very hard; there is no excitement, not even hope, nothing but a dogged pressing on to the duty because it is ordered. Very fine to contemplate, doubtless; but it is destroying promising young men, officers principally, but also seamen largely. I do not advocate an increase of squadron, rather a decrease; a stray cargo of slaves may go across, but as the demand is slack we seem to waste our powers for a worthless object."

To Sir Sydney Dacres, K.C.B.

"ST HELENA, *June* 26, 1867.

"We found no letters from the Admiralty on our arrival here, but the papers and letters from Plymouth affirm that the *Rattlesnake* is coming out to relieve this ship. Far be it from me to say that this is not a very wise change. At the same time, knowing how hardly she can accommodate my staff, feeling that there is nothing doing here, as far as I can see, that requires the country to be put to the expense of a first-class commodore, and that two years is as much

as most people can last on the coast, I am writing to Sir A. Milne to request him to relieve me, if he relieves this ship. I can say to you what I might not be justified in intruding on him, that in my opinion, instead of sending out a large corvette with another commodore, you ought to send out a small one with a young captain, and put him and all the remains of this squadron under a commodore at the Cape. If *Greyhound* and *Racoon* are kept out you would then have three captains, who could relieve one another as senior officers in the Mozambique, the Bight, and the South Coast, supposing you still keep up the blockade against the Transatlantic slave-trade. They could do their work far more easily, and with less loss to the crews, than under the present arrangement. The cruisers for some time past have not had more than fourteen days in a year here, and then seven days at Ascension. It would be a boon to them also if they could make an annual trip to the Cape instead. It would probably occupy but little more time; and the greater coldness of the climate would have a very invigorating effect on the crews. Indeed, the separation of the station from the Cape, and the removal of the Admiral thence, seem to have been made after a superficial glance at a chart, and without any consideration of the prevailing winds and currents, which really govern the differences of distance between places from a sea-

faring point of view. We have had an indifferent season off the coast during the last six months, and several of the crews have felt it."

The report about the *Rattlesnake* proved to be true. Though the engines of the *Bristol* had been patched up during her visit to England the preceding winter, they were liable, from their construction, to break down at any moment, and there was no means of repairing them on the station. It was therefore decided that the *Rattlesnake* should relieve her, and as Captain Hornby had expressed a wish not to be left out after the *Bristol* went home, a second-class commodore was appointed to succeed him. The *Rattlesnake*, with the new commodore, Captain Dowell, on board, reached Ascension at the end of November, and as soon as possible after its arrival the *Bristol* sailed, reaching England early in January. Though Captain Hornby had seemed to stand the climate on the coast better than most people, it told on him a good deal after his return. He suffered terribly from neuralgia, and, what surprised and troubled him a good deal more, from "nerves" as well. When he first arrived in London, whenever he drove he was convinced that every cab or omnibus he saw coming must run into him, and if there was no carriage approaching, he expected to come into collision with every lamp-post he

drove past. After some months of medical treatment, he recovered completely, and whatever else may have ailed him, his nerves never troubled him again.

As he had been relieved before he expected, both of his places were still let. He lived for the first few months after his return in Dresden, where Mrs Hornby was spending the winter for the sake of the education of her children. Lordington became vacant first, and he returned thither with his family in May, when he found that the succession duties, legacies, and charges on the property would prevent him from being able to afford to live at Littlegreen for five years to come. This was the more annoying, as his family, six children, had outgrown the smaller house, and it was necessary to add to Lordington. The additions were planned, but Captain Hornby was not able to remain to see them carried out, as on January 1, 1869, he was promoted to flag-rank, and, almost immediately, was offered the command of a squadron to sail round the world.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLYING SQUADRON, JUNE 1869 TO NOV. 1870.

PROMOTION TO FLAG-RANK WITH COMMAND OF THE FLYING SQUADRON—ITS COMPOSITION—NOTES FOR THE USE OF CAPTAINS—RIO—CAPE TOWN—MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY—HOBART TOWN—NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND—RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO—END OF THE CRUISE.

THE Admiral at the time of his appointment to the Flying Squadron was barely forty-four years of age, and the junior Admiral on the list. The squadron was to consist of four frigates and two corvettes. Its primary object was to be the instruction of officers and men in seamanship; the secondary one, that of showing to foreign countries and our colonies that England could afford to man and equip a number of ships for training purposes only.

Before sailing, the Admiral compiled the following notes for the use of his captains:—

1. *Objects of cruise.*—To teach officers and men, to elicit smartness, both in appearance and execution, by competition.

2. That the last frigate squadron did much for the service in this way; that officers were largely successful. Draw

attention to the subsequent advancement of Smart, Symonds, Dacres, Elliott, Caldwell, &c., &c.

3. My orders are minute, but it is only by attention to minutiæ that we can teach the young officers thoroughly.

4. That the first requisite for improvement is to know your own deficiencies and wants; and these can be—as regards ships—more easily seen by outsiders than by ourselves.

5. I have ordered a signal to be filed by which we can ask one another the appearance of our own ships.

6. This may always be used by semaphore from ship to ship, and the senior of two adjacent ships should call a junior's attention to a yard not squared, a rope towing overboard, &c.

7. In so doing, it is not to be considered that one man is finding fault with another.

8. Captains to make officers of watches trim upper yards, not to be relieved till the relief has been round to see everything right, and not to take charge without calling the captain if the ship is not in station.

Officers of watch to make and reduce sail in minute proportions, and to watch the compass narrowly. (Ben Wyvill's plan for keeping station.)

Officers of watch to keep ship in station and to carry on. If any of them are bad their names will be shown.

9. To converse with them, to see if they understand the principle of a station bill, the principle on which manœuvres are executed, and generally on the current events of the cruise.

10. To call up the junior officers to watch other ships going in and out of harbour, and to note defects, such as upper yards not falling square, sails not trimmed, set, or reduced, to aid helm.

11. Call attention of officers and midshipmen to running down on a bearing. To the reason of tacking when object is on weather-beam, &c.

12. To watch mids. when boat-sailing, and encourage them.

Precision under sail will lead to precision under steam, which otherwise cannot be learnt without great expense.

I am myself anxious to learn,—always ready to discuss all questions—my own orders as much as anything else—with the captains, and wish to give every information. But my great wish, and I trust the hope of every captain, is, that we may be able to do the country good service by training a large body of young officers in a good school.

Coals are to be economically used, not only when steaming, but for condensing and cooking. To ensure the thorough burning of ashes, it is advisable to make the stokers get up their own ashes when steaming quietly.

Water is to be completed closely before leaving port, and the ships are to be kept on a strict allowance at sea of 1¼ gall. per man out of the tropics. This is to include the washing-water.

Sails.—The most worn sails are to be used in summer, and in the tropics. If it is necessary to shift any, they are to be bent again directly they are repaired.

Rope is to be thoroughly worn out before being replaced from the sea-store. Much of the running rigging should be shifted end for end and cut in two, and the ends spliced before being used. This does not apply to boat-falls, or the more important ropes, such as lifts, lower and topsail braces, bunt-lines, clew-lines, and clew-garnets, &c. Too much care cannot be paid to the economising of sails and stores.

When wearing in succession, the driver is never to be set, or the after-yards braced up, until the last ship of the column be abaft the weather-beam.

Before tacking in succession, the mainsails are to be set, and sufficient sail added to ensure the ship staying without making a large sternboard. The ships are to be kept under thorough command in case of a leader missing stays.

Boats.—Boats are always to sail when it is possible. When sailing, they should be steered by their midshipmen, sitting as low and as far forward as possible, with the crews in the bottom of the boats. Boats going for officers will generally be able to sail on shore, even with a foul wind, if they are sent away in due time. Boats for stewards are to be sent away at or before daylight, to ensure their being on board by 7.45 A.M.

Dress.—In harbour, black or white hats are to be worn, according as the signal orders dark or white trousers. At sea, or in working dress, blue or white caps are to be worn. On Sundays, or other holidays, blue jackets are to be worn over blue or white frocks, as may be convenient; but men are not to be sent aloft, or away in boats, in white frocks and blue trousers, unless the signal 613 shall have been made. It follows that blue frocks must be left out on Sundays at sea when blue clothing is ordered. Stokers and working idlers are not to be allowed to keep dirty dresses, but their kit must be so ordered as to allow of their wearing a clean working dress daily, and they need not be obliged to keep so many frocks, &c., as other men.

The squadron sailed from Plymouth, June 19, 1869, consisting of the *Liverpool*, flagship, Flag-Captain J. O. Hopkins, Flag-Lieutenant James Bruce, Secretary George Love; the *Liffey*, Captain Johnson; *Bristol*, Captain Wilson; *Endymion*, Captain Lacy; and *Scylla*, corvette, Captain Herbert. The other corvette, *Barrosa*, Captain Gibson, had not completed her repairs, and did not join them till Madeira. The *Liverpool*, *Liffey*, and *Bristol* sailed pretty evenly, the *Scylla* could spare them courses, while the *Endymion* was very slow. They reached Madeira on July 1; three of

the ships got in under sail, but the *Bristol* and *Endymion* were taken by an easterly current, and had to get up steam. The next day they weighed under steam, picked up the *Barrosa* outside, and sailed for Bahia, which they reached on August 2, having crossed the line July 25, long. 18° W. Though the allowance of water seemed so small, it was never exceeded after the first week or two. At Bahia they only remained forty-eight hours, and here they parted company with the *Bristol*, taking on with them the frigate *Phœbe*, Captain Bythesea. Their passage to Rio de Janeiro was a very slow one, twelve instead of six days, and, as ill luck would have it, the Emperor, counting on the quicker time, had come down to Rio on purpose to see the ships, and had given a ball in their honour, which took place several days before the squadron arrived. When they did arrive, the Emperor paid them a long visit, asked to see the ships at quarters and the boats armed, and after lunch on board the *Liverpool*, he visited each ship in turn. Everything possible in the way of saluting and manning yards, &c., was done to do him honour, and his Majesty went away expressing himself much gratified, and the Minister assured the Admiral that any feeling of soreness in the Emperor's mind had been completely effaced by the reception given to him by the squadron.

During the nine days they remained at Rio the divers were set to work to scrape the *Endymion's*

bottom, and the result proved eminently satisfactory, as for the rest of the cruise she was quite able to hold her own in sailing with the other ships. Another twelve days' passage, during which they encountered their first really severe gale, brought them to Monte Video, where their five days' stay was marked by no particular incident, except that they beat out on a very dirty day, very much to the surprise of the French Admiral, who was quite convinced that it was impossible to put to sea in such weather.

There was plenty of wind, and plenty of hard work, on the three weeks' passage across to the Cape. Only three calm days during the whole passage; two of these were occupied in exchanging naval instructors for the purpose of examining midshipmen, and on the third the Admiral inspected the *Phœbe*. A great concourse of people assembled to see the squadron sail into Simon's Bay, and the visit was hailed with great satisfaction, as three days' leave was given to each watch, and it was calculated that during their leave the men spent £30,000 in Cape Town. The dockyard, on the contrary, was pretty well cleared out of stores, for from constant wear and tear many of the ropes, &c., were worn out, and had to be replaced.

Changes at the Cape had been many, and many of the Admiral's old friends had left; but his "old Dutch mother," Mrs Van der Byl, was still alive,

and was much delighted at seeing her old midshipman friend developed into a full-blown Admiral.

From the Cape the squadron bore right away to Melbourne, leaving Captain Johnson invalided behind; Captain Gibson was put in as acting captain to the *Liffey;* Commander Hand acting captain to the *Barrosa,* Lieutenant Bosanquet replacing him as acting commander in the *Endymion.* It was the *Endymion's* turn to be inspected at sea, not many days from the Cape, shortly after which the squadron fell into the typical weather of the Roaring Forties: gales from which hardly any of the ships escaped without some damage to boats, sails, or yards; fog so dense that more than once the ships were in imminent danger of collision; and snowstorms, which proved very trying to the men.

On November 10 the *Scylla* and *Endymion* were lost sight of in a gale, and it was not till the 25th that the *Scylla* rejoined, while the *Endymion* did not put in an appearance till the 28th, two days after the squadron had anchored at Melbourne.

Both at Melbourne and Sydney the Flying Squadron was received with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Not only the municipality but private individuals did their very utmost in the way of entertainments. Sailors of all ranks were franked everywhere, they had free passes on all the Government railways, and wherever they went, and whatever they did, they were met by the same assurance—"Nothing to pay." At Sydney, where

Christmas Day was spent, the town made the men a present of their Christmas dinner, and in both colonies there seemed a universal desire that the men should fare as well as their officers.

The Admiral and officers, on the other hand, did all in their power to show their appreciation of the kindness shown to them, by giving every possible facility to the public for visiting the ships. At Melbourne, partly for the gratification of the public and partly to show the capabilities of Hobson's Bay as a manœuvring-place for ships, a naval review was arranged. The first idea had been that it should take the form of a sham attack on the town, but this was abandoned. As many guests as possible were accommodated on board each of the ships, and as soon as the Governor had been received with all due honour on board the flagship, the ships weighed under sail, and sailed in two lines for some miles down the bay, where they executed a few simple manœuvres, anything elaborate being prevented by heavy rain. The naval display at Sydney was on Sunday, December 13, when nearly all Sydney was afloat to see the Admiral bring the squadron in from their temporary anchorage at the Heads to more convenient quarters in Man-of-War Bay. At both places the Admiral asked that a general holiday might be given to the children for the purpose of visiting the squadron. At Melbourne 6000 availed themselves of the invitation, very much to the per-

plexity of the harbour authorities, who had only made arrangements for the conveyance of about 1000; while at Sydney only about 1500 appeared on board the *Liverpool*, one clergyman having prevented a school of 600 children from going, because not only had the Admiral come in on a Sunday, but he had thrown the ships open to the public the following Sunday also. This, however, seems to have been the only ill-feeling shown; otherwise the visit of the squadron went off without a single hitch.

Replying to a toast, "Admiral Hornby and the officers of the Flying Squadron," the day before they left Sydney, Admiral Hornby, who was "received with great cheering," "thanked them on behalf of the officers of the squadron, not only for the kind way in which their health had been proposed, but also for the cordial welcome which they had received from the moment they had set foot on shore. They felt not as strangers, but as friends, and they should quit these shores with a feeling that they had left true and hearty friends behind them." The squadron left also 200 of their men, deserters, to whom the gold-fields had proved too great an attraction; and though the Admiral represented to the Government how much this probability of losing men would militate against future squadrons visiting Australia, it was found to be either impossible or impolitic to take any steps for their recovery.

At the next stopping-place, Hobart Town, though the entertainments given by the inhabitants, were not on quite such a magnificent scale as in Australia, the reception of the squadron was not less cordial. The Admiral was the Governor's (Sir Charles Du Cane's) guest; and it was while in Van Diemen's Land that Admiral Hornby played his last cricket match. The match was between the South Tasmanian Cricket Association and the squadron eleven; the Governor played for Tasmania and the Admiral for the squadron. For the honour of the Navy be it recorded that the Admiral made four runs, and the Governor only one.

The Admiral seems to have been much taken by the Hobart Town anchorage. In his notes on the various ports visited, he writes:—

"The squadron anchored near Government House, in a very good berth, well sheltered from N.W. wind, out of the way of merchant-ships, in from 4½ to 8 fathoms of water. A very good supply of water from two pipes at the town, about 8 tons per hour. Good beef and vegetables. No stores are kept here, because there is no dock or factory, which is much to be regretted, as from the depth of water in the harbour, and its facilities of access and egress, as well as from its cool climate, it is the best place naturally for headquarters."

From Hobart Town the squadron stood south-

ward for New Zealand, where they touched at three ports—Lyttleton, Wellington, and Auckland. New Zealand struck the Admiral as being a better imitation of the mother country than any colony he had as yet visited; and what really warmed his heart was to see the course at the Wellington races kept, as at Goodwood, by hunt-servants. The prosperity of the islands was then at a high pitch.

Notes on New Zealand:—

"H. said the established custom here was, that when a man arrived with, or acquired, any capital, he immediately bought a station, or other land, for just three times the sum he possessed, leaving the other two-thirds on mortgage. On this mortgage he had to pay at least 10 per cent. While prices remained good, he could of course pay his way, and fancy himself prosperous, but directly they went down, the weight of this annual payment brought him down with it. The land returned to the mortgagee, usually the original owner, plus all the improvements the buyer had made, and the said buyer was simply ruined. Of course this arises from buying with borrowed capital, and should be avoided; for as the interest of money ranges from 10 to 15 per cent, the profits of industry must necessarily be large, and the accumulation of capital by a careful man must be rapid, so long as the increase is gathered by himself and not by a mortgagee."

Northwards from New Zealand their route took them to Japan, their longest time at sea, fifty-six days, and the improvement in sailing, which constant practice had given, began to make itself felt. On the voyage out nearly every sailing vessel of any size could beat them; now, running across the bay to Yokohama, the Admiral writes:—

"*April* 6.—Had a most interesting race with a very handsome clipper, and by following the lead of a junk, and keeping rather more to the E., we rather did him. The number of ships and junks about was surprising. Besides our friend, another handsome clipper was coming up along the east shore under Cape Nula, another was running up the Uraga Channel, a fourth beating out, and three more barques—two schooners and a brig—were running in with us from Vries. Fusiyama showed occasionally above the clouds, very handsome. The way the junks and fishing-boats sailed was surprising, and it was hard to say whether we stared hardest at them or their crews at us."

Sir H. Parkes begged the Admiral to move the fleet to Yeddo for the inspection of the Japanese Ministers, and to this the Admiral agreed, on condition that he and his captains should be received by the Mikado. To this the Japanese Ministers consented, and the squadron was moved up on the 9th, the audience being arranged for the 15th. The command to attend the audience, and an invitation to lunch with the Ministers after, were

sent in Japanese; here is a translation of the former:—

"*April* 14, 1870.

"SIR,—We have the honour to inform you that his Majesty the Tenno is desirous of receiving you at Court, and you are consequently invited to come to the palace at one o'clock on the 15th inst., with your staff and the captains of the ships under your command.—We have, &c., &c.

"SAWA JU SAN I KIYOWARA NORIYOSHI, *L.S.*,
TERASHIMA JU SHI I FUJIWARA MUNENORI, *L.S.*,
Ministers of Foreign Affairs.

"His Excellency Rear-Admiral HORNBY."

In due course the Admiral, the captains, and his staff attended at the palace, and were received; but in those days the Mikado was too sacred a personage to expose his face to the common gaze. He was seated on a raised platform or dais, in front of which a screen or lattice descended low enough to conceal his face. His sacred Majesty was but human after all, and was just as curious to see his guests as they to see him: several times the Admiral saw him trying to peep below his screen without being seen. Sir H. Parkes made the opening speech:—

Translation.

"I have the honour to present to your Majesty Rear-Admiral Hornby, together with the captains of the vessels composing the English Flying

Squadron, which has recently arrived in Japan on a voyage round the world. Rear-Admiral Hornby is happy to avail himself of this opportunity to be received in audience by your Majesty, and it will afford him much satisfaction to be of service to your Majesty's Government, by enabling your Majesty's officers to inspect the vessels under his command."

To this the Mikado replied, through one of his Ministers :—

Translation.

"In obedience to the orders of your Government, you have safely crossed wide seas on a voyage round the globe. I take the opportunity offered me to-day of congratulating you on your good health, and on the unexampled undertaking in which you are engaged. I have also to express my satisfaction that, owing to your good offices, two of my naval students will be placed on board your fleet, and receive instruction in navigation!"

If the Admiral spoke, no record of his speech has been preserved.

One of the above-mentioned young naval officers was taken in the flagship, the other in the *Phœbe*. The one in the *Phœbe* was remarkably quick and sharp, and picked up not only English, but nautical information, with astonishing rapidity. The other

on board the *Liverpool* had much more difficulty in acquiring knowledge, and, what was worse, was morbidly aware of his deficiencies. So low and depressed did he become that the Admiral, to cheer him, sent for his fellow-countryman to come to see him. The experiment was not successful, as a few days afterwards the poor young fellow killed himself, and when his compatriot was told of the fact, he did not seem surprised; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his friend had taken quite the best way out of his difficulties.

The voyage from Japan was in many respects the same as that taken in the *Tribune* in 1858-59, except that the squadron got across to Vancouver's Island under four weeks. The colony was poor, and not able to offer much in the way of entertainment for the squadron,—only one ball, and a regatta got up in Esquimault harbour for the boats of the two squadrons, of which the Flying Squadron carried off eight out of twelve events. The squadron also took away from Vancouver's Island a new main-yard for the *Phœbe*. As soon as the regatta was over, the *Boxer* gunboat was sent to a lumber camp, about 80 miles up the coast, to choose a suitable stick. It was not till about eleven o'clock the next day that the lieutenant commanding the *Boxer* was able to see the foreman. The tree which was chosen was then standing in the forest; by 5.30 P.M. it was cut down and the yard alongside the *Boxer*. In

thirty-six hours from the time the *Boxer* left Esquimault, the yard was on board the *Phœbe!* Labour is dear in British Columbia, and work is consequently better and more quickly done.

By the time they left Vancouver's Island, the Flying Squadron had exchanged both of her corvettes; the *Pearl* joined the squadron in Japan, and the *Barrosa* was left in her place, and at Esquimault, as seemed only natural, the *Charybdis* took the place of the *Scylla* as far as Valparaiso. As a parting gift the *Scylla* gave the *Liverpool* their tame sheep, Jack. He had endeared himself to his shipmates by refusing to remain in his pen. He would butt the other sheep into a corner till he had a clear space, and then jump out. He was washed and combed every Saturday, had his place at divisions on Sunday, and acquired a decided taste for tobacco and grog. When he was the only sheep left, the ship's company came aft and begged that his life might be spared, and on arrival at Plymouth they presented him to the Admiral, who relegated him to a paddock at Lordington, where he lived many years in honourable retirement.

On their way to Valparaiso the squadron put in for six days to Honolulu, which seems to have been purely a pleasure visit. At Valparaiso they went in for an extensive refit; sails and rigging were very much worn, and almost all the ships required caulking. Here their departure was has-

tened by a telegram announcing that war had broken out between France and Germany. Provisions for a hundred days, and coals, were completed, and on August 28 they sailed, quite prepared for any emergency, and ready to pick up orders at the Falkland Islands, Bahia, and the Azores, which were to be their only points of communication. There was no signal made to them at the Falkland Islands, so they did not go in there after all, but kept on to Bahia, where they arrived, October 6, and received the news of Sedan and the fall of the Empire.

"I am sorry," writes the Admiral, "for the fall of the Emperor. He has been a good friend to us, and I have no faith in European republics."

Though after Sedan there seemed no chance of England engaging in war, the Admiral left Bahia again on the 9th, having only just remained in harbour long enough to have the *Satellite's* rudder repaired. She (the *Satellite*) had taken the *Charybdis's* place at Valparaiso, and had got her rudder-head badly wrung off the Falkland Islands. Some of the other ships also had their steering-gear slightly damaged, and for this reason the Admiral thought it wiser to avoid the Azores and sail straight for Plymouth. From Bahia he wrote to Sir Sydney Dacres that he hoped to arrive in England about November 15, and at daylight on the 15th the signalman at Mount Wise reported that the Flying Squadron was in sight. During

the forenoon the six ships anchored in the Sound, and the cruise of the Flying Squadron was ended.

It remained, therefore, only for the Admiral to write in the warmest terms to the captains who had so ably and loyally seconded his efforts; to write to the Admiralty to beg that the men, who during the last seventeen months had been more than 350 days at sea, should be granted extra leave; and to urge that the services of at least some of the commanders and first lieutenants should receive the reward of promotion.

"The Flying Squadron was," he says, "I believe, the only one which has ever kept continuous company round the world. It sailed great distances in very limited times, and reached the different ports with a punctuality which I venture to say was not only unexpected, but unprecedented. On its return each of the large frigates inspected in the home ports was reported on most favourably. These results could not have been achieved, seeing that the squadron was manned by a large proportion of young and inexperienced officers and men, if the senior officers had not done their duty with the utmost diligence and ability."

For two or three days the Admiral took up his quarters with Admiral Stewart at the Keyham Dockyard, and on the morning when he drove thence to the station, the officers and men were drawn up at the dockyard gates to take leave of him. It was a parting much felt on all sides, this

separation of old comrades, who had been so intimately associated for so many months, and who would soon be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. A farewell it was also to wooden ships, to sails and yards, to the old navy of Nelson's time. Henceforward came the era of steam and iron, of torpedoes and electricity; of what is called Science *versus* the keen observation which gained every advantage possible to be taken from wind and weather, and which used to be called Seamanship.

TABLE OF DATES.

PORTS.	Arrival.	Departure.
	1869	1869
Plymouth	...	June 19.
Funchal, Madeira	July 1	July 2.
Bahia, Brazil.	Aug. 2	Aug. 4.
Rio Janeiro, Brazil	" 16	" 25.
Monte Video, River Plate . .	Sept. 6	Sept. 11.
Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope .	Oct. 3	Oct. 16.
Hobson's Bay, Melbourne . . .	Nov. 26	Dec. 7.
Sydney	Dec. 12	" 26.
	1870	1870
Hobart Town, Tasmania . . .	Jan. 2	Jan. 10.
Lyttleton, New Zealand . . .	" 19	" 22.
Wellington, " . . .	" 24	" 27.
Auckland, " . . .	Feb. 2	Feb. 9.
Yokohama, Japan	April 6	April 19.
Esquimault, Vancouver's Island . .	May 15	May 28.
Honolulu	June 16	June 23.
Valparaiso, Chili	Aug. 14	Aug. 28.
Bahia, Brazil.	Oct. 6	Oct. 9.
Plymouth	Nov. 15	...

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, SEPT. 1871 TO SEPT. 1874.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. *CAPTAIN*—THE COMMITTEE ON NAVAL CONSTRUCTION—COMMAND OF CHANNEL FLEET, 1871—GENERAL SHERMAN—KINGSTON—STEAM EVOLUTIONS—SAILING RACES—SPORT AT VIGO—ABDICATION OF KING OF SPAIN—THE SHAH'S VISIT—CORONATION FESTIVITIES IN SWEDEN—TRIAL OF H.M.S. *DEVASTATION*—QUESTION OF NAVAL UNIFORM.

WHILE the Flying Squadron was on its way home to Bahia, a disaster had occurred in the Channel Fleet which wrought such desolation as has perhaps only been equalled by the loss of the *Royal George* or the *Victoria*. On September 7, 1870, the *Captain* capsized in the Bay of Biscay, and all hands were lost with the exception of sixteen men. This opened up the question as to whether naval construction was being conducted on satisfactory principles, and led to the formation of a Committee to inquire into the cause of the loss of the *Captain*, and to report on what was the best form of battleship. The Committee was composed partly of civilians, partly of naval men, under the chairmanship of Lord Dufferin. The naval mem-

bers of the board were Admiral Elliot, Admiral Ryder, Admiral Stewart, Admiral Hornby, and Admiral Hood; the civilians, Sir William Armstrong, Mr Froude, &c.

The Committee met for the first time on January 18, 1871, and the naval members being men of strong and widely divergent opinions, every point was most thoroughly discussed at the meetings held at irregular intervals between that date and July 26, when the report was gone through and signed by all but two members—Admirals Ryder and Elliot deciding to issue a separate report. The Committee agreed that the loss of the *Captain* was not due to any fault on the part of Captain Burgoyne, but to her having two feet more displacement than was intended. Masts were condemned for first-class ironclads; but so strong was the prejudice in favour of the old order of things, that it was thought requisite to have a few fully rigged ships, and some partially armoured fast frigates, for foreign distant service and the protection of trade.

Within a month of the time that the Committee on Naval Construction completed its labours, Admiral Hornby received a letter from Mr Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, saying that he thought the service would be benefited by his being Admiral Wellesley's successor (in the Channel Fleet), and that he would submit his name to the Queen.

Accordingly, August 24, 1871, he received the appointment, and on September 2 he hoisted his flag on board the *Minotaur*. With the exception of a new flag-captain, Gibson, his staff was the same as in the Flying Squadron. The winter cruise of the Channel Fleet was to very much the same places as in 1863—viz., Lisbon, Cadiz, Teneriffe, Gibraltar, Vigo, &c.—but the composition of the squadron was entirely different. Except the *Topaze*, which only remained with them a few months, the ships were all ironclads. Three of them were the great five-masted ships, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland;* the others, the *Hercules*, the *Monarch*, the *Bellerophon*, and the *Sultan*, then rather a new thing in ironclads. The Admiral availed himself fully of the opportunity of exercising the squadron in steam tactics, and was much disappointed that during a two or three days' rendezvous he had with the Mediterranean Squadron, under Sir Hastings Yelverton, there was no opportunity of practising manœuvres on a large scale with the combined squadrons.

Christmas was spent at Gibraltar, where the Admiral met the Federal General Sherman.

Diary. "*Dec.* 26.—General Sherman came on board this ship and the *Hercules*. He seemed very much struck with the latter. He dined with me in the evening, remarked on my youthful appearance; in some expressions was very American,

but an intelligent man,—a man with a remarkable-looking head and good countenance."

The cheerfulness of the season was also much enhanced by the good reports of the progress towards recovery made by the Prince of Wales, and at Vigo, on February 27, 1872, the squadron had its own Thanksgiving festivities. The ships were dressed, a special service was held, the "main-brace was spliced," leave was granted, and the Admiral gave a large officers' dinner-party on board the *Minotaur*.

About the middle of March the ships were ordered home, and as the *Minotaur* had to go into dock for a couple of months to have her engines patched, the Admiral took a house for the time being at Southsea.

A good many changes were being made at the Admiralty just then, and very soon after his arrival Admiral Hornby was offered a seat at the Board as Second Sea-Lord, but he preferred to remain in his present command. All the same, during his stay at Portsmouth he was sent for nearly every week by the First Lord to discuss naval matters. Some of the questions under discussion—namely, moving the Naval College to Greenwich, increasing the age for entry in the Navy, &c.—were subsequently carried out.

The *Minotaur* came out for her steam trial on May 27, and the following Sunday, June 1, on his return from church, the Admiral received an order

to proceed at once to Kingston (to receive the Duke of Edinburgh), whither the *Hercules* and *Northumberland* had preceded him. With a good deal of difficulty he succeeded in getting away that same evening; but when he reached Kingston neither of the other ships had arrived, as, through some delay in the telegraph office, their orders had not reached them till Monday morning. The Admiral could hear nothing at Kingston about the programme for opening the Dublin Exhibition, and on going up to Dublin to write his name at the Lodge, he saw the Duke of Edinburgh returning, with a very small procession, from the opening ceremony. The Duke was most cordial, and was evidently exerting himself "not only to do the Prince in Dublin, but to make himself the head of our profession." From Kingston the ships crossed to Milford Haven to coal, *en route* for Liverpool, Greenock (where they found great improvement and extension in the building-yards), Lough Foyle, and Lough Swilly. Thence round the north of Ireland to Berehaven, and back to Portland, where the steam-reserve ships were lying, and where the Prince of Wales and the Lords of the Admiralty were expected for the opening of the Breakwater.

Letter to Wife. "*August* 11, 1872.

"We had a strong gale from the N.W. yesterday, which has not yet blown itself out. It very

much interfered with the success of the ceremonial, which, if it had been fine, would have been very impressive. Fifteen large ships and five brigs manning yards and saluting together is a sight not often seen; and there were a heap of yachts here which, if it had been fine, would have been knocking about under sail and enlivening the scene. As it was, the ships were a good deal hid in the mist, and there was enough rain at times to make it disagreeable to the spectators, and very much so to those who had to pull about in boats."

On the following day, as soon as the Prince of Wales had left, the Admiral took the whole fleet out for a ten days' cruise — a ten days' pretty severe course of steam evolutions, on which, when the ships anchored at Spithead, Captain M'Crea of the *Bellerophon* commented to Captain Vansittart of the *Sultan* by semaphore as follows: "Here endeth the first lesson," very much to the Admiral's amusement.

For the next six weeks the headquarters of the Channel Squadron were at Portland, the ships going in turn to Portsmouth and Plymouth to be docked preparatory to their winter cruise. At Portland on September the 19th the first of the annual sailing races for the Admiral's Cup took place. This cup was given by the Admiral annually to encourage a taste for boat-sailing among

the younger officers, and was sailed for under special conditions :—

1. In this race service boats with any rig and of all classes may compete; no restriction as to rig, false keel, &c., except that water ballast can only be admitted if necessary. Distance not less than ten miles.

2. Time allowance to be as follows—viz.: Launches, barges, and cutters to allow

	Minutes.
Pinnaces (not steam) . . .	7
Galleys	9
Dingies	12
Sub-lieutenants to allow midshipmen .	1
Lieutenants	2
Commanders and others . . .	3

Of the three cups given by the Admiral in the years 1872, 1873, and 1874, the two first were won by Lieutenants Fitzgerald and Britten respectively, and the last by a midshipman, Frederick. On two occasions the winning boat was a cutter, on the third an adapted steam-pinnace. It was distinctly proved that, if there was any breeze, the service rig was the best, but that, all things considered, skill in handling the boat had more to do with success than build, rig, or any other supposed advantage.

Before leaving England, very much to the Admiral's regret, Captain Gibson was obliged to resign his appointment on the plea of ill-health, and was succeeded by an old flag-lieutenant and commander, R. O'B. Fitzroy, who had been pro-

moted a few months previously. This winter a much longer stay was made at Vigo than at Lisbon. In the first place, there were not the same temptations for the young officers to gamble, and there was more shooting to be had. In the account of one of the Admiral's shooting expeditions there is an interesting notice of the rural districts of Spain.

Diary. "*Oct.* 30, 1872.—Left the ship with Hills [Staff commander], Manning [coxswain], and Joan [a setter] at 5.45 A.M. Found Barcena [the consul] and Don Xavier waiting, with a very useful dog, near the diligence. Don Xavier is by descent, and in reality, the great sportsman of the place; his father held an appointment under Government as sort of *grand chasseur*. He (Don Xavier) always wears a red handkerchief round his head, and thinks himself very cunning on game, but is in my opinion an old poacher. The diligence, drawn by wretched cattle, started half an hour late, and made its usual leisurely way. On passing the first ridge we found all the valleys towards the Minho full of fog, so we saw nothing till beyond Puente-Arias. Then it cleared, and we saw some beautiful scenery — rugged hills clothed with very varied foliage, the red colour of the chestnuts and of a sort of wild cherry being very striking, the vines, a series of beautiful browns and dull yellows, and a quan-

tity of dark-green fir. Half-way down the hills were terraced almost as perfectly and laboriously as in Japan, and water was led to them all. The road, a very fine one, gradually rose into a country where trees ceased, I fancy, by reason of the soil, which looked like disintegrated granite. We left the highroad at Fuente Fria, so called because there is no fountain there, and walked about two miles over some undulating ground covered with short furze, heather, and fern. There we came in sight of a very deep, wide, and rugged valley, on the far side of which, and high up, lay La Graña. We had a very long and rough walk, at least seven miles, to reach it, mostly on the remains of the decayed roads, which had once been paved with huge blocks of stone, but since used as water-courses. On the way I killed a couple of partridges with two very good shots, much to the astonishment of Don Xavier, who had no idea a gun could reach so far; and on arrival we found Fane and Brown, who had astonished a keeper with a like exhibition of skill. I believe Don Xavier got frightened, and determined that we should not have a chance of shooting much of his game.

"*Oct.* 31.—The house at which we put up, though the priest's, and far the best in the village, was rude and dirty to a degree, and the owner much the same — a very low-bred

man in appearance. I slept badly on an air mattress, which had a tendency to slip from under me, and was very cold.

"Don Xavier hurried us out at 8 A.M., took us to the top of the mountains, showed us a lot of very wild partridges on bare and steep hillsides, and walked us through long valleys where birds were not, till we were thoroughly tired. Luncheon also, which we understood was to be sent out to meet us, was not ordered, and we had to do our best on a few biscuits which I had in my pocket. At 5 P.M. we got home with only five brace of birds and no temper, and found that Barcena, who had left us tired, had killed three on his way down close to the house.

"*Nov.* 1.—Left La Graña at 9 A.M., thinking what a beautiful country it was, how low in the scale of civilisation were the people, how dirty, and what a pity for them that there were no game laws to attract gentlemen to live in the country; for there is no possible amusement for them, no roads, no shooting, and an enforced division of property at death, which prevents any large houses being kept up. We took mules to help us up the hills, and reached Fuente Fria at noon. The other muleteers dawdled, and did not arrive with the luggage until 2 P.M. Then only did we allow the diligence, which we had delayed for two hours, to proceed (this is how they do things in Spain), and it went at a most doleful

pace, taking six and a half hours to do twenty-nine miles down-hill. I was truly glad to be again in my clean cabin."

The year 1873 was, as far as the Channel Fleet was concerned, marked by a good deal of attendance on Royalty. First came the abdication of Amadeo, King of Spain. Things had been very much disturbed in Spain during the winter, but towards the beginning of February the country seemed settling down a little, when, the Channel Fleet being at Gibraltar, the news came from the Governor of Algesiras that King Amadeo was likely to abdicate. Next day, February 12, the Admiral writes in his Diary :—

"Heard in the evening that King Amadeo had abdicated. Late received telegram ordering *Agincourt*, *Hercules*, and *Lively* to Lisbon to embark him.

"*Lisbon, Feb.* 16.—King Amadeo at Belem. It seems that Forilla, after letting the king down, was not sufficiently red for the Republicans, who have kicked him out, and brought in an entirely new set of men — Figueras and Castellar at the head. The Portuguese Government is much frightened, as their Republicans are much elated. King Victor Emmanuel said to be much displeased at his son's abdication, but I fancy he had no alternative. Nothing is known about his leaving, but Macdonald [Rear-Admiral] and I are to see him on Tuesday at 1 P.M.

"*Feb.* 18.—To Belem at 1 P.M. to wait on King Amadeo; rooms in the palace large and airy, looking on to a quaint garden, gravel paths narrow, with high box edgings; King Amadeo unshorn, and clad in a short black frock-coat of the 'Young Spanish' cut; did not come to the point with reference to using our ships or not, said that an Italian squadron was coming, that he could form no plans for moving till the queen was better, and that he was much obliged to the Government for offering ships.

"*Feb.* 24.—At 2 P.M. Amadeo came on board *particulièrement*, which I understand means in diplomatic phrase 'privately'; but it is not easy to know how to receive princes privately, unless they say they wish to be incognito. So we manned yards and saluted him on coming on board, and on leaving the ships which he visited —viz., *Minotaur* and *Hercules*. I wrote to Oldoin and said I should salute him under the Italian flag unless otherwise desired, and he replied that his Majesty since his glorious abdication had adopted the Italian flag. Amadeo in his manner reminds me much of his father—short and abrupt in his phrases."

Two Italian ships, *Roma* and *Conte Verde*, having arrived, the Admiral sailed for Vigo, leaving Rear-Admiral Macdonald in the *Northumberland* at Lisbon, and at these two places they remained till nearly Easter, when they were

recalled to Spithead. Very soon afterwards preparations began for receiving the Shah of Persia. The *Minotaur's* engines were in such a bad state that it was absolutely necessary to replace them, so she was paid off, and the Admiral transferred his flag to the *Agincourt.* About the beginning of June the Channel and Reserve Squadrons began to assemble at Spithead, and on the 11th they sailed for Dover, and for the first time practised the manœuvres to be executed off the Dover pier on the occasion of the landing of the Shah. Again on the 17th the Admiral had "the captains on board to explain certain manœuvres which are to be performed off Dover. *Vanguard*, *Audacious*, and *Devastation* left for Ostend to embark and escort the Shah. Orders to embark certain correspondents of newspapers. Persian flag need not be hoisted. Though the Admiralty will be present, I am to remain in entire command.

"*June* 18.—Morning broke calm and rainy. Weighed at 10.30 and ran out S.S.E. Yachts appeared at 1.40 P.M., but slowed as we turned, and we had to stop also. This put us rather near in to form line off the pier, and the Shah was a long time disembarking, so we were a long way to the southward before we saluted. We then stood off to do some manœuvres, which were but moderately executed, and we were just forming line again to go off the pier when a fog came

suddenly down, and we were not very far from the pier end. However, we stood on, and picked up most of the ships when the fog lifted.

"*June* 19.—Off the Owens, slowed to let *Achilles* and *Black Prince* up. Took a turn through Spithead, and anchored simultaneously and very well.

"*June* 20.—Off early to trim the lines of the ships, which, though fair, were not exact.

"*June* 22.—I landed about 3 P.M., and found Sir A. Milne and Mr Goschen on board *Enchantress*. Both were very complimentary about the handling of the ships at Dover, and what they had heard of our anchoring here.

"*June* 23.—A very fine morning, with light, westerly wind. Ships in harbour dressed at 9 A.M.; at Spithead when the Shah arrived in dockyard with white ensign at main. Shifted to Persian ensign, when we saluted the yacht off Southsea pier. Laid out on yards when off Spit Buoy. Shah, Princess of Wales, and Czarevna visited *Agincourt* and *Sultan*. I received them at the bottom of the ladder. Went to quarters on board *Agincourt*; a gun shown at work in *Sultan*.

"*June* 25.—Complimentary letter from Sir Alexander Milne, also saying that we may probably go to Drontheim.

"*June* 30.—Saw the official letter of thanks for the review at the Admiral's office, thought it

most cold and unsatisfactory. A great contrast to that given to the army for the Windsor review.

"*July* 5.—A thick morning with wind from S.S.E. Embarked at 9.30 A.M. and waited for the Shah. Shah reached the dockyard at 12.40. We weighed, and he passed through Spithead at 1.40 P.M. We steamed about 11′5 against the wind. About 4.15 saw the French squadron coming to receive him. Yacht slackened speed to give them time. They seemed rather slow in their movements. We cheered and saluted when the squadrons were about two miles apart. They received him with a treble salute, yards manned, Persian ensign at main, English flag at fore, French at mizen. I saluted the French Vice-Admiral's flag at main, then we altered course and made sail. The barbette guns in the towers of two ships were very much exposed, and most of their broadside guns very low in the water. They went on very slow with the yacht, and one vessel kept very bad station. I fancy the *Hirondelle* (French royal yacht) could not do better than 11′6, as she barely kept up with us."

The allusion above about going to Drontheim was for the purpose of escorting Prince Arthur (now the Duke of Connaught) to represent the Queen at the coronation of King Oscar of Sweden. Therefore having handed the Shah safely over to the French squadron, the Channel Fleet paid a visit to Leith, and from thence crossed to Norway.

Here they had the curious experience of twenty-one hours of daylight, and the other three hours twilight, so that it was never too dark to read in the cabin. Two days after reaching Drontheim the Admiral writes to Mrs Hornby :—

"Oreland Bay, *July* 16, 1873.

"On Monday we anchored here early, and I went on to Drontheim in the *Valorous*, to look at the anchorage. It is about twenty-six miles from this, through some pretty fiords, and it stands on a gentle slope facing the north, with a small islet called Monksholm, on which is a fort (?) defending the place. We found in there a German admiral with four wooden ships, two Swedes, and two Norwegians. Landed, and found a very clean-looking town, built almost entirely of wood, houses two-storeyed and comfortable. Streets very wide, at least 40 feet of paving in the middle, then a ride on each side, soft earth about 10 feet, and a paved *trottoir* of another 10 feet. We had a distant view of the cathedral, and I could see a handsome end of a transept and a very quaint-topped apse ; but as I had to hunt for the harbour-master for information, I had not time to go in. Very little information did I get when I caught that functionary, and I don't know in what sort of a place we shall bring up. At 3 A.M. a Swedish frigate, with the king's standard flying, came suddenly round the point, and as a Nor-

wegian corvette which was in the roads saluted him at once, we had to do the same. At nine the Admiral, who is on board with him, called on me and said that the king would be glad to see me at eleven. I found him a very tall good-looking man, pleasant, and very cordial in manner, wonderfully acquainted with many of our officers, ships, &c. A Swedish councillor—a general officer, I believe—sat with us all the time to see we did not talk treason; and before I left the king desired that I should present the officers of my Staff to him. Talked to Bruce about old Sir Henry, and to Love about the Crimea. He (the king) has been touring in the north, and came here to meet the queen. She arrived late (ladies generally do)—half-past seven instead of five in the afternoon. We all saluted as she approached. The king went on board to greet her, yards manned. She returned with him to the frigate, yards manned again. About 9 P.M. they left for Drontheim, yards manned and a salute."

Diary. "*July* 16, *Drontheim.*—The *Enchantress* yacht, with Prince Arthur on board, came in sight about 5 P.M. We weighed and stood across to fall in with the Prince as he entered the fiord. As we fired our salute, the charge in one of the guns exploded in reloading. A poor fellow who was loading was blown overboard, while the man serving the vent had his thumb blown off.

We found nothing of the former. We ran up here as fast as we could, nearly 12 knots, and anchored very well. We rather astonished the Germans and Swedes at the way we rattled in. Went to yacht. H.R.H. desired me to convey his regret at the accident to the ship's company; said he had told the Chamberlain I was to go with him as part of his Staff.

"*July* 17.—To breakfast with Prince Arthur, where I met Prince Waldemar of Denmark in a sailor's dress. He is serving his first apprenticeship on board the *Ijaelland*. Then to call on admirals alone, and afterwards in company with H.R.H., who finally came to *Agincourt*. Afternoon called on Ministers, Mr Erskine, &c. At 5 P.M. to a dinner at the Court. The Prince was driven up in a carriage and four, very good horses, his staff and myself in a tidy carriage and pair. Palace plain, but rooms sufficiently large. Table service very plain, dinner fair. King proposed our Queen's health, and Prince Arthur that of their Majesties, both speaking very neatly in French. Queen agreeable, speaks very good English. No one present but Swedes, Norwegians, and English.

"*July* 18.—Very fine morning. We all met the Prince at the landing-place at 10.30 A.M., and followed him on foot, he in a carriage, to the palace. There we found we had to go to the Cathedral, so went up through the lines of soldiers, receiving much saluting. King and queen arrived

about 11.30 A.M. Service began with a hymn, then a sermon of some twenty-five minutes, then a sort of choral service, a minister with a very good voice chanting, and the choir responding. The king then came to an old chair placed before the altar. A bishop anointed him, touching him with oil on the forehead, both temples, the flesh of his breast, right thumb, and both wrists. Then he was crowned, and received sceptre, orb, and sword. After which a herald in plain court dress, with a red scarf, proclaimed him to be 'King of Norway and Sweden, and no other person.' Then the queen was crowned. As the crown was placed on the head of each, their forts and ships saluted with 112 guns for each, and we chimed in with our modest 21. More singing, and the procession re-formed to leave the church about 2.30 P.M. The king and queen went off with their crowns on their heads, and their red and ermine cloaks on, looking exactly like the kings and queens in the children's picture-books. A large dinner at 4 P.M.; we sat down in the ballroom 165, and nearly as many in an adjoining room.

"*July* 20.—Called on board the *Nornen* and saw some very good charts of the coast as far north as Aalsen. Telegraphed by the Prince's desire for leave to accompany him to Bergen. To a ball at 8 P.M. given by the town to the king and queen. Very crowded, in a house built for the purpose, and very prettily decorated. Beauties

not numerous, and all being dressed in white did not show well. King and queen markedly civil to me, and doing a great deal to notice people generally. I never saw any persons try more to make themselves popular, or do it in a more gracious manner.

"*July* 21.—A large party of Deputies from both houses came on board and saw us go to quarters, seemed much pleased. A telegram allowing of our going to Bergen.

"*July* 22.—The Prince dined with me at 8 A.M., German and Norwegian admirals and Danish commodore to meet him.

"*July* 23.—A very fine and hot day. King and queen paid a visit to the squadrons. Foreigners hoisted mast-head flags: we did not, but crossed royal-yards. Prince Arthur came on board *Agincourt* to receive them. General salute. Dane saluted again when they left his ship. Afterwards each squadron saluted the standard when hoisted by their own ships. General salute on landing. Yards manned, men cheering as he passed and repassed. Went to quarters on board *Agincourt*, where they stayed some time, king wanting to see the double side, &c. They each fired an electric broadside of tubes. Dined with Prince Arthur, arranged to meet yacht in fiord near Bergen not earlier than 6 P.M. on Friday 26th. Ball in palace, walked in polonaise with queen and danced quadrille with her, *vis-à-vis* to king with wife of

Governor of Drontheim. Ball very crowded and hot. Prince asked to forego salutes on parting.

"*July* 25.—Our pilots were waiting for us off Helliso lighthouse. As they came on board, the yacht came in sight astern. We went slowly on, and she overtook us about 6.30 P.M. Found the people, apparently, very ignorant of the soundings of their port. Where they said it was deep, we found 20 to 25 fathoms, where they said it was good anchorage we found 40 fathoms. We anchored in the bight S.S.W. of Bergen, the yacht at the entrance to Bergen harbour. The Prince complains of its being a stinking berth and infested by rats. The fiord itself and the mountains surrounding it are beautiful—one on the N.E. seems quite to overhang the water. The Cathedral has rather a quaint doorway, and its churchyard well planted with flowers. The towers of all the churches look very large and massive, as if they might have been built with an eye to defence. Houses substantial, some quaint, all showing a good deal of window.

"*July* 26.—Prince Arthur came on board to say 'Good-bye,' and hinted that he should send me a print of the Queen. The yacht left at 10 A.M. Called on the captain of the arsenal. Everything seems to be in excellent order. Saw some of his gunboats hauled up; very formidable ships before steam and iron plates were thought of. Weighed at 3 P.M."

The print of the Queen arrived in due course, which, to the Admiral's great gratification, had written below the ordinary lithographed signature "From Victoria." Henceforth in every ship he commanded, in every house he inhabited, this print always held the post of honour.

After Norway the Channel Fleet cruised westward for the purpose of trying the behaviour of the *Devastation* at sea. She was the first powerfully armed and armoured mastless ironclad which had been completed, and though she had taken her part in the reception of the Shah, she had not yet attempted any distant voyage or encountered anything of a sea. The day on which they left Portland, August 13, 1873, there was wind enough to begin the experiment, and the Admiral writes in his Diary :—

"*Aug.* 13.—I put *Devastation* on our starboard beam to watch her. She plunged heavily into the seas, taking a great deal of water on to her forecastle, along which it rolled and broke heavily against the forepart of her breast-work, and seemed to run off slowly. She looked as if overweighted, and as if all the gear on the forecastle was a great impediment to the free delivery of the water. As the day wore on the swell became longer, and she rode over it easily. We never went more than 5 knots.

"*Aug.* 21.—Found a certain amount of swell in passing the Smalls, sufficient to give a perceptible

motion to the *Agincourt*. *Devastation* rode over easily and drily when going 6 knots, and with a very different motion from that exhibited on the 13th. She had then 1350 tons of coal on board, now she has 1180, or 170 less.

"*Aug.* 31.—As there was a single-reefed topsail breeze blowing from W.S.W., we increased speed to 30 revolutions, and at 10 A.M. to 40 revolutions. *Devastation* took the seas in over her decks, and at times seemed covered half her length; and measuring her by the horizon, the water on her deck seemed to burden her, yet they signalled that the instruments showed no change, and that she felt very buoyant. At 1.30 P.M. we kept away, increasing our speed to 9′5 and 9′8; she still went well. The sea more on the beam, which I thought would have covered her more, did not do so. The result of her trial seemed to be that her buoyancy is sufficient, and that so long as nothing gives way, the sea covering over her does not hurt her.

"*Sept.* 2, *Berehaven.*—Went to look at *Devastation*, which I found quite tight, hardly a weep anywhere. Mr Froude to dinner. He is brother to the historian, and puts the rolling question in quite a different view from what I believed it to be. Waves of a much longer period than that of the ship will not make her roll over. The worst are those of rather more than her period.

"*Sept.* 9.—Scud flying fast, and wind freshening, ordered *Devastation* and *Sultan* to get up steam.

We found a strong double-reefed topsail breeze outside, and had a good trial, which showed to my mind that the ship could not be driven very fast against a heavy Atlantic sea, but that she was likely to lay to well enough, and I think to run well.

"*Sept.* 15.—Fresh breeze from N.W. and a prospect of a sea outside. I embarked in *Devastation*, and, with *Agincourt* following, steamed out of the bay. We there found the wind-force 8 and a sea 23 high, but not angry, going 7 knots, with it 2 points on the bow. She plunged into it very heavily. The green seas were at times two-thirds of the way up the jack-staff. It seemed incredible that she could live with so much water on her, yet she rose without effort. When eased from 50 to 40 revolutions, her speed fell to 4 knots, and she ceased to dip deeply. With the sea 4 points on her bow she behaved well, so also in the trough of the sea, and running, with the sea on the quarter, she shipped very little or no water. We anchored in Berehaven at 6.30 P.M.

"*Oct.* 2, *Portsmouth.*—Drove to Eastney to meet 'my Lords'; met them returning. Had to fight Mr Barnaby all the way out on my report on *Devastation*, to discuss it with the Board in the carriage, and again by paragraphs on board *Enchantress.* They cannot make up their minds whether to send her out for the winter, with the chance of meeting a gale, or to take her in

hand at once, raise the forecastle, and take out extra weights, &c., and complete her on what we know of her at present. I think that they wished me to say I thought her quite safe."

As the Admiral did not think her quite safe, he would naturally not allow himself to make any such admission, so it ended in the *Devastation* being left behind in the hands of the dockyard.

During the winter 1873 to 1874 the record of the Channel Squadron was that of a happy country —viz., nothing. The training in steam evolutions still went on at considerably increased speed, but the Admiral was not yet able to attain his ideal— viz., "absolute precision and safety at 11 or 12 knots." In harbour—Vigo, Lisbon, &c.—all the old shooting-grounds and marshes were revisited; but as there was no visit to Gibraltar, there were no exciting runs with the Calpe hounds. Towards spring, what may be called "the great plain clothes question," which had been smouldering during the last two years, burst into flame. Undoubtedly the orders as they then stood were exceedingly irksome if enforced, as the Admiral writes privately to Sir Alexander Milne :—

"*Feb.* 10, 1874.

"My difficulty is this. There is a printed order that officers shall wear uniform except on specified occasions. Not only so, but it is the only order in the book which admirals and captains are specially charged to see obeyed. Nevertheless, it has be-

come the universal custom for officers to ask leave to land in plain clothes, as though 'going to take part in country sports'; and under cover of that permission they parade the streets of the ports. In the event of a senior officer in uniform coming in sight, a rush is made to elude him. I have caused several officers to be admonished on this account, but I still see almost all landing daily in plain clothes. Nor can I altogether condemn them; for I have proof that in two squadrons the wearing of plain clothes habitually is permitted by order, and where that permission has been given in a printed order-book, it must necessarily have been approved by the Admiralty. Besides, the wearing of plain clothes is freely allowed in the home ports. I am satisfied that the order ought either to be enforced, modified, or repealed. As things are now, its existence is contemptuously ignored, which must be subversive of discipline."

The order was, however, neither then nor for some years later modified or repealed, therefore the Admiral felt he was obliged to enforce it.

On February 26, an offer of a seat on the Board was made to the Admiral; he replied that he would go as Second Sea-Lord, if allowed a naval secretary and an inquiry into the state of the Navy. On the 28th came another cipher telegram from Mr Ward Hunt:—

"Secretary must follow usual course. Second

seat at Board will give you great weight respecting naval matters. Positive answer requested."

As the Admiral writes in his Diary, February 28:—

"Of course I did not take long to send it. In about ten minutes the following was on its way: 'Naval secretary not being allowed, must decline offer of seat with thanks.' So ends that negotiation, and I trust I have acted for the good of the service."

The negotiation was, however, not ended. When he arrived in England, not only Mr Ward Hunt but many of his old friends urged him to alter his decision; and for once in his life he gave way, and he not only agreed to go to the Admiralty in January, but to stand for Parliament, if a seat could be found for him, under the following conditions:—

Diary. "*April* 21, 1874.—1. That I was to be free to leave Parliament, as well as the Admiralty, if I found I could not work at the latter.

"2. Not to be at the call of the Whip.

"3. To succeed Admiral Tarleton in any case when he resigned at the end of the year.

"4. To have leave for the election, without giving up the squadron until I was elected."

To the Admiral's great relief, however, no seat was found for him, and he completed his three years' command with a cruise round England, almost a replica of that taken in 1863 as flag-

captain, except that the fleet went round the reverse way. At Sunderland on September 15, Rear-Admiral Hancock and all the captains dined with him for the last time. On the 22d he dined in the wardroom of the *Agincourt*, where, very unexpectedly to the Admiral, Commander Bedford proposed his health and that of his Staff in a very nice little speech. On the 30th he hauled down his flag at Portsmouth, not only the captains but some of the other officers of the squadron coming on board to say "Good-bye"; and, as the Admiral says of it, "All seemed sorry at the parting."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ADMIRALTY, 1875 AND 1876.

HOLIDAY AT LITTLEGREEN—SECOND SEA-LORD—WORK AT THE ADMIRALTY—CRITICISM OF THE BOARD.

THE time between giving up command of the Channel Fleet and taking his seat at the Board of Admiralty was spent by Admiral Hornby at Littlegreen. It was the only time that he had any real enjoyment of the place, and he always looked back to these three months as a true holiday-time. He was busy in laying out and improving the garden and grounds; and, as the house had just been thoroughly repaired, in re-arranging his household gods, especially his beloved books. Till now he had hardly realised the beauty and value of some of his inherited possessions, and among these he had to find room for bric-a-brac collected from all parts of the world.

His time at Littlegreen ended on January 1, 1875, on which day Admiral Hornby took his seat as Second Sea-Lord, and began the most uncon-

genial work in which he had ever been employed. In the first place, a sedentary life was entirely foreign to his habits and inclinations. He had taken a house in Onslow Gardens, partly with the object of getting a three miles' walk to his work every day; and if he were able to leave early, or was not dining out, he frequently walked home. Even this was not sufficient, and his health began to suffer. There are frequent entries in his Diary, "Very seedy," "In bed all day." His doctor ordered him riding exercise, and to go every day to his club for lunch; if he only had a glass of sherry and a biscuit, he was to walk to Pall Mall to get it. In spite of these precautions the severe headaches still continued, though at longer intervals, and it was only during the annual tour of inspection, and his three weeks' holiday, that he could be said to feel really well.

The first question on which Mr Hunt asked Admiral Hornby's opinion was, how the reliefs for the different stations were to be supplied. The Admiral replied that to keep the twenty-three ironclads required continually in commission it was necessary to have one in every four either building or in reserve; of other types of ships eighty-two were required, with a reserve of one for every three in commission. As a matter of fact, there were only twenty-two ironclads in commission, and allowing for those then building and under repair rapidly becoming obsolete, by

1878 there would be twenty-four ironclads only in existence—viz., twenty-three in commission, and one ship in reserve. The other ships in commission numbered only seventy-four, with twenty under repair, and calling these latter a reserve, and counting on eight frigates then building to replace seven nearly worn out, by 1878 the position would be improved by only one ship. It would require an outlay of two and a half millions to lay down enough ships to bring the Navy up to the required strength in three years. The Cabinet would not hear of such an outlay, yet some years later, in war-scares, £3,000,000 and £6,000,000 were granted with the greatest cheerfulness by Parliament.

Another subject under discussion in 1875 was the modification of Mr Childers's retirement scheme, as it was found to be not altogether successful in its working, in so far as it enabled officers who had never risen above mediocrity to retire on better terms than their brother officers who had worked hard and risen to higher branches of the service. The first suggestion made by Admiral Hornby was, that as in the junior branches promotion went by selection, in the senior retirement should also go by selection—in fact, that they should copy the German system, by which, when an officer has been passed over two or three times, it is considered a hint to him to retire. This proposal not meeting with

approval, the Admiral prepared another scheme, which, Mr Hunt agreed, met the requirements of the case; but as it meant increasing both the Admirals' and Commanders' lists, the expense would also have been increased by £8000 or £9000 a-year, and had therefore to be much clipped and modified. Similar cases, in which efficiency had to be sacrificed to so-called economy, could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Among the duties of a Sea-Lord was also that of speaking occasionally, on naval matters, at City and other public dinners. Admiral Hornby spoke shortly and to the point, sometimes very humorously. He spoke slowly, and his voice, though not loud, was clear and distinct, so that he was often much better heard than men who exerted themselves far more: his only peculiarity was that while speaking he always rubbed his hands together as if he were washing them. Often in these speeches he had to speak in diametric opposition to the popular feeling of the day, yet generally by his very straightforwardness he brought some, at least, of his hearers round to his way of thinking.

October 19, 1875, he writes in his Diary:—

"Sir Alexander very low at continued attack of press on Admiralty.

"*Oct.* 20.—Dined at the Saddlers' Hall. Spoke about the dishonesty of the press and on the effect of the Slave Circular. Audience were sur-

prised, and did not like the conclusions, though they could not deny the reasoning. One or two approved entirely.

"*Oct.* 22.—'Times' has an article preparing to look at Slave Circular in its true legal aspect."

In the winter of 1875-1876 the Admiralty issued two minutes, which at the time were very much criticised. One was with regard to the yacht *Misletoe*, which was accidentally run into by the royal yacht *Alberta* in the Solent. The other was on the collision between the *Iron Duke* and the *Vanguard* in the Irish Channel, which resulted in the loss of the latter. Of course the subject is stale now; but at the time feeling ran very high, the discussion being even carried into Parliament, though Mr Goschen had said at first that he would not attack Mr Ward Hunt on the subject, because "a minute, for which Hornby was partly responsible, must have something behind it." That it had "something behind it" is demonstrated by a correspondence between the Admiral and Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) with regard to some criticisms made by the latter on the said "*Vanguard* Minute" in an address which he delivered at Glasgow. In his last letter Sir William admits that there remains "little, if anything, more to be discussed when we meet in London; at all events very little uncollapsed of my case."

With the later spring came the return of the

Prince of Wales from India and his enthusiastic reception, which the Admiral mentions in his diary as being, if anything, warmer in the country places which the train passed through than it had been at Portsmouth, where the Admiralty received him. After this came the first mutterings of the storm in the East, and a hard push to get the necessary reinforcements for the Mediterranean Squadron. Next a trip in the *Enchantress* to Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven, Hamburg, and by rail to Kiel, where the Admiral was much interested by the meteorological offices established by Neumayer and his system for ascertaining the errors of sextants, for comparing compasses, and for explaining the effects of local attraction to which they are subject. On the return home "my Lords" stopped for two hours at Heligoland, which Admiral Hornby describes as "a small useless place, but clean; no protection for ships."

On account of this expedition in the spring the dockyard inspections did not take place till October. The other subjects which were receiving most attention at the Admiralty during the last months of the year were, "the amalgamation of the executive and navigating lieutenants," "whether the ships then building for the Turks should be bought for the English Navy," "the minute on the boiler explosion on board the *Thunderer*," "appointments to the Pacific and

Chinese commands," "the return of the *Challenger* and of the Arctic Expedition," &c., &c.

Sir Alexander Milne retired in September, and was succeeded at the Admiralty by Sir Hastings Yelverton; but Mr Ward Hunt had made a stipulation that Admiral Hornby should remain at the Admiralty till it was time for him to relieve Sir James Drummond in the Mediterranean command. Accordingly he was to hoist his flag on January 15, 1877, and not leave the Admiralty till the 13th, on which day he commenced a journal, which he kept during his whole Mediterranean command, with this entry:—

"*Jan.* 13, 1877.—I left the Admiralty with less regret and more pleasure than any work with which I have hitherto been so long (two years) connected. The faults of it are—

"First, The want of professional assistance for the naval men who are selected to be the Naval Council of the First Lord. The Board was, in fact, abolished by Mr Childers's Order in Council of 1869; for by it the First Lord was made wholly responsible to Parliament, and the Sea-Lords only responsible for so much of the naval work as might be deputed to them by the First Lord. These naval men have no one to turn to to examine or carry out any professional details with which they may be engaged. The only assistance they can get is from civilian clerks, who know nothing of seafaring matters or of

the method on which the service afloat is conducted.

"Each Naval Lord is smothered with the settlement of detail and all sorts of petty matters.

"If a signal has to be altered, a punishment-table to be readjusted, a question as to the number of men required for any work to be raised, he must look the whole question up for himself. He cannot receive any assistance from his so-called assistants, for they do not understand the working of these things.

"Again, as if for the purpose of preventing him from turning his attention to any of the important subjects of the day, he has to direct such minutiæ as whether a man recommended for a truss shall be allowed one. When a retired officer visits the Continent, and when he returns, the Sea-Lord has to sign the letter in which the officer reports himself as having returned. He has to initial every report that arrives from abroad of officers who have been surveyed, whether they have been invalided or only sent to sick-quarters for ten days' change of air. With a hundred such ridiculous occupations his time is engrossed, and he has to scramble through important papers without sufficient time to consider them, and to leave most reports and experiments unread. He cannot help feeling that his time is wasted and his work ill done.

"The second great fault is want of unity of

plan. This arises to a certain extent from the changes of Government and of First Lords; but as to discipline and internal organisation, which are chiefly in the hands of the Naval Lords, they would be carried out with more regularity, and better effect, if the First Sea-Lord were appointed for five years, and if all the naval men had to work under him as they do afloat.

"At present, each Naval Lord has a department of his own to attend to, and in it can work very independently of his colleagues, and of those who have preceded him, though each person may be administering a branch which runs parallel with, and should be treated in the same way as, that under a colleague. For instance, my predecessor thought it was a good thing to move officers and men from ships frequently, and never to allow them to be together more than two years. I thought quite the reverse, and that the longer men could be kept together, the better for them and for the service. Accordingly, when I came in, I left the men always three years in ships, and whenever there was a good excuse, even more; but this sort of business should be ruled from above, and not be left to each Lord to deal with as he pleases. There really must be some principle at the bottom which should guide it.

"Of course there is no feeling of connection between the permanent officials and the service,

and therefore no *esprit de corps*, or care how the work succeeds afloat. The office is looked on as a department of the Civil Service, and care must be taken that no other office obtains greater personal advantages to its members, in the way of more pay and less work.

"It is not to be wondered at that a naval man who comes there to work for the benefit of that service in which he takes pride should be disappointed and disgusted to find himself in company with those who have great powers of obstruction, and no desire to advance the service."

A year or two later a moment arrived when there were only three men available for the position of First Sea-Lord: these three were Sir Beauchamp Seymour, Sir Cooper Key, and Admiral Hornby. The Admiral, therefore, wrote to his brother officers to this effect: "If we three agree that certain reforms are necessary for the efficiency of the service, and refuse to accept the position of First Lord unless they are carried out, we must carry our point." As has been said above, Admiral Hornby was commanding the Mediterranean Squadron, Sir Beauchamp Seymour, as the saying goes, "Played the game," but Sir Cooper Key accepted unconditionally.

"I feel it a great drawback," he wrote to Admiral Hornby, "to my power of being useful, that I have not already served at the Board. In the first place, it puts it out of my power

to make stipulations on the offer being made, as I could do so only from personal experience. You and Sir Alexander Milne both found the great need of naval assistance in the branches. I am sure the want of an Intelligence Department is much felt."

Thus an opportunity for administrative reform, which may never occur again, was allowed to slip by; and it still happens that scarcely any naval man of ability ever goes to the Admiralty as First Sea-Lord without thereby losing some of his professional popularity or reputation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1877–1880.

THE MEDITERRANEAN COMMAND, 1876—THE PROSPECT IN THE EAST—H.M.S. *ALEXANDRA*—STEAM EVOLUTIONS—INSUBORDINATION—THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE ON CONSTANTINOPLE—SERIES OF LETTERS DESCRIBING THE SITUATION—PASSAGE OF THE DARDANELLES—CAUSES OF THE RUSSIAN FAILURE—INTERVIEW WITH THE SULTAN—PEACE WITH HONOUR—SIR GEOFFREY—ESTIMATE OF THE VALUE OF CYPRUS—EXPLOSION ON H.M.S. *THUNDERER*—THE SULTAN'S BANQUET—EXPIRY OF COMMAND.

As early as July 1876 the idea of the Admiral being appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean was mooted. In his Diary of July 10 he writes:—

"Mr Hunt asked whether I should like best the Mediterranean, or to be First Sea-Lord. He said he was very anxious about the former command, and yet should miss me very much; in fact, 'he wanted two Hornbys.' I told him that as a matter of pure choice I should infinitely prefer the Mediterranean; at the same time I had always made it a practice to go where my superiors thought I should be most useful, and wished to continue to

do so. We then had a long talk about the organisation of the Admiralty, which I told him I thought altogether inefficient for work, and he to a great extent agreed. The real difficulty, he said, was the detail with which every one was overburdened, and that it was caused by the House of Commons requiring to know of, and hold Ministers responsible for, every detail. Nothing was settled, but he said Milne would leave in November, and I fancy I have a good chance of the command."

Later on, when the question came to be discussed, the Admiral found that the opinion of his friends fell in with his own inclinations, and about the middle of August the Queen assented to his appointment. Even then things were looking very threatening in the East: the Sultan was said to be mad; his Ministers were weak, and afraid to attempt or promise any reforms. Russia was stirring up trouble in Bulgaria, and Germany seemed to encourage her. On September 7 Mr Gladstone's pamphlet about the so-called Bulgarian atrocities appeared, and tended very much to influence public opinion. When these things came to be inquired into later, it was found, not only that the account had been very much exaggerated, but that in some instances the places where the outrages were said to have occurred existed only in the minds of the reporters. Violent meetings were held at the Mansion House

and at Exeter Hall against the Ministry, the Radicals hoping to upset the Government by raising the cry of "Protection for the Christians!" After about a fortnight's excitement, public opinion tired of Bulgaria, though Eastern affairs still gave the Government much anxiety. The Mediterranean Fleet was kept at Besika Bay during the autumn and early winter, and Admiral Hornby submitted to the Admiralty a sketch of orders for concentrating ships in case of war, which was approved, but not acted on.

Meantime the *Alexandra* was being prepared as flagship. She had been built at Chatham, and launched there by the Princess of Wales, April 7, 1875, consequently H.R.H. was recognised, so to speak, as the patron saint of the ship. Her birthday, December 1, became the fête-day of the ship; a Danish cross, with a garland of oak-leaves between the arms of the cross, was adopted as a crest, and a photograph of the Princess, presented by her to the officers, received the place of honour in the wardroom. The *Alexandra* was considered a fast, powerfully armed ship, most of the guns being placed in two batteries on the main and upper decks. These batteries cut up the decks, making it impossible, except from the bridge, to see from one end of the ship to the other; and when she was, as the expression goes, "cleared for action," launches hoisted in, &c., it was very difficult to

get about the ship. She was, as the Admiral expressed it, "too complicated." The accommodation was very unequal: there was plenty of room between decks (10 feet), but the men were very much cramped up forward; the ward-room excellent; the gunroom small and stuffy. The Admiral had a good forecabin and sleeping accommodation, but his after-cabin was small and dark, and from it a winding staircase led up to a little cabin under the poop, large enough to hold a writing-table, and with two doors opening on the stern-walk.

The *Alexandra* was commissioned at Chatham on January 2, 1877, Captain R. O'B. Fitzroy, flag-captain; Alfred Leigh Winsloe, flag-lieutenant; James Kirkness, secretary; Atwell Lake, commander; and a picked crew of officers and men. When the Lords of the Admiralty went down to inspect her on February 12, they remarked that they had never seen a ship which had shaken together so quickly. The Admiral left the Admiralty on Saturday, January 13, with very much the feelings of a boy let out of school, and on the following Monday hoisted his flag on board the *Alexandra*. He did not join, however, for another six weeks, as he was busy, not only in making his own preparations, engaging servants, ordering wine and provisions, making his will, &c., but in seeing Ministers and receiving final instructions. On the 19th January he called on Lord Derby at

the Foreign Office, and had a long political talk with him, the gist of which was that the Admiral's endeavour was to be, if possible, to avoid war. A few days later he asked to have Sir Edmund Commerell appointed as his second in command, if the Mediterranean Squadron were increased; but Mr Ward Hunt replied that he must wait for the next Russian move before deciding to send out any more ships.

Private Journal. "*Feb.* 27.—To Osborne to see the Queen by order. Lunched with the household. After lunch I was taken to see the Queen. Her rooms appear to be in the north-west angle of the building. She was in a big drawing-room with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. She asked about the weather, &c."

The *Alexandra* left Chatham on the 14th, but was detained by weather at Sheerness till the 21st; the following day she arrived at Spithead for her steam trials, which were successfully completed by March 3. Monday, March 5, the Admiral's Diary notes:—

"Embarked at 10 A.M. A fine N.N.W. breeze, to which we made sail, after some difficulty with the anchors in stowing. The ship very lively under one's feet, but not rolling deeply."

The same northerly breeze followed them till they had rounded Cape St Vincent at noon on the 9th, when it fell very light; sails were furled, and they proceeded to Gibraltar under steam only,

anchoring inside the Mole at 3 P.M. on the 10th. During the night of the 11th Sir Beauchamp Seymour, then commanding the Channel Fleet, arrived in the *Salamis* from Cadiz. The following day the two Admirals lunched together on board the *Alexandra*, and had a long talk after luncheon, doubtless concerning plans for the co-operation of the two squadrons in case of war. Monday morning, the 13th, Sir Beauchamp left to return to his command, and in the afternoon the Admiral sailed for Malta. On the second day out, true to his principles of using sails and economising coal where possible, the ship was tried under sail only; but in one hour she dropped from 8 knots to 4, and except for purposes of exercise this experiment was never repeated. After four and a half days' passage the *Alexandra* anchored in Valetta harbour, where the *Hercules*, Captain Bowden Smith; *Sultan*, Duke of Edinburgh; *Monarch*, Captain Culme Seymour; *Rupert*, Captain Gordon; *Hotspur*, Captain Jones, were awaiting his arrival, and the *Devastation*, Captain Hunt Grubbe, arrived the same day. Monday, 19th, the Admiral landed in state, paid his official call on the Governor, Sir Charles Straubenzee, and lunched at St Antonio, where the Duchess of Edinburgh was spending the winter. Sir James Drummond, his predecessor, left a week later in the *Hercules*, and Admiral Hornby at once set to work to see to the furnishing and redecoration of Admiralty House. For

five weeks longer the fleet remained at Malta,—busy weeks from a naval point of view, as he had to inspect the ships, make himself acquainted with the capabilities of the dockyard and victualling-yard, with the capacity of the naval hospital, with the general routine and organisation of the station, and with the defences of the island. Socially also they were busy weeks, for though during the first ten days there was a lull of festivities on account of Holy Week and Good Friday, Malta society made the most of the few remaining weeks of the season. There were big dinners at the palace and St Antonio, balls at the club, Auberge di Castille (Artillery Mess), &c.; afternoon dances and luncheon-parties on board various ships; races, assaults-at-arms, private theatricals, and Christy Minstrel entertainments.

Towards the end of April orders were received from the Admiralty to cruise east instead of west, and on the 28th the fleet left Valetta for Corfu. That same afternoon steam evolutions were commenced. There had been some trepidation on this point among the captains, and some of them had been hard at work reading up the subject, as "Uncle Geoff" was known not only to be a great master in the art of fleet manœuvring, but to attach great importance to the precision and intelligence required for executing complicated evolutions. His notes on the subject had been sent out three weeks previously, and, as said

above, on the day they left Malta the first lesson was given. Here is the Admiral's own account of the progress made :—

"*April* 28.—Tried a few simple evolutions—very wild.

"*May* 14.—Steam tactics, fairly executed.

"*June* 22.—Exercised in two squadrons passing on opposite courses.

"*July* 23.—Weighed for steam manœuvres. Forenoon good; afternoon, with lieutenants, poor.

"*Aug.* 7.—Weighed at 7.30 A.M. for evolutions. Very strong breeze. Performance moderate. Tried new plan of working groups. It wants perfecting.

"*Aug.* 27.—Captains on board to explain to them principles of steam tactics.

"*Aug.* 28.—Weighed for evolutions. Blowing very hard at times. Evolutions better, but not good.

"*Aug.* 29.—Another day's tactics, with very strong wind. *Achilles* messed one manœuvre, which should have been pretty.

"*Sept.* 3 and 5.—A lecture on tactics to lieutenants.

"*Sept.* 12.—Out for steam tactics. Very well executed."

After that there seems very little complaint, perfect confidence and sympathy were established between most of the captains and their chief, and it was no more a question of doing well, but of excelling.

The squadron had by this time been for nearly two months at Besika Bay. When they left Malta their first destination had been Corfu, then Suda Bay in Crete. The Russian Embassy had been withdrawn from Constantinople, Servia and Bosnia had begun the war, and Greece was like an active volcano, a general eruption momentarily expected. From Port Said, where he had been sent to arrange about the neutrality of the Canal, the Admiral thus describes the situation :—

To the Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt, M.P.

"*May* 16, 1877.

"We anchored here at 11 A.M. and find a mail on the point of leaving. I had no opportunity of writing from Suda. I could badly spare Captain Baird at present, as one must have a good man for second in command. Seymour would do well, but I suppose we shall retain him but very few days. I hope to complete coal without difficulty at Athens, but if we are likely to be in Turkish waters, it will probably be well to send us coal in vessels of our own. Our monthly consumption may be reckoned at 30 tons per ship for each day we are cruising. I should like to be under weigh eight to ten days in each month. I should have been much surprised if *Hercules'* boilers had proved fit for further service ; but, in my opinion, the country is stronger when such ships are shipping new boilers than when they are at sea, 'making-

believe,' but really delaying effective ships. No one looks at the real cost of bad boilers. The *Monarch*, Captain Seymour, has burnt since leaving Malta 331 tons, while this ship has burnt 160; and, I believe, this very fairly represents the difference between steam at 60 lb. to steam at 16 lb.

"I wish Lord Derby joy, if he shapes his course by consular reports. So far as I can see, one man generally contradicts his neighbour. They only agree in this, that if one ironclad is not left with each, a frightful calamity will ensue. The consul at Khaina thinks a rising will take place in Crete shortly. Some leading Greeks in the Assembly have asked him if England would accept the island, as the people wished to be under English rather than Greek rule. I am inclined to believe they will rise as soon as they see an opportunity; and, after seeing Corfu, their wishes appear very natural.

"We have been doing well with our exercises, and I am very well satisfied with the condition of the ships, except in the matter of boilers, in which *Monarch* and *Hotspur* are weak, and *Swiftsure* not very strong. I mean to detach *Raleigh* to Rhodes to inquire about a piracy of six weeks' standing, and her visit may cover the *Salamis* mission."

The *Salamis*, Commander Egerton, had been sent from England on a secret mission to look about among the Greek islands for a safe harbour

and anchorage, to make a coaling-station for ships of war. She joined the Admiral at Athens (where the fleet had been ordered from Port Said, so as to be at the end of the telegraph wire) with the report that Scarpanto was absolutely useless, but that Stampalia, an island which only had communication with Rhodes about once in three weeks, had an excellent land-locked harbour, which only required a few thousands spent on deepening the entrance to make it perfectly safe. Subsequently the Government took Cyprus, where there is no harbour that can be rendered fit for warships under an outlay of millions.

A few days after the arrival of the *Alexandra* at Athens, one morning some of the gun-sights were found to be missing—thrown overboard as an expression of dissatisfaction by some of the crew. This was exaggerated by the papers into a "mutinous outbreak," and many imaginary details added. Here is the Admiral's account of the matter:—

To Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton, K.C.B.

"ATHENS, *June* 23.

"The official letter, enclosing a 'Times' telegram of May 31, has but just reached me, and I am sorry to think I can add nothing to the particulars of the acts of insubordination reported in my letter of the 23d ult. Strong suspicion rests on an individual, but no proof of his criminality.

The telegram is false in every paragraph. No 'mutinous outbreak' occurred, therefore no marines or other men were summoned to repress it. No mutineers were arrested, and no court-martial has been assembled to try any man on any such charge. Leave was not given to the men at Port Said on account of there being so much smallpox there. Elsewhere leave had been given regularly according to the routine I found established on the station; and men have landed from this ship as well as the others every day but one—a saint's day, on which the consul begged they might be kept on board—including the day we anchored. The *Alexandra* guns have never been rendered unserviceable, and I did not order her to cruise uninterruptedly. She was ordered to call here twice to receive mails, &c. I hope a question may be caused to be asked in the House of Commons, so that the amount of lies included in one telegram may be exposed.

"As to the discontent, I think it is probably due to the same cause which induced some of the young seamen to kick when they were ordered to sea in the brigs—they disliked work, and the trouble of learning their duties. In saying this, I do not mean to reflect on our training service, which I believe to be good. Boys who are drafted direct from the training-ships to sea-going ships give very little trouble. The insubordination is always shown by our young ordinary seamen who

have been in barracks or depot ships, unattached to any older men, petty officers, or officers. How can they be disciplined without being taught? And who is there in those places to interest himself in teaching the floating units that are received one day and discharged the next?

"This is the weak part of our system, and I am more than ever convinced that it should be met by keeping officers and men always together, as if they were in regiments."

Elsewhere he writes with regard to similar troubles on board the *Achilles* to Mr W. H. Smith :—

"Besika Bay, *August* 22.

"I much regret that the first letter I have to write to you should be to mention another of those gross scandals which throw so much discredit on our service. I am sorry to say we are not unaccustomed to them; in 1859 and 1860 they were very rife. The cause then was the entry by bounty of the scum of our streets, and at the same time a large reduction in the captain's power of control. Moreover, captains and officers did not receive proper support from the Admiralty. Now, the cause is that we introduce each year into the seamen class one-sixth of their number who are young and undisciplined. At the same time, we remove every year about one-eighth of the best of our petty officers for coastguard service. In olden time

these would have remained to form the backbone of the petty-officer class. If you draw out the guides, and pour in the undisciplined at such a rate, it is not surprising that difficulty is experienced in keeping order. But we increase the difficulty by a system which separates officers from men, and men from one another, just as they are getting that acquaintance with and trust in one another which is the root of all military discipline."

The insubordination in the *Achilles* had more serious consequences than on board the *Alexandra;* one man was sentenced to four years' penal servitude for mutiny, but after that there was no more trouble. "Discipline," according to the Admiral's definition, had been established; men and officers, captains and admiral, trusted each other, and worked together in a loyal and friendly spirit.

During the first few days at Athens, the Princess of Wales, with the King and Queen of Greece, had been on board to see the ship, and had seemed much pleased with what they saw. The Princess left for England two days later, but the King and Queen were on board again for the regatta, which though supposed to be in honour of the Queen's birthday, did not take place till June 28. The Duke of Edinburgh had given a good many prizes to be rowed for, and some of the contests were very keen. The wind was too light to sail for the Admiral's Cup the following day, so the race

came off a week later at Besika—Captain Britten, who as lieutenant had won the cup at the 1874 Channel Fleet Regatta, coming in winner. Staff-Commander Sullivan sailed him very close, but passed unfortunately the wrong side of a buoy, and so was disqualified.

News of the Russians crossing the Danube had reached Athens, June 24, and a week later, as a sort of counter-move on the part of the English, the fleet was ordered to Besika Bay, close to the entrance of the Dardanelles. There are three definitions of Besika—

1. The most delightful spot in the world.
2. A very uninteresting place.
3. An infernal hole.

The point of view from which you look at it very much depends on whether you are a sportsman, tolerate sport, or dislike it.

As soon as the *Helicon* joined, Admiral Hornby embarked in her for Constantinople, as he says :—

"I kept my flag down, and as quiet as possible, for in the position we have taken up—*vis-à-vis* to the Turks—I did not like paying and receiving visits which were sure to suggest false hopes."

He visited the Ambassador, Mr (afterwards Sir Henry) Layard, and called on the Italian Minister, Count Corti, and on the German Minister, Prince Reuss.

"I called on Prince Reuss this morning to pay my respects to him," he writes, July 10, "when

to my surprise he began to talk of current affairs. He hoped the war might not spread; said that we in England were very suspicious of the Russians, though they had no desire beyond that of freeing their co-religionists; that the Emperor had been forced into war by the excitement of his people, &c., &c. He then said that we declared we should fight only to protect our own interests; would they be seriously injured by the freedom of the Straits? I said that personally I did not think they would be so much injured directly, except that we should be obliged to increase our squadron largely in the Mediterranean; but, indirectly, we should be seriously injured in India by the great loss of our prestige, and the gain to that of Russia. He said, 'In England you always think Russia wants to attack you in India; she has no such wish. The arrangement proposed by Lord Granville for the retention of a neutral zone between the two nations was a natural one, and one they would like to see established.' He then recurred to the question, why we were so suspicious, when the Emperor had given his word that he would not injure our interests? I said he had given his word not to take Khiva, but he seemed to have been unable to control his statesmen or his generals, and that the result had been that he had annexed almost the whole of the Khivan territory, and that unless the statesmen of the

two countries could come to some understanding, I thought our suspicions would continue, for it seemed he was not absolutely autocratic. He then said, 'Why should the statesmen not give one another guarantees which would be satisfactory?' I asked, 'What guarantee could they give that they would not occupy Constantinople?' He said, 'You have advanced your squadron to Besika, why should you not bring it to Constantinople to protect the town?' I said, 'The squadron alone could not prevent the advance of a large army on to the town.' He answered, 'Then why not advance some other force, and take such a guarantee as is satisfactory to you? I believe that if this were firmly but courteously proposed, without saying you doubted the word of the Emperor, no objection would be felt. But,' he said, 'if it was done abruptly or with harsh words, it might very likely lead to war. The fact is,' he wound up, 'the Russians have got on their hands a much tougher affair than they expected. It is true the Turkish army cannot do much in the field, but it can defend positions well, and after the Russians have obtained one decided success in Bulgaria, they will be very glad to make peace.'"

Does this mean that the Germans wished to urge us into war to save themselves trouble later, or, as subsequent events seem to show, that if England had only taken vigorous action at first,

much prestige would have been saved to herself, and much bloodshed and misery to the two belligerents?

The day after this interview Admiral Hornby went over the arsenal at Constantinople, and was much surprised by the capabilities of the workshops there, and the store of Martini-Henry rifles in the armoury. He returned to Besika more than ever convinced that the Turk only required to be well led to make a fine soldier.

By this time the Russians had advanced to Gabrova, and the English Government ordered out the *Agincourt*—Sir E. Commerell as second in command—and *Achilles*—Sir William Hewett—to reinforce the fleet. The *Achilles* reached Besika on July 30. On August 2 the Admiral and Sir W. Hewett went in the *Salamis* to meet Sir Collingwood Dickson, R.E., at Tchernak, as the Turkish Government had granted permission to inspect the Bulair lines above Gallipoli. Like all Turkish fortifications, these lines had been allowed to fall much out of repair; but as it was a point of the highest strategic importance, commanding as it does both the land and sea approaches to Constantinople, every effort was being made to put the lines into working order.

Letter to Wife.

"*August* 3, 1877.

"Our object was to inspect the old lines which were thrown up by the French and English in 1854

for the defence of the peninsula of Gallipoli, and to see how far, and how fast, the Turks were restoring them. We had a pleasant ride, chiefly along high ground, looking across the Sea of Marmora on one side and the Gulf of Xeros on the other. The Turks had swept in by a sort of *corvée* 5000 peasants, old and young, and it was surprising to see how well and cheerfully they were working. That work was to clear out and enlarge the old ditches over a length of at least five miles, strengthen the parapets, lay platforms for the guns, and build new magazines in the redoubts.

"Though they had only been at it five days, they have nearly completed the earthworks of the redoubts, and were going on so fast that (as the Russians have received two severe checks this week), if they continue to work with the same vigour, I have no fear of the Russians seizing the peninsula.

"Their method of collecting their labourers is effective and simple, but somewhat onerous. They have, for purposes of conscription, the number of men in each village. They send an order to supply one-fourth of the residents for four days' work, to be replaced by others at the end of that time. If the reliefs do not appear, they retain the men who are at work. As we returned we met many parties going to perform their share. Several of the older men looked tired and worn, but there seemed to be no complaint.

"At present things seem to be rather in favour of the Turks. Every day that they can delay the Russians north of the Balkans is a great gain, and doubtless an unsuccessful, or even a partially successful, campaign would be a great shock to Russian prestige."

It was not till after 9 P.M. that the three officers got back on board the *Salamis*, but the long ride had not damped their spirits. During dinner, Sir W. Hewett and Sir Collingwood Dickson began discussing the old Crimean days, and one good story led on to another, the Admiral sitting by and laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks, so that the dinner-party did not break up till midnight.

From this time forward Admiral Hornby continued to press earnestly for a small force of British troops to hold these lines, and in almost every letter home he urges the importance of securing our communications and threatening those of the Russians. His letter to Lord Derby, August 10, describes very concisely his views on the subject:—

"I assume that you think the batteries of the Dardanelles would not prevent the squadron passing into the Sea of Marmora whenever it pleased, and that in passing it might, with small delay and damage, destroy them. In that opinion I concur, but I doubt if you realise what might follow.

"I suppose the squadron would only be sent up to play a part. If the northern shore of the Dardanelles were occupied by an enemy, I think it very doubtful if we could play any material part; and if the Bosphorus also was under their command, it would be almost impossible. In the latter case, we could not get even the Heraclea coal. In the former, our English supply of coal, our ammunition, and perhaps our food, would in my opinion be stopped. This opinion depends on the topography of the north shore. If you will send for the chart of the Dardanelles, No. 2429, you will see that from three and a half miles below Kilid Bahar to Ak Bashi Imian, six and a half miles above it, an almost continuous cliff overhangs the shore-line, while the Straits close to half a mile in one part, and are never more than two miles wide. An enemy in possession of the peninsula would be sure to put guns on commanding points of those cliffs. All the more if the present batteries, which are a *fleur d'eau*, were destroyed. Such guns could not fail to stop transports and colliers, and would be most difficult for men-of-war to silence. We should have to fire at them with considerable elevation. Shots which were a trifle low would lodge harmlessly in the sandstone cliffs; those a trifle high would fly into the country, without the slightest effect on the gunners except amusement.

"It is for these reasons that the possession of

the Bulair lines by a strong and friendly force seems to every one here to be imperative, if now, or hereafter, you should want to act at Constantinople. The Turks are making progress with them; but they are unarmed, not garrisoned, and the garrison that would be sent to them in case of reverse would probably be part of a beaten and dispirited force. Is it wise to risk our vital interests in such hands? The Russians take advantage of being at war to destroy the Sulina navigation, 'for strategical purposes.' Are we to have no 'strategical purposes' because we are a neutral? I think even Freeman, Gladstone, & Co. would not hear unmoved that the Dardanelles were closed; but when they are closed, it will be too late to act. Now, I believe there is time to prevent it, and for that reason I write. I want to see 10,000 British troops occupying Gallipoli in concert with the Turks; and Mr Layard misinforms me, if the Turks would not ask for, and welcome, such an occupation."

While pressing earnestly for the occupation of the Bulair lines, the Admiral was working hard to make sure of the efficiency of the fleet and its readiness to act in any emergency. Besides the steam tactics already mentioned, there were plenty of the usual exercises aloft, manning and arming boats, torpedo and gunnery practice. Colliers were brought up to keep all the ships fully supplied with coal; the ships were sent in turns to the Malta dockyard to have their defects made good, and also

to Athens for a few days to give general leave to the men. At Besika there was not much amusement for the men on shore except cricket. Some Greek publicans endeavoured to set up drinking-booths for the sale of spirits; this having come to Admiral Hornby's ears was summarily stopped by his sending a body of men on shore to destroy the store of spirits, and by a request through the consul at Tchernak to the Turkish authorities to stop the licences. The old consul was very much alarmed at these high-handed measures, but was finally obliged to support the Admiral in not allowing his men to be drugged.

As to officers, the opportunities of amusement depended on their taste; society there was none, but there were cricket and lawn-tennis grounds, snipe in the marsh, quail and partridges on the higher ground, and pheasants on some of the adjacent islands. Hares also, but of them later; and rumours of wild boar, but no one ever succeeded in getting a shot. Several shooting-parties went away to the different islands, and great rivalry existed as to which should bring home the largest bag. On one occasion all the poultry on board the *Salamis* was killed, and each pheasant had a chicken tied to it to make it look like a brace; the game was then hung up on the davits to be conspicuous, and to excite the envy of the other ships when she rejoined the squadron.

The most brilliant inspiration of the autumn

was the plan of getting out a pack of beagles from England. They arrived in the *Wye* on November 10, and the first meet took place on Saturday the 17th. Captain Hunt Grubbe was master, the Rev. H. Gilbert, chaplain of the *Raleigh*, huntsman, and the whips depended very much on which of the lieutenants could get on shore on the day of the meet. The first run was very good and sharp for about ten minutes, and then the hounds ran into a supposed hare in a bush. She seemed to take rather an unusual amount of worrying, and when the huntsman went in to see what had occurred, he brought out, not "puss" in the sporting sense of the term, but a real cat. The brush had been destroyed in the tussle, but a pad was duly presented to the Admiral, who had it mounted and hung over his table as a pendant to a scut, the trophy of the first hare killed, December 8. By degrees a good many horses were brought down to Besika: the Admiral bought four, but the first broke its heart as they were trying to swim it on shore; the second proved only fit for a lady's hack, and was sent down to the Admiral's daughters at Malta; the other two, Plevna and Osman, turned out completely successful. The Admiral usually rode one horse with the hounds, and mounted a midshipman on the other; but he was far keener than any midshipman himself, and was more often called to order for riding over the hounds than any one else in the field.

During the early autumn things were looking better for the Turks, who were making a vigorous stand at Plevna, and also giving General Gourko a good deal of trouble in the Schipka Pass. August 22, the Admiral writes to T. B. Sandwith, Esq. :—

"The way in which the Turkish army is gaining ground is most surprising. Mr Layard tells me that on the Armenian frontier Mouktar Pasha repulsed a very powerful attack of Loris Melikoff, inflicting on him a loss of 1800 men, and that the Schipka Pass is again in Turkish occupation. He adds a report, of which he does not know the truth, that the Russians are suffering greatly from fever, and have much difficulty in getting up their supplies. Such difficulty must increase as time goes on."

Whatever the Russian transport difficulties were, those of the Turks were far greater from the want of organisation. It is quite true that the Turkish soldier can march and fight on far less than any other European soldier, but how were his pluck and endurance to hold out in the face of such scarcity as this?

To Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton, G.C.B.

"*July* 4.

"Drummond from Kustendje and Musgrave from Sulina speak of nothing but incompetence and sloth on the part of those in command, and utter unpreparedness. Lieutenant Dougall reports

from Armenia that up to the end of May, 'Mouktar Pasha allows that without artillery, cavalry, money, munitions, or provision, he is powerless to relieve Kars or to check the advance of an enemy in force.' To show how great his deficiencies are, he mentions that the Pasha had only three batteries and eighteen mountain-guns, short of ammunition, to defend the Soghadi Dagh, and only £400 in his chest; and his officers did not know one day where the provisions for the next were to be found. How can such an unprovided mob resist permanently an organised and equipped army?"

Letter to Wife.

"*September* 28.

"Some of our fellows have just returned from Schipka, and they seem satisfied that the horrors you read in the papers are, and have been, gross exaggerations.

"At some of the towns on, and south of, the Balkans, when the Russians were advancing, the Christians came forward and told the Mussulmans that if they would give up their arms they, the Christians, would protect them. No sooner were the arms given up than the Christians fell to and massacred every one of them. After the Russian retreat, some of these villages tried to resist the Turkish advance. They were given up to sack, and in some cases were simply wiped out. In most the Turks protected both person and pro-

perty, but arrested many of those who had been in arms against them, and hanged them. I fear there will be much suffering as the winter comes on, and that peace will not be concluded. I think the Emperor cannot safely accept the only terms the Turks are justified in asking."

Early in October the Admiral paid another visit of about a week to Constantinople, and as things were looking so much better for the Turks, called on the Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and had an audience with the Sultan.

In November the tide of war turned. Erzeroum and Kars fell, the Russian grip tightened on Plevna, though it was thought that the inclement weather would prevent much progress in military operations till the spring. By November, however, the anchorage at Besika had become very bad; southerly gales made landing and embarking very difficult; one of the *Agincourt's* boats capsized, and a midshipman was drowned in trying to save his coxswain, both being lost in the fog. The Admiral, who believed that the Russians could not advance, was anxious to move his ships to winter quarters at Vourla; the Ambassador, who was expecting the Russians to pursue their advantages, was anxious to keep the squadron on the spot at Besika, if not nearer Constantinople; "my Lords," thinking the Admiral wished to remain at Besika for the sake of the shooting and hunting, were

very peremptory in overruling the Ambassador's objections. Accordingly on December 27 the fleet weighed from Besika, leaving the *Agincourt* to recover her steam pinnace, which had sunk at the boom the night before, and they anchored at Vourla, a little after noon on the 28th.

Vourla Bay is a large bay at the entrance of the Smyrna gulf, dotted with small islands, the hills and shore very fertile, and thickly planted with fig-trees and olives. In the distance the cypress-trees of the town of Smyrna can be distinguished. The anchorage is sheltered from the south, but gets the full benefit of any wind coming down from the north, and is not such good holding-ground as Besika. The Admiral only remained here long enough to make arrangements about telegraphic communication, and to arrange about kennels and stables for the hunt, and reached Malta on January 4. Mrs Hornby and his family had been at Admiralty House since November, but the Admiral had barely time to establish himself on shore when he was again ordered off. He was just starting to dine with Admiral Rice at the dockyard on the 11th, when a telegram arrived ordering him to return at once to the fleet, to get all ships ready, to detain the *Euphrates*, which had, however, sailed the day before with troops to India. The dinner-party, and the dance after, went on, everybody trying to appear cheerful, and yet every one oppressed with a feeling of anxiety.

The *Alexandra* had been placed in the dockyard hands, but the *Sultan*, which was ready to sail on the 12th, was detained for a day, and the Admiral took a passage in her. The *Jumna*, Indian troopship, which arrived on the 12th, was detained at Malta for a short time.

For the next few days the Admiral's letters, and the telegrams sent and received by him, contain the pith of the matter :—

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"MALTA, *January* 12, 1878.

"Consequent on your telegram of yesterday, I have asked for instructions as to coaling the ships at Vourla. Their condition is as follows: *Téméraire* (Captain Culme Seymour), *Swiftsure* (Captain Salmon), *Research* (Captain Earle), *Hotspur* (Captain D'Arcy Irvine), *Ruby* (Captain Molyneux), short of coal lately consumed, say one-fourth; *Agincourt* (Captain R. Wells, Sir E. Commerell's flagship), *Rupert* (Captain Gordon), less than half full. (I kept these low, so that they might arrive here light for docking.) The coal, which is on its way from England to Vourla, would about do the first five, but it will not be there before the end of the month. If the squadron is likely to move soon from Vourla, it would be preferable to complete the ships at once. The coals now *en route* would in that case be used by *Sultan* (Duke of Edinburgh, captain), *Alexandra*

(flagship, Captain Fitzroy), *Achilles* (Captain Sir W. Hewett), *Raleigh* (Captain Jago), and *Devastation* (Captain Hunt Grubbe),[1] as they arrive. *Devastation* will be ready for sea by the 24th. Her boilers will then be retubed, but will not have the additional stays which are desirable; they will only be fit for 20lb. pressure. *Raleigh's* boilers have had little done to them, and will require a good deal in four or five months. To complete these ships, the repairs of the small vessels, *Helicon*, *Coquette*, and *Bittern*, will be delayed; their want will be much felt if there is anything to do. I ought to have warning to recall *Rapid* from Corfu and *Condor* from Syria. *Alexandra* will be ready about 20th with a clean bottom, but otherwise in much the same condition as when she arrived. Materials to repair two of her largest defects will be sent after her.

"I have no means of judging what you intend to do, but I know that if anything is to be done in or above the Dardanelles, the passage should be secured by occupying Gallipoli with a land force.

"May I be permitted to add that the further I can be informed of your views, consistently with State secrets, the more I believe I should be able to prepare to carry them out, as, for instance, in two subjects mentioned herein—viz., the coaling, and the moving of troops."

[1] These four last were in the dockyard hands at Malta.

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"VOURLA BAY, *Jan.* 17, 1878.

"Commerell has done a great deal here to improve the condition of the men. He has made friends with the Vali of Smyrna, and arranged for some of the petty officers to go there on leave for twenty-four to thirty hours. He has got the promise of a quarantine island and establishment, where he hopes to open a canteen and land the general leave-men. Except at Athens, there is no place in the East where they can land with safety. He has seized a quantity of bad liquor on shore, and threatened to hang the Greek to whom it belonged. As Commerell is the Vali's friend, it is supposed the threat may be carried out—an idea which is very advantageous to us. In fact, if we could but hang all the Greeks, the Eastern question might soon be happily settled.

"We had a good passage from Malta, and I was glad to find the *Sultan* bore looking into as well at sea as she did at an inspection."

Telegram from Ambassador, Constantinople, to Admiral.

"*Confidential.* "*January* 18, 1878.

"Russians advancing upon Adrianople, which they will probably occupy immediately. Turkish plenipotentiaries will not reach Russian headquarters before Saturday. Austria and England have remonstrated at St Petersburg. Panic amongst Ministers here."

Telegram from Ambassador to Admiral.

"*January* 20, 1878.

"Consul at Dardanelles reports that he thinks a further series of torpedoes have been laid at the entrance of the Straits between Castles Koumkali and Sedulbahar, and also at the northern extremity of the narrows between Forts Nagara and Bovali. The mid-channel at bottom of the places not believed to be obstructed. Connecting wires to mines placed last summer on Asiatic shore have been led probably into old fortress, Sultanieh Calesi. First mines submerged have recently been inspected. About sixty heavy rifled guns are mounted now in the four principal forts in the narrows—the 50-ton Krupp gun at Sultanieh Fort may be called ready for service."

Telegram from Ambassador to Admiral.

"*January* 19, 1878.

"Russians expected to enter Adrianople to-day. Porte urgently requested her Majesty's Government to order fleet to Besika or Macri, to be ready to enter Dardanelles at once should Russians advance towards Gallipoli. (Could you anchor at place this time of year?)"

Telegram, Admiral to Ambassador.

"VOURLA, *January* 20.

"Your telegram of yesterday unintelligible after word Gallipoli. I am ready to proceed there when ordered, but would deprecate going farther until it is determined to secure Bulair lines."

Ambassador to Admiral.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *January* 20.

"Your telegram received. I have not had any warlike instructions from her Majesty's Government as to fleet. My telegram of yesterday, which you could not decipher, was to ask you whether you could anchor at Besika or Macri at this time of the year."

Admiral to Ambassador.

"VOURLA, *January* 21.

"Fleet can lie at Besika at this time of the year, but might have to put to sea for a few hours in bad weather. I know of no place called Macri near Dardanelles. Could anchor off Makri-keui near Constantinople, weighing in bad weather."

Admiralty, London, 6.40 P.M., *Jan.* 23, *to Admiral, Vourla*, 11.55 A.M., *Jan.* 24.

"*Secret.*

"Sail immediately for Dardanelles and proceed with the fleet now with you to Constantinople. Abstain from taking any part in contest between Russia and Turkey, but waterway of Straits is to be kept open, and in the event of tumult at Constantinople, protect life and property of British subjects. Use your judgment in detaching such vessels as may be necessary to preserve waterway of Dardanelles, but do not go above Constantinople. Report departure, and communicate with

Besika for possible further orders, but do not wait if none are there. Keep your destination absolutely secret."

Admiral to Ambassador.

"VOURLA, *January* 24.

"Have received orders to proceed to Constantinople with the fleet, and to keep Dardanelles open. I sail at 5 P.M. to-day. Request firman may be sent for the fleet to pass Tchernak, but orders do not permit me to wait for firman."

Letter to Wife.

"*January* 24.

"We have received orders to go immediately to Constantinople, not to take part in hostile operations on either side, but to keep the Dardanelles open.

"*N.B.*—With a determined enemy in possession of the Gallipoli peninsula, this is not possible for ships to guarantee. I fear from the vacillation our orders denote that we are not well commanded, and I do not anticipate much credit will accrue to the country. I pray that I and those with me may be able to do our duty."

So they were off, the Admiral leading the starboard line in the *Salamis*, Captain Salmon, in the *Swiftsure*, leading the port division. They were sailing under sealed orders, but no one had any doubt of what their destination was. It was a

nasty night, and Vourla is not a particularly easy place to get out of in the dark; however, no mishap occurred, and by 8 A.M. on the following day they were off Besika. No orders were awaiting them there, and they passed on. Close to the Dardanelles the Admiral transferred his flag to the *Sultan*, and began to make such preparations as were possible without betraying suspicion, in case the Turks should—as by treaty they have a perfect right to do—refuse to let them pass. The *Salamis* was sent on with a letter to the commandant at Tchernak, saying, "We came as friends, but I was bound to go on. If you fired at me, I should be obliged to fire at you, and then we should only be playing the Russian game, which would be very disagreeable to me." Not long after the *Salamis* had left, the consul of Tchernak came out in a tug to beg the Admiral to delay a little, as there were torpedoes in the passage, and there might be an accident. The Admiral replied that his orders were definite, and that he must go on whether the Turks liked it or not. Meanwhile Commander Egerton had delivered the Admiral's letter to the commandant. A Turkish official of high rank never allows himself to exhibit any show of perturbation, even under the most exciting circumstances. He made quite a proper show of reluctance in granting the permission, though even his oriental calm could not

quite conceal his satisfaction. Commander Egerton had received the firman, and was just shoving off when a telegraph clerk ran down to the landing with a message for the Admiral. They put back for it, and the firman and the telegram were given to the Admiral together. The telegram ran as follows :—

Admiralty, London, Jan. 24, 7.39 P.M., *to Admiral, Tchernak,* 3.30 P.M., *Jan.* 25.

"Annul former orders. Anchor at Besika Bay and wait further orders. Report arrival there."

The Admiral did not say much, but, as one of the midshipmen irreverently expressed it, "The corners of Uncle Geoff's mouth went down for several days."

This is what he telegraphed to the Admiralty:—

"Received your telegraphic communication to anchor at Besika when abreast Dardanelles forts. Firman received there for passage of Straits. I return to Besika immediately as ordered."

This is what he wrote privately, January 27 :—

"It was most annoying. My belief is, that on Wednesday the Cabinet came to the conclusion that the Russians were playing them false, and must be checked; subsequently, that the terms of peace were communicated to them, and that they were admissible. Hence our sudden recall, for fear our presence at Constantinople should

encourage the Turks to refuse them. Judging from the speeches made at the opening of Parliament, it seems that the Ministers have made up their minds not to fight; in fact, the people, or the press, or anybody who knows nothing whatever of the political forces which are in action, is to be allowed to settle this intricate and difficult Eastern question. I am sick of it, and only look forward to returning to Malta."

This first Russian proposal for peace was as follows :—

"Large war indemnity, for which Eastern Armenia is to be given as a guarantee; the fortifications of Erzeroum to be destroyed; independence of Roumania, with a part of the Dobrudscha united to her; Servia and Montenegro erected into independent States, with accessions of territory; Bulgaria to become a vassal State, with a prince named by Russia; all the fortresses on the other side of the Balkans to be destroyed, and never to be rebuilt; the Sultan and the Emperor to come to a private understanding as to the Dardanelles and Bosphorus."

What this private understanding was likely to be may be gathered from the following telegram :—

Ambassador to Admiral.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, *Jan.* 30.

"Consul at Rodosto telegraphs Russian reconnaissance, 3000 men marching from Ouzum

Kiùpru on Kissan by Gallipoli road, and is four hours distant."

On February 2 came the news that the Russians said that their forces would not be sent against Gallipoli and Constantinople, if the Turks made no resistance to the occupation of these two places. Five days later it was announced that, by the terms of the armistice, the Turks had been obliged to hand over the lines of Buyuk Tchermedge, a suburb of Constantinople, to the Russians. By this time the Russian outposts were within thirty miles of Gallipoli, but the Admiral still hoped to be able to save Bulair. But to return to his letters.

To the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.

"Besika Bay, *Feb.* 8, 1878.

"Mr Layard's private letter of the 6th, showing that the lines of Buyak Tchermedge were to be evacuated, and Constantinople therefore left at the mercy of the Russians, was startling to me, and as his telegrams of the 5th were two days in reaching me, I thought it best to telegraph the news to you immediately. I added that I still thought the Bulair lines might be saved. In saying this I assumed—1st, That these lines were not included in the neutral zone, or at least that the Turkish troops will not be obliged to evacuate the peninsula; 2d, That the Turks

would accept our assistance to defend the lines; 3d, That the Turkish general is not a traitor. Given these premisses, I think the position might be saved; and, as it is the only one left in Roumelia which we could hold, it may be important to consider the matter. The Russians are said to have 3000 men at Rodosto, sixty miles from Bulair; a force—amount unknown—at Kissen, thirty miles off; and the roads from the north, through Malgara, and generally, are bad. I think, therefore, they could not approach the place under three days, or have a large force there in less than six days.

"In twenty-four hours we could land at Gallipoli a naval brigade of 500 men, and flank the approaches to a certain extent in the ships. This would give the Turks the encouragement and assurance they require, after their recent defeats, to hold the ground for a few days. If orders were sent to the Governor of Malta to co-operate with me, I should send *Agincourt*, *Achilles*, and *Raleigh* to Malta, and they should return in eight days to Gallipoli with 3000 troops. (Distance to Malta, 690 miles; return to Gallipoli, 730 miles.) Steamers should be chartered at Malta, and despatched forty-eight hours after receipt of the telegram, bringing guns, ammunition, biscuit, rum, and cocoa for the troops, and 2000 tons of coals for this squadron. With 3500 English, the ships, and the Turks, I believe we should hold the place

for a fortnight against anything the Russians could do.

"By that time—that is, twenty-two days from the receipt of your telegram—you ought to be able to send us the 8000 or 10,000 men that would make this place safe for ever. The first steps will be the most important, and of course the orders must be prompt and decided from home. Troops, ships, and Ambassador would then co-operate. Transport animals and temporary shelter for the troops will be the greatest difficulty, but I believe we can meet them. You may depend I will feed and shelter my own men, and I have great confidence in our contractor, who is an Englishman. I mention this only that you may not suppose such matters have not been considered.

"Sir Edmund Commerell is going to Constantinople privately on the 10th, looking at the Bulair lines if possible *en route*, and will consult with Sir Collingwood Dickson and Mr Layard on the subject.

"I have heard that last July it was thought we were too late to defend Gallipoli. I believe Sir C. Dickson was not of that opinion, and that he would join me in saying the same now, and it seems our last chance of keeping the Straits open."

Letter to Wife.

"Besika Bay, *Feb.* 11, 1878.

"We had just ended a nice little run with the

beagles[1] on Saturday, February 9, when we were surprised to hear that the blue-peter was hoisted on board, and some one said he had heard a gun. We all trundled back as fast as we could, and found orders: 'Proceed that afternoon if possible for Constantinople with *Alexandra*, *Téméraire*, *Swiftsure*, *Achilles*, *Ruby*, and *Salamis*, to protect life and property of British subjects. Ambassador has been directed to obtain the necessary orders to the forts, and a firman if requisite, and to communicate with me.' Off we went at 6 P.M., as I fully expected to find the necessary orders had been received at the forts, and the communication from the Ambassador. This time, our errand was evidently a friendly one to the Turk. There was no question of 'keeping the water-way open,' but to go by permission of the Sultan.

"I had sent *Salamis* ahead to-day to say we were coming, and to get my telegrams from Layard. Instead of that, when some six miles inside the Straits, *Salamis* returned, saying no orders had been received; no telegram for me; that the Pasha protested against our entering the Straits, as contrary to the treaty. I didn't require him to tell me that. In fact, I had been rather too quick, and had made a mess of it. Why is it one forgets that good old proverb, 'Never be in a

[1] The beagles came up in the *Agincourt*, and the *Salamis* brought twenty-nine horses from Vourla on February 2.

hurry, except in catching a flea'? Well, luckily it was dark, and there was no one to see our movements except the look-out men on the lower forts, six miles below us. So we turned round and anchored at the mouth of the Straits. *Salamis* went back to Tchernak with messages and telegrams. At 5 A.M. yesterday, she rejoined me with the news that the Porte had telegraphed to the Pasha to say the English Ambassador had made no request for a squadron to pass; therefore they could give no permission to me to proceed, and he was to remind me that to enter the Straits was contrary to international law. As it was not yet daylight, and as it was clear the Government telegram could not have reached the Ambassador, I thought it was no use stopping there, looking as if we wanted to go up and couldn't, so we weighed, and at daylight were to be seen returning majestically to our own quarters. I telegraphed home to ask whether I was to go on and force the passage, or to wait for permission to pass up; and last night I heard from Layard that the Porte refused permission, and in that complication he had telegraphed to Lord Derby for instructions. So this morning the Cabinet have got a nice little nut to crack. On the one hand, the Turks are quite right, and if we go up during time of armistice and without their consent, we shall be breaking that treaty of 1856 by which we have professed so much to abide. If, on the other hand, we do not go, the Opposition

will say, 'Why did you order up your ships?' 'To protect British life and property.' 'Then, if they are endangered, why don't they go now?' It's a very pretty kettle of fish, due, in my opinion, to our countrymen being so vain and foolish, and fancying they can settle the Eastern question, instead of leaving it to the Government, who might be instructed as to the secret wires that were in motion. Perhaps if it had been left in the hands of statesmen, we should have gone to Gallipoli in July, and that would have simplified matters immensely."

To the Right Hon. A. H. Layard.

"*February* 11, 11.30 P.M.

"Your telegram, giving me the Grand Duke's threat to occupy Constantinople if we pass the Dardanelles, has just reached me. I think it very likely he will occupy it sooner or later, and at the stage at which matters have arrived, I should be glad to see him advance. It would drive our Government to take some steps such as I have sketched, and secure the only strategical point in European Turkey which is left. In case of his advance to Constantinople, I presume the Sultan would cross into Asia, and, I hope, take with him his brothers and the son of Abdul Aziz.

"Have you sufficient influence to get Bulair secured in the hands of a trustworthy Turk, with whom we can safely act? If so, I adhere to my

plan. Hussein Pasha[1] was here yesterday, and he evidently thinks Suleiman a traitor as much as other people do. Could you get him replaced? Hussein tells me the road from Gallipoli to Bulair is in a frightful state—almost impassable. For that reason I want an engineer at my side the moment we move, and asked you for one by telegraph. As to the Turkish fleet, if it has to leave Constantinople, there is hardly a secure port in the Black Sea to shelter worn ships during the remainder of the winter. In my opinion, all such should withdraw into the Sea of Marmora, with a view to refit them by-and-by at Malta; and all tugs, and such vessels as the Russians could use for laying torpedoes in the Bosphorus, should be rigorously withdrawn to the south side. Commerell cannot go to you at present, but I send this by an officer specially."

After this, for a few days there was not much done in the way of writing: the time had come for action. At 3 P.M. on the 12th a telegram was received from the Admiralty directing the Admiral to proceed into the Sea of Marmora with the fleet on Wednesday morning without waiting for a firman, and if fired upon, and the ships struck, to return the fire, but not to wait to silence the forts. Accordingly at daylight on the 13th the fleet weighed from Besika; it was blowing a north-

[1] Commandant at the Dardanelles.

easterly gale with snow, and very thick. As the ships passed out of the bay they saw the *Raleigh* on shore near Rabbit Island, and the *Hotspur* and *Ruby* were detached to her assistance. The *Alexandra* had rejoined about a fortnight previously, and the other ships with the Admiral were the *Agincourt*, *Achilles*, *Swiftsure*, *Téméraire*, *Sultan*, and *Salamis*. On the two previous occasions the mission of the fleet had been ostensibly a friendly one, and there had been no visible signs of any warlike preparations, but now they had their masts down and everything cleared for action. There were then only four formidable forts in the Dardanelles. The lowest of these was Fort Namasghia, in which were sixteen Krupp breech-loading rifled guns, supposed to be about 26 centimetres, also one Krupp and two Armstrong 7-inch muzzle-loading guns. Nearly opposite is the Sultanieh Fort, in which the monster 50-ton Krupp gun had been mounted to command the approaches to the "Narrows"; this was, however, the only formidable piece of ordnance in the fort. A mile above is the Medgidieh Fort, probably the strongest of all, having been reconstructed by a German officer, Bluhm; it had thirteen 6-inch breech-loading Krupp guns, seven of which enfilade the channel. The fort of Nagara, two and a half miles further on, completed the defences, as the other forts were either only supplied with obsolete guns, or else the modern ones had not been mounted. The night

before leaving Besika, the orders given were, that two of the ships were to engage each of the three lower forts. The *Agincourt* and *Achilles* were to endeavour to silence the guns in Fort Namasghia, keeping far enough down stream to be out of range of some old-fashioned monster bronze guns mounted at the castle of Kilid Bahar a little above, and also firing their starboard bow-guns at the Sultanieh Fort. The *Alexandra* and *Sultan* were to undertake the destruction of the 50-ton Krupp gun at Tchernak, and with their port-guns to engage any forts on the European side which should open fire on them. The *Swiftsure* and *Téméraire* were to pass on to the attack of the Medgidieh Fort, and to do as much damage as possible till the other ships were free to go to their assistance.

When the morning dawned thick and snowy, the Admiral thought it was possible that he might get past the forts unobserved, and it was not till the fleet was within two miles of Tchernak that he ordered the *Salamis* to go on with a letter to the Pasha. The engineers on board the *Salamis* had been expecting this signal, and immediately it was given, one could almost have felt the ship spring forward. She had been up and down so often in all weathers, and at all hours of the day and night, that she could have found her way blindfold, which was very lucky, as this thick

weather was almost worse than darkness. As the commander of the *Salamis* landed, he saw that the tompion had not been taken out of the big gun.

The Pasha received the Admiral's letter in his usual dignified way. The letter was to this effect:—

Official Letter.

"*Alexandra*, at BESIKA BAY, 13*th Feb.* 1878.

"SIR,—I have the honour to inform your Excellency that I have been ordered to proceed into the Sea of Marmora to protect British life and property, and I trust that your orders will permit of allowing me to pass without molestation, as I am ordered, if fired into, to return the fire. I should be deeply grieved to have to take such a course, as it could only result in mutual damage to two old allies, and be to the benefit of their enemies.

"I have to inform your Excellency that, at the request of the Turkish Prime Minister, Ahmed Vefyk, conveyed to me by her Majesty's Ambassador at the Porte, I sent the *Raleigh* yesterday to Dedegatch to embark fugitives. Unless the captain of that vessel receives orders to the contrary, he will land them at the Dardanelles. I trust, therefore, that, in any case, your Excellency will receive him as a friend. The *Raleigh*

will return to Besika Bay when the fugitives are disembarked.—I have, &c., &c.,

"G. PHIPPS HORNBY,
Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

"His Excellency HUSSEIN PASHA,
Governor-General of the Dardanelles."

Hussein Pasha sent an Arabic letter in answer, but as the interpreter was away on board the *Raleigh*, no one could decipher it. It was, however, understood to be a protest, because the Pasha had talked of the danger of forcing the passage, and of the torpedoes which had been laid, entirely forgetting how, in a moment of confidence a few days before, he had mentioned that, during the recent gales, all the torpedoes had been washed away into the Ægean Sea. Finally, with a grand wave of the hand, he had said, "Return to the Admiral, and tell him that from motives of humanity I refrain from firing."

Outside it was thicker than ever; but after groping about for a little while, the *Salamis* found the *Alexandra* just below Tchernak, and delivered the Pasha's message, which was received with much amusement.

The weather had become so thick, that just as the fleet approached the narrowest part of the Straits, the *Alexandra* hung on the edge of a bank, though there was deep water within two ships' breadths of her. Keeping the *Sultan* to help the *Alexandra* off, the Admiral ordered the

other four ships to proceed to Gallipoli. The *Sultan* anchored on the *Alexandra's* port-beam, and on the cable being secured by the latter vessel's wire hawser, the *Sultan* slipped, and anchored near. After about four hours' hard work, the *Alexandra* was got off without damage, and proceeded to Nagara Point, where, as the men had had a hard day's work, it was thought advisable to "splice the main-brace" and anchor for the night.

On the morning of the 14th the *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Agincourt* (which had anchored at Nagara for the night) went on to Gallipoli, where Captain Fife informed the Admiral that the Russian troops were within twelve miles of the Bulair lines. The Admiral left the *Agincourt* and *Swiftsure* at Gallipoli to watch the movements of the Russians, and having sent the *Salamis* to Constantinople to arrange about forwarding cipher telegrams, and to communicate with the Ambassador, he went on with four ships, *Alexandra*, *Achilles*, *Sultan*, and *Téméraire*. As they left Gallipoli they could make out the Turkish sentries, and the groups of workmen employed on the Bulair lines, and early next morning they found themselves off Constantinople, that most beautiful of all cities as seen from the sea in the early morning,—the dark cypresses rising above the uneven red-tiled roofs, and, still higher, the white minarets standing out against

the sky. Close by, the Russian and Turkish tents could be seen in close proximity at San Stefano: the Turks still clinging to "the pearl," as they call it, "between two emeralds and two sapphires," and the Russian with his hand stretched out to grasp it. Yet, in the very moment of his triumph, he stopped. Why? Because four great stately ironclads had anchored at Prinkipo, or Prince's Island, about ten miles off.

To the Russian the possession of Constantinople is very much what the conquest of Jerusalem was to the crusaders seven hundred years before. A legend circulated among the troops declared that when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, a priest who was celebrating Mass in St Sophia had been walled up at the altar, and that when the Russian army entered the city the wall would fall down, and the priest complete the half-recited office. There they were, within three miles, with the last line of defences in their hands, and yet they made peace and retired directly the English squadron entered the Sea of Marmora. The Grand Duke had threatened to occupy Constantinople; he did not do it: he asked to visit the Sultan in state—the Sultan refused, but offered to receive him privately; he contented himself with this. The terms of peace required all the Turkish fleet to be surrendered: the Sultan stood firm, and in

this also the Russians gave way. They tried to occupy the heights near Buyukdere, about nine miles up the Bosphorus on the European side, and to bring down torpedoes to bar the entrance to the Black Sea: the Sublime Porte, backed by England and Austria, remonstrated, and the Russian troops and torpedo-boats were withdrawn. And all because of the menace of those four great ships! It was true that the Russians believed that they had 15,000 British troops on board; true also that those other two ships, watching at either end of the Bulair peninsula, and the removal of the unreliable commander, had put fresh spirit into the Turks; but the real truth was, that the Russians from the very beginning had been playing "a game of bounce." They relied on the feeling against the Mohammedans, so sedulously stirred up in Europe, and in defiance of the first rule of strategy, pushed forward into an ememy's country, every day farther from their base—every day with a longer line of communication to protect. Their "bounce" had been almost successful—there was nothing really to prevent their occupying Constantinople; the Sultan and his brothers were virtually in their power when that "little black cloud," in the shape of English men-of-war, appeared on the horizon, and they dared not face the storm. A virulent form of typhus had broken out among the ill-fed, ill-sheltered troops; the men had lost discipline;

the officers were only longing to return to their comforts; and, if the English had made common cause with the Turk, the Russian supplies both by land and sea might have been stopped. The Austrians, irritated, and not likely to let so good an opportunity slip, could have barred their retreat across the Danube, and thus, like rats in a trap, they would have had no option but to starve or surrender. When Todleben, that experienced old soldier, succeeded the Grand Duke, his one idea was to bundle all the troops back across the Balkans as quickly as possible. But this is anticipating!

So the Dardanelles had been passed at last. Alas! that the step had not been taken six months before. What bloodshed and misery it might have saved! Crowds of refugees were still thronging into Constantinople—mostly women and children—packed like cattle in open trucks, standing perhaps for thirty hours, the snow falling all the time, and, when they reached the station, nearly as many dead as living bodies would be taken out of the train. Those who came by road fared no better.

Letter to Wife.

"*H.M.S. Alexandra, Feb.* 11, 1878.

"They are flying in panic, and Mr Layard tells me their panic is quite justifiable, as the accounts he has received of the outrages that both Russians and Bulgarians have committed, as witnessed by Englishmen, are frightful. The rough old Pasha

told me he fairly cried at what he saw. It seemed to him as if the end of the world were come, and from the emotion he showed I can quite believe him. The sufferings of the poor children from cold and starvation; the way their waggons got set fast in the mud; then on quitting them, children got engulfed; called to their mothers for help; the mothers themselves got fast; and so on. If the Emperor of Russia is fated to see in another world the misery that has been caused by his action, what a hell he will suffer!"

Might not one almost put for "Emperor" "the British Government," and for "action" the word "inaction"?

The first action of Admiral Hornby after arriving at Prinkipo was very similar to that of Sir Sidney Smith when the Queen of Spain refused to move till she had seen the British flag lowered on the Rock at Gibraltar. With the remark, "Anything to oblige a lady," the flag was hauled down till she had time to retire. The Grand Duke had said that he would occupy Constantinople if the English ships came there, and on Mr Layard representing that Prinkipo was within the prefecture of the city, the ships were moved to Touzla Bay on the mainland, a little southward of the Bosphorus.

Twice a-day small ships communicated with Prinkipo for telegrams, and the *Salamis* lay at the entrance of the Golden Horn, ready to carry

messages between the Ambassador and the fleet. Almost every day there was some panic among the Ministers; every day letters came from the Ambassador detailing Russian threats and iniquities; or he would summon the Admiral by telegram to Constantinople to pour out volumes of grievances. Of course, if the Russians had wished to enter Constantinople, the Admiral was powerless to prevent them; but he had taken precautions to secure his ships against a sudden attack by night, and he was prepared to take British subjects, and even the Sultan in person, under his protection if necessary. The *Flamingo* came up from Gallipoli on the 18th with news that the Russians meditated an attack on Bulair from the rear, and the same day Mr Hooper, engineer of the *Alexandra*, was sent back in her with 3 cwt. of gun-cotton to blow up the Dardanelles forts should it be impossible to defend them. On the 19th, as nothing very particular seemed stirring, the Admiral wrote to Sir Edmund Commerell and Mr Smith his views of the situation:—

"Touzla Bay, *Feb.* 19, 1878.

"My dear Commerell,—I can't tell you what a relief your news of the removal of Suleiman was to me; we have now one more chance if the Government will but profit by it, and it is not my fault if they do not. I am sending you orders to sound Hussein Pasha as to the view he takes of our ships

passing his doors. If he does not object, I want you to exchange *Swiftsure* for *Research*. If he does not like it, leave it alone. Do not think I have weakened you without due consideration, but I find you have no opposition to dread from the Turks in dismantling the northern forts, if there should be occasion to do so. The Ambassador tells me he was informed that orders had been sent to Hussein that the northern forts were to be dismantled, and powder exploded, rather than they should be allowed to fall into Russian hands. He (the Ambassador) is anxious that you should ask Hussein if he has any orders what to do in the event of the Russians taking the lines. It will be a small test of how far he is straightforward with us, or how far the Ambassador can rely on what he hears on high authority. He thinks the refusal of the Turks to sell their ships is *bonâ fide*. If the Russians enter Constantinople, the Sultan would probably go to Prince's Island, and the fleet would form a fitting guard for him.

"As to the Russian troops crossing the Marmora in small vessels, I don't see how it could pay them to risk it; after landing in Asia they would be at our mercy. But your orders are sufficient to cover any embarkation of Russians. If they landed in Asia, they might easily come thence to Gallipoli. Therefore, if they embark, oppose them.

"I hear the Channel ships are ordered to Malta.
—Yours very truly, G. PHIPPS HORNBY."

"TOUZLA BAY, *Feb.* 19, 1878.

"DEAR MR SMITH,—Events do indeed march quickly and as they are reported by telegraph, it seem almost useless to write. Nevertheless, I must do so to acquaint you with the very grave causes for anxiety which I, being on the spot, must see and feel more pressingly than you do. You say, 'Russia appears studiously to have avoided the appearance of controlling the channel by keeping clear of Bulair.' To me, and to Sir E. Commerell, it appears she is straining every nerve to get there. She is massing troops as close to it as she can. She is bringing marsh buffaloes to draw siege-guns. For what purpose, if not to besiege the Bulair lines? She has examined the N.W. coasts of the peninsula to ascertain the best landing-places, and, according to consular reports, has noted all boats on both sides of it. For what purpose, if not to land troops in rear of the Bulair lines? What further causes of distrust can we expect to see? As you prophesied, there will be now a lull—but why? Because Russia has not sufficient troops to spring at once on Bulair and Constantinople; not sufficient supplies at the front to enable her to carry on two great attacks. But no doubt they are now sending those supplies across the Black Sea, and therefore in my opinion we should be moving our supplies and troops also.

"If she is content with the enormous advantage the terms of peace promise her, why is she making

these exertions, and irritating Austria and ourselves by her threatening position and language with regard to Constantinople? I can account for it in no other way than that she has determined to improve her opportunity and try for both positions. We can save neither unless we come to some agreement on the subject with the Turks. There seems to be an idea that this fleet can keep the Dardanelles and Bosphorus open. Nothing can be more visionary. Not all the fleets in the world can keep them open for unarmoured ships. Small earthworks on the cliffs would always prevent their passage. Then, look what a risk we run if Russia once holds the north shore of the Bosphorus, and shuts us out of the Black Sea! She can reinforce and supply her army by a voyage from Odessa to Bourgas of 280 miles, or to Midia of 320 miles, while we should have to supply ours from a distance of 3000 miles, even if we were so lucky as to have saved Gallipoli. I cannot believe that the time has not come to say to Russia, 'We will help the Turks to defend Constantinople if you attack them, and, as they are grievously imperilled, we must now move our troops in support.' The traitorous general has been removed from Bulair, so we may have one more chance to save it. I earnestly hope we may not let this opportunity slip as we have so many, and as another may not recur. My only consolation is to find from the Ambassador that the Turks will not

listen to the sale of any ships. Even those they have in England are not so good as this ship, and I should be grieved to think that, after the war, we were to be burdened with suchlike, while other nations had been building, and we with the money might build useful vessels like the *Dreadnought* and *Inflexible.* If we go to war with Russia, it will not be ironclads we want, but fast small vessels, competent to watch and catch the torpedo-vessels and extemporised cruisers like *Vesta,* which will annoy us in the Black Sea.—Yours very truly, G. PHIPPS HORNBY."

Much to the indignation of the Admiral, the Russians were driving the very hardest possible bargain with the Turks; but as the British Government had not yet made up its mind whether to oppose the Russian demands by force or at the Conference, he began to look for a more comfortable anchorage for his ships. February 27 he writes in his Diary:—

"To Ismid in *Salamis.* It would be a nice place to move the squadron to, but with the town so visible, the ships would be very open to torpedo attack. Society in a state of chaos, Governors paralysed, inhabitants without power of combination, and many armed Circassians about. Prince Alexander of Battenberg arrives to visit the Duke."

This visit of Prince Alexander gave rise to a perfect howl of indignation in the English papers.

It was said he came as a spy, to ferret out torpedo secrets. At that time, as now, all torpedo secrets are secrets only to the majority of our own service, but the public property of other nations, so in that line there was nothing for Prince Alexander to discover. Probably he may have ascertained that the 15,000 troops were not on board the ships; but he must also have discovered what perfect good-feeling and confidence existed between the men and officers and their chief, and cannot have failed to draw contrasts between their comfortable condition and that of his own disorganised army, very much to the disadvantage of the latter.

On March 4 news came from Constantinople that "peace was signed yesterday afternoon, and is to be ratified within fifteen days at St Petersburg. The Russians have abated some of their demands, and have increased others. The 40 millions to be paid in bonds have been reduced to 12 millions, and the tributes of Bulgaria and Egypt are no longer demanded as part of the guarantee. Salonica will remain with the Turks, but the rest of the Ægean coast goes, I understand, to Bulgaria, the limits of which will be extended considerably more to the westward than was at first supposed, in order to compensate for a large cession of territory to Servia. The ironclads remain with the Sultan, who refused to give them up. At the last moment General Ignatieff demanded, as an addition to the treaty, that Turkey should make a

formal signed declaration that the conditions were accepted of her own free will, and that she would stick to them at the Conference. To this the Sultan also positively refused to agree."

As for the time being affairs seemed to be in the hands of the diplomatists, the Admiral removed his ships to pleasanter quarters at Ismid on the 9th, and the same day Mrs Hornby arrived in the *Helicon* on a three weeks' visit. A few days later the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Louis of Battenberg obtained leave to go to Malta; and the day they sailed, the Admiral and his wife went for a few days to Constantinople. He found that the Foreign Ministers were a little more hopeful of peace, and made acquaintance with Mouktar Pasha, who, to his surprise, was quite a young man. Besides matters connected with the war, he was also at this time engaged in correspondence with the Admiralty because they objected to his having taken the wise precaution of ordering 2000 tons of coal to be ready for him at Constantinople.

In case the peace negotiations should fail, he was also busy with plans for carrying the war into the Black Sea, whether the Dardanelles were closed to him or not.

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"Ismid, *April* 2, 1878.

"I reopen my letter, as I see I have not sufficiently noticed your point about the possibility of

keeping the sea after we had passed up the Bosphorus. If I went, I should try to go up by night, taking as many colliers as I could. My object would be to prevent the Russians communicating with Sulina, Kustendje, Varna, Bourgas, and Midia. The business of the Russian Admiral would be to tease me by sending fast steamers laden with munitions of war, which I might have to chase off the land, and so burn my coal. Slower ones would come by night to elude us; but they would have to discharge them quickly, for at daylight we should look into the ports, and probably sink them. Thus it would be greatly a question of vigilance and coal. The latter I should hope to get at Heraclea regularly. Sir William Hewett thinks our colliers could run up the Bosphorus with little risk by choosing dark nights. He has had experience of blockade-running, and does not speak of what he cannot do. Welsh coal would be preferable to that of Heraclea. If two or three fast corvettes, say honest 12-knot ships, could be sent up by night, they would be very useful. I have nothing of the sort here at present, or I should take them. If we had much chasing, our shells might run rather short in two months; in three we should want provisions. All those things would have to be sent here (Ismid) and carried across to Kerpen Bay. By August the bottoms of the ironclads would begin to foul, and the enemy's light ships would worry us all the more. Still I think

they would always find it risky to send troops or the fleet; they would require to provision their armies, for the country has been wasted this year, and is very partially sown. Meanwhile, you would probably be able to send us two or three more cruisers, which would be a pull in our favour. Probably the Russians would not think it worth while to bring sufficient heavy guns to Bourgas to prevent our destroying ships inside it. Eventually perhaps we might borrow 2000 soldiers, and hold that port against the Russians. Then we should be in clover. I think we should keep the sea some time and be disagreeable to them."

About this time the Admiral arranged for a picnic for some of his officers to Beikos, a bay near the north end of the Bosphorus, just opposite Therapia and Buyukdere, where the Sultan has a summer kiosk. Close by is a hill called the Giant's Mountain, which commands a very good view of the Black Sea, and near the landing-place was a camp of Turkish refugees, so there was plenty to interest both philanthropists and lovers of scenery. It was the most beautiful time of the year in the Bosphorus, all the trees were coming into leaf, and the azaleas and rhododendrons, which clothe the slopes, bursting into bloom. After passing the Golden Horn, the Sultan has several palaces on either side of the Bosphorus; one of them has never been occupied, because the Sultan

who built it stumbled as he crossed the threshold, and this is considered a bad omen. Then come on either side two mediæval castles, of Europe and of Asia. Beyond, reminding one of the Thames above London, only far more beautiful, come a succession of summer residences of the principal Turkish officials and millionaires, and, grouped closely together at Therapia and Buyukdere, the houses where the envoys of the various foreign Powers spend the summer months. All the way up the Bosphorus the water is very deep; but the strength of the current setting down from the Black Sea makes the navigation rather ticklish. At one place, Candilli, a house is built close to the water's edge with a latticed balcony overhanging the stream. It seems as if the ship were being steered straight for this, when, just at the moment when it seems impossible to avoid carrying away some of the woodwork on the bowsprit, the current catches her bows and carries her into her course again.

Before Easter came the news of Lord Derby's resignation, and, almost simultaneously, the announcement of a firmer and more consistent policy on the part of the Government.

Letter to Wife.

"Ismid, *April* 7, 1878.

"I received a very satisfactory telegram from the Admiralty on Tuesday, giving Commerell the

authority for which I had asked—viz., 'To take any steps he might think necessary, pecuniary or otherwise, in case of an attack by the Russians, to preserve the lines at Gallipoli.' This means that, if it should be necessary, he may take the Turkish troops at Bulair into our pay,—pashas, army, and all,—and land some of his own men and his officers to assist them in the defence. Of course Mr Layard was pretty well pleased when he heard it. He also had received some good news in his first telegram from Lord Salisbury, which was to the effect that England could not permit the formation of this huge Bulgarian principality under Russian control; that the Bulgarian province must not come south of the Balkans; and that, after taking sufficient precautions for its proper government, we should leave it under the sovereignty of the Sultan, and that he might tell the Sultan this. Now we shall carry the Sultan with us; and the Turkish Ministry, who are English in their policy, will feel that there is more to be got for their country by sticking to us than by following the advice of their opponents, the Russian party, who say, 'England will do nothing except for her own interests; we had better join the Russians, who promise to do everything for us in Asia.' Already it has had an immense effect. There had been a question whether it would be possible still to preserve the city from capture. Now it seems to be determined to try. The Turks are quietly

throwing up a few earthworks here and there, and have moved out the troops they had called in, so as to reoccupy Buyukdere. The Russians sent to inquire whether these preparations were made against them, and said that if they were, they also must intrench themselves, and occupy the ground they were on more firmly. The Sultan answered that they were occupying ground to which they had no right, as it was far in advance of that stipulated for in the armistice, and that, as they had not quitted it, he had moved his troops so as to guard against accidents. This *rapprochement* is kept quite secret; but the Turkish Ministers do not fail to show, whenever they can, how much they appreciate it, and on Friday they exhibited me in a way I thought rather foolish, though it was amusing. I had told one of the Ministers, Said Pasha, that I should be glad to call on him, if he would allow me to do so incognito, and it was arranged I was to do so on Friday about noon. I went to the palace accordingly, and found he had gone down with the Sultan to mosque, leaving word to ask me to follow to speak to him. The Sultan's going to mosque is a great ceremony; all 'the Faithful' turn out to look at him, and there is an immense collection of troops, officers, &c., &c. On that day a great number of Russians were present. When we got near the mosque I dismounted, and my *cavass* elbowed in through the thick of the crowd

and the mass of the troops: I followed in my black coat, and that low black hat, which is rather the worse for Besika hunts. But, from what he said, every one made way, and we went in among a lot of officers standing at the porch of the mosque. Then one A.D.C. asked me in French to step into a side-room, and another went to tell Said Pasha I was there. Presently he came down and said I was to wait till the ceremony was over, as the Sultan wanted to speak to me at his kiosk. He took me out and introduced me to Osman Pasha, and I met there Reouf Pasha, Minister of War, and Mouktar Pasha, and there we stood looking at the troops and the Sultan's best charger. Most of the pashas drew back a little, and left Said and me well to the front. A tall man in an ulster went down and began to talk to some of the Russian officers. I asked who he was. 'Zenghis Khan! he is one of the Russian spies.' It seemed to me that he and his countrymen were asking who the man in plain clothes and the bad hat was, who was standing so forward among the pashas. Presently we went inside. The Sultan came down-stairs, and as he passed said something to a general, Namyk Pasha, who was standing close to me. It was repeated by him in French, 'That the Sultan hoped to see me presently at his kiosk.' After the Sultan had left we saw the troops file off, and then Said and I mounted, and we rode together down the principal street, which

was very full of people. I was riding a very good-looking horse of the Ambassador's, and as Said is the Sultan's right hand, all eyes were turned on him. I am sure what all the men were thinking was, 'Who is that foreigner in the bad hat riding such a nice horse?' Well, when we got to the kiosk we went in to talk to the Sultan, and he asked me questions on all sorts of subjects. How we had fared at Ismid? How many ships I had there? at Besika, &c.? What I thought of the internal state of Russia? If in case of a disastrous war, I thought that there would be a revolution? How many troops I thought we should send out if we went to war with her? How we were to make much impression with so small an army? How many ships I should want to carry out an efficient blockade? &c., &c., &c. He seemed rather surprised at my giving him two or three answers very contrary to his own opinions. He asked if I did not think the Russian soldiers very barbarous. I said, 'No; I thought they were naturally, so far as I had read of them, peaceable and good-tempered.' He asked how I accounted for their murdering so many of his men when prisoners. I thought he laid himself rather open there; but I said all soldiers became cruel in war, and there was no doubt that in the Indian rebellion our soldiers had at times been very cruel. I thought that much which had been done in Bulgaria had been done by design, so as to frighten the Moham-

medans into leaving the country. Again, when he spoke of our army being so small, I said we had always acted with a small army because we had not a large one; nevertheless, we had usually done pretty well. For instance, when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power and held Spain with 100,000 men, we landed an army of 20,000, and yet in five years we bundled the French out. Further, I said, nowadays war is carried on very much by indirect means, and on our blockading the ports on the Black Sea, the Russians would have such a difficulty in keeping up their supplies that they would have either to leave the country or to be ruined in money and material, as they were in the Crimean war by the stress we put on them to hold Sevastopol. However, he took his contradictions as one of the lessons he had to learn, and I left him (rather wondering how a man who had been brought up in a harem, and had never had an opportunity of rubbing up against his fellow-creatures, could have as much sense as he showed). He said rather a good thing to Mr Layard the other day. It seems that the Grand Duke forced him, by hints of the most barefaced sort, and by telling those about him 'that he had heard it had always been the custom of the Sultan to give a horse to distinguished visitors,' to offer him the choice of two of his Arab horses. He went to the stable, said that the Sultan had offered him four, chose them, and took them away there and then.

The Sultan, after telling all this, said, 'I had often heard that there is a great deal of communistic spirit in Russia; perhaps this is an instance of it.'"

A few days after this interview the Ministers favourable to England resigned, and things looked so threatening that the Admiral sent off most of his plate and valuables to Malta. The next evening, about 5 P.M., a sharp shock was felt on the port side of the ship, and for a moment every one thought that the Russians had eluded the patrol, and were declaring war by a torpedo attack. It turned out to be an earthquake, which shook down some walls, and did a great deal of damage in the town of Ismid. All the ships seemed to feel the shock in much the same way, and it was supposed to have been communicated by the anchor cables. By a curious coincidence, there was in the harbour a Dutch corvette, *Maria*, which had been accidentally struck by an uncharged torpedo in Malta harbour during torpedo practice in the spring of 1877. The Admiral that time had apologised for the accident, had the torpedo-head polished and mounted, and had sent it as a present to the Dutch captain. This time the Dutch captain sent an apology to the Admiral, saying that he was very sorry to have again got in the way during torpedo practice.

During the reaction which followed this alarm

the fleet regatta came off; on the first day, rowing races. There were no very good races except that between gunrooms, which was very closely contested between *Achilles* and *Téméraire*. The next day sailing races took place.

Letter to Wife.

"*April* 27.

"We finished our regatta yesterday—very successfully for this ship. We took every first prize, except for launches, of which we got the second, and we got second prize in two out of the other three races for which they were given. I sailed my own galley, and was very near beaten. If I had, it would have been by a gunnery-man, the commander of the *Téméraire*, which would have been a terrible blow; but I did him at the last buoy but one."

The race for the Admiral's Cup was not sailed till August 6, and was won by Lieutenant French in the Cruisers' cutter, beating the Admiral's barge by two minutes. The wind was light N.E., so partly on account of that, and their not being very well handled, the launches did not do well. It was also decisively proved that galleys cannot sail against larger boats.

Rumours were rife that Lord Beaconsfield meditated a great *coup* during the Easter recess; and the first move in his game was the despatch of a

contingent of 10,000 Indian troops to Malta in May. The ultimate destination of these troops remained uncertain, and the only thing the Admiral could do was to encourage the Turks in efforts to improve their own position without forcing the hand of the English Government by taking any initiative against the Russians. The Grand Duke had returned to Russia; so far his progress had been successful, and he left to Todleben the task of extricating the army from the awkward position in which it now found itself.

There had been some changes in the squadron; the *Devastation* had replaced the *Sultan*, whose boilers were worn out, and Captain Heneage had replaced Sir W. Hewett in command of the *Achilles*. For the rest, the Admiral's letters speak for themselves.

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*April* 28.

"The great object we should have in view is, to get the Russians far enough away from Constantinople to enable the Turks to form a good line of defence in front of the city. For that reason, if I were in your place, I would accept nothing short of Adrianople. I telegraphed to you in that sense to-day, and the reasons I gave were, I believe, valid. I am much obliged for the large supply of steamboats shipped in the *Sumatra*, which will, I hope, relieve me from the necessity

of buying in Constantinople. Admiral Commerell is much pleased with the new tug. He has had a very anxious time of it at Gallipoli. I believe the Russians in Roumelia are very badly off, and have nothing to rely on but the game of brag. Their troops are very sickly, and they have great difficulty in feeding them. Cavalry and artillery horses very few, and in bad condition. Money very tight. An excuse for a retreat would be welcome. If we could only hit them at once, I believe we should crumple them up like paper."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*April* 30, 1878.

". . . But what I cannot understand is the idea of going to war with Russia in these parts without first securing the alliance of Turkey. The middle and lower class Turks wish nothing better than English rule, and to assist in fighting Russia. The Sultan and most of the Pashas are said to be of the same opinion. There is no reason, because we fight beside them, that we must thereafter support the bad rule of the Pashas. As fighting material you can hardly find better than the Turk, and why we are to make a bulwark to Russia rather than an enemy to her, is one of those incomprehensible propositions that only justify themselves in my brain in a nightmare.

"We have just lost Sir W. Hewett. He is very anxious to rejoin us, as we are to have him

back; and I may remark that his local knowledge would make him specially useful in the Black Sea."

Letter to Wife.

"*May* 2, 1878.

"I am going up to Constantinople to see the Ambassador, by his request, on account of the negotiations which are going on for the simultaneous withdrawal of our ships from this sea and of the Russian army to Adrianople. My belief is that it would be a very good thing, as it would enable the Turks to recover possession of the lines which cover their city, and which should never have been given up. The only thing I cannot understand is, how the Russians can consent to lose the grip they have of it. It would look as if they were weaker in some way than we suppose; but if we can by any means get them away, I shall be easier in my mind than I have been since they were so foolishly allowed by us to get to San Stefano."

Letter to Wife.

"*May* 9, 1878.

"No signs of retiring on the part of the Russians. I shall believe it when I see it accomplished, not before."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*May* 14, 1878.

"I am writing officially to propose to change the anchorage of the squadron shortly. This place

is notoriously unhealthy in summer. The reason is patent. There is a large marsh at the upper end; low, irrigated, and swampy land on either side; high hills all round which shut out light breezes; so that the gulf is in summer like a great stew-pan. I had great difficulty in ascertaining when the unhealthy season began. A letter published by a French doctor a few days ago, in the 'Levant Herald,' I think, gives a reasonable answer. He says that heavy rains fall early in June, and that a hot sun following them causes mephitic exhalations. The only good anchorage at this end of the sea, which is free from fevers in summer, is that near Prince's Island, and, so far as the squadron is concerned, I should strongly recommend it. Among other advantages, it possesses a first-class telegraph station, and while we lay there, we should be between the Russians and the newly laid telegraph cable. The Russians will probably object, and it is for you to say if their objections are to prevail. Hitherto they have done what seemed good in their own eyes, while we might not move a step. I hear privately from Mr Layard that he sees no objection to the move, and thinks the Turks would have none. 'Of course,' he adds, 'the Russians must be dealt with at home.' In view of what I hear of the completeness of our military preparations, and the full consideration which has been given to the alternative plans which our army may have to adopt,

I cannot but wish I knew what the squadron is expected to do. I much fear we may be found deficient on some point, which, if foreseen, might have been guarded against."

Letter to Wife.

"*May* 17, 1878.

"I have just received a telegram from Mr Layard saying the Russians began to move last night from San Stefano in the direction of Derkos and the north shore of the Bosphorus, and asking if I am authorised to take the ships nearer Constantinople. I have told him I will move to Prince's Island immediately if he wishes it. My belief is, that the Russians are about at last to throw off the mask they have so long worn in regard to us, and will try to seize Constantinople. It is by no means safe, thanks to the insane folly and vanity of the British public; but if it can be held, the repulse will be very damaging to the Russians."

Letter to Wife.

"*May* 20, 1878.

"I should like very much to see and meet Todleben. There is no doubt he is a capital soldier, and, I fancy, less dishonest than most Russians. One thing is quite certain, he has done what we least wished. He has moved all his camps and stores away from the coast, where we could have reached them, and has deposited them all inland, and

very near the springs by which Constantinople is supplied with water. The old Duke said he always thought Soult the best general he met, because he always made the dispositions which were most disagreeable to him (the Duke). Todleben has done the same by us."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*May* 21, 1878.

"I warned you on the 7th that the Turks before Constantinople were weak as compared to the Russians. The Intelligence Department in London seem lately to have overrated the Russian strength, but the late movements have demonstrated the accuracy of what I had been told. I hope now that the Turks will insist on putting guns into position to strengthen themselves with, and that we shall support them in doing so. Last month the Grand Duke forbade them, which, as peace was signed, seems to me monstrous. At the present moment the Russians are, I understand, within striking distance of the Turkish lines, and Todleben has removed all his stores out of our reach; so the only help this squadron could now afford to the defence of their vital positions would be the moral encouragement which sending up our few field-pieces manned by seamen would give to the Turkish soldiers. I do not see why the Russians should retire from their present position so long as they continue to be supplied with all

they require. They have imported all sorts of stores very largely, and their horses have improved immensely in condition. I trust you will do your utmost to prevent the Turks giving up either Varna or Batoum, however much Russia may press them. As the Russians profess to have drawn nearer Constantinople for sanitary reasons, there can be the less objection to our moving to Prince's Island on similar grounds."

Letter to Wife.

"*May* 23, 1878.

"There has been an *émeute* at the palace, where the ex-Sultan, Murad, was kept. It was got up apparently by one Ali Suavi Effendi, an intriguing fellow, lately director of a college at Galata. He was killed in the row; very likely he hoped to get up some interest in Murad. The thing that gives it most importance is that a rising was expected in the Russian camp on Monday, and of course they would be glad to see any internal trouble in Turkey."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*May* 28, 1878.

"The *Helicon* is locked up in the Bosphorus by a special request of the Ambassador, that she may be held ready to embark the Sultan at any moment."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*June* 4, 1878.

"I received last night your letter of the 25th ult. I had heard previously from the Ambassador that the withdrawal of this squadron and the Russian army was contemplated; indeed his Russian colleague said it was settled. The squadron can move at two hours' notice. I shall believe in the retreat of the Russian army when it has been effected; but I am glad to think that there are two reasons for it now—perhaps three—which did not exist before:—

"1st. The Turks have made Constantinople fairly safe.

"2d. Todleben is said to be encumbered with sick.

"3d. Perhaps the Austrians may be encouraged by Russian difficulties to threaten the communications of their army.

"Meantime, M. Lobanoff says that Varna, the only remaining Black Sea port in Europe, is to be surrendered to Russia. Truly, if Todleben withdraws an army encumbered with sick, and whose communications are compromised, and receives for doing so a first-class fortress, and the removal of an opposing squadron that is quite free, he deserves immense credit for his bounce."

Letter to Wife.

"*June* 9, 1878.

"The pashas are so supine and so mutually jealous that really no trust can be placed in them:

that they are pulling down their house as fast as they can seems, to lookers-on like myself, quite certain. Whether they will let the Russians get possession of the best corner of it is uncertain, but I fear the chances are in favour of it. I am afraid to say how many Prime Ministers and Grand Viziers the Sultan has had during the last month.

"I had a very interesting conversation with the Austrian Ambassador the day I came up. He said the Congress was summoned 'to consider the treaties of 1856 and 1871; to examine, article by article, that of San Stefano, with a view to bring it into agreement with them, and that Russia was willing to accept the decision of the Congress.' He said that whereas, after 'Lord Salisbury's despatch was published, it was understood that there was to be a Bulgarian principality north of the Balkans, now there was no further talk of a principality. There were to be two Bulgarian provinces, as proposed at the Conference — both autonomous: the northern tributary to the Porte, but under the protection of Europe; the latter tributary to, and dependent on, the Porte. Batoum was not to become Russian, and all she would get in Armenia would be Kars and a small territory round it. As he said, 'If Russia cedes all this, what did she go to war for?' The conclusion to be drawn, I think, is that she does not mean to give them up, but

is only gaining time to reinforce and provision her army, and to prepare her cruisers."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*June* 11, 1878.

"I received last week a message from M. Bartoletti, who is the director of the Sanitary Department at Constantinople, that if I remained here till the hot weather, or till fever appeared, I should find we had a great deal of it after we left. I have therefore determined to move to Prince's Island about the 20th, unless the weather becomes very hot. I do not wish to appear to be moving in a hurry just as the Congress meets, but have said openly I should probably do so in a week or ten days.

"I paid a visit to General Baker on the 4th to 8th, and rode along all the lines in front of Constantinople, so far as they have been formed. I was disappointed with their strength. There are two or three weak points far apart, which would give the assailant great opportunities. The number of men is small to hold so long a line. Artillery very weak. Some pashas work well to secure the ground they have to defend, others do not. The highest officers are frightfully supine. I am told that Osman Pasha, who is Commander-in-Chief of the whole Turkish army, and Mouktar Pasha, who until a few days since was chief of the staff, have never visited the lines! Tefik

Pasha, the man who planned and executed the Plevna defences, is put on a clothing committee. Mehemet Ali, who has hitherto been commander-in-chief of the troops before Constantinople, and by this time knows the ground well, has been suddenly sent to the Congress, so as to make room for Fuad, who is high in the Sultan's favour. They tell me he is a plucky man. In fact, the troops may defend the lines. They are sure to fight bravely, as they have always done, and they will receive great help from the few Englishmen who are among them, and from some of their own officers; but from the pashas, their proper leaders, they will get nothing. It's a thousand pities we don't take the country thoroughly in hand, muzzle the useless but oppressive pashas, and give this brave and honest people the blessing of a good government as we do in India.

"General Baker spoke of Gallipoli in a way that makes me anxious about its safety. What he fears is that, in case of the Russians getting any success near Constantinople, they would frighten the Sultan, who is very timid, into giving up to them the Bulair lines, to avoid or delay an occupation of his capital. No noise would be made. He would send one of his A.D.C.'s and a couple of generals, who on reaching Gallipoli would be ordered to supersede the present commanders, and would hand the lines over to the enemy. The only way I can see to

ensure against such dealing would be, in case of a sudden attack here, to tell Commerell to take the whole force there at once into English pay, and to hold the place."

Diary. "*June* 14, 1878. — Heard yesterday that Mouktar Pasha would visit the squadron to-day. I returned here from Constantinople in *Salamis* by 1 P.M. Found Mouktar and Tefik Pashas looking at *Devastation.* They lunched with me, and seemed quite prepared for large changes in Government to the suppression of arbitrary power. They returned to Constantinople by evening train."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*June* 18, 1878.

"Affairs seem very critical at Constantinople. Authority is very weak, and the Sultan very unpopular. If a revolution broke out while the Russians were still under the walls, it would be a great temptation to them to move into the town, and I expect their agents are fomenting it for that purpose.

"*June* 19, 1878.

"Anchored at Prinkipo at 4 P.M."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"PRINKIPO, *June* 24, 1878.

"I must now draw your attention to the situation in which Lord John Hay has been placed

since he came on this station, and in which he now stands. From each port he has written to me privately, and latterly publicly, to ask if I could give him any information as to his immediate employment or his future movements. I have to reply on each occasion that I know absolutely nothing about him, except that latterly he had been placed under my orders. Now he finds himself at Suda Bay with the country much disturbed, and our consul carrying on special negotiations under orders from the Ambassador, but referring to him occasionally for countenance and support, while he has not one line to guide him, or enable him to form an opinion how far the consul may be leading him right or wrong. That, so far as my experience goes, is a position so unprecedented for an officer of his rank to be placed in, that I am obliged to bring it to your notice, as I cannot think it will work advantageously to the country."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*June* 24.

"I am sorry to be obliged to ask for another store-ship, but, as you will see by my public letter, I am driven to it. You will remember what importance Sir Robert Stopford used to attach to the mail-steamers and men-of-war bringing up officers' stores. But the *Wye* was unable to convey even the provisions demanded, so 300

casks and cases had to be freighted for the officers and canteens by merchant steamer, and now the things brought by *Monarch* from England remain at Malta, while *Helicon* will come up empty. It does not affect me personally, as I deal very little with Malta, but get my things direct from Marseilles by French steamer. It affects the officers and men considerably, though the way they have behaved in the late tedious times makes them deserve every consideration."

Diary. "*June* 24.—Congress said to be getting on well. Some excitement about the agreement between Lord Salisbury and Schouvaloff, said to have been signed in May."

Letter to Wife.

"*June* 25, 1878.

"Baker came to lunch; says Turkish positions are now, he thinks, safe. Much sickness in Russian camp, 30 men per regiment said to die daily. The publication of that paper in the 'Globe' was a trick of Schouvaloff. Batoum and Bessarabia are not gone yet, and even if all in that paper is correct, it seems to me only to amount to saying that we will not fight alone for those points. If others will join, we may fight; or even if they will not, and Russia strengthens herself on the Armenian frontier, we retain a right to strengthen ourselves and the Turks there also; and if we only develop

the resources of Asia Minor, we may in a few years make Russia look very foolish. If Schouvaloff plays old Dizzy a trick, I feel pretty confident he will play a return match with him."

Diary. "*June* 29, 1878. — Hay's squadron ordered to Larnaca. *Raleigh* and *Invincible* to join them."

Diary. "*June* 30, 1878.—Sent *Salamis* yesterday to Therapia to carry some very secret orders from Mr Layard."

Diary. "*July* 2, 1878.—*Salamis* delayed. So far as I can make out, the orders depend on some negotiations with the Turks, and probably the latter will not give in."

Diary. "*July* 8, 1878.—Orders sent to Lord John Hay to take possession of Cyprus."

Letter to Admiral Windham Hornby.

"*July* 10, 1878.

"Ambassador telegraphs that the cession of Cyprus was announced to the House of Parliament on Monday (8th). I am anxiously looking for the details of the agreement made at Berlin. So far as I know of them at present, I do not like them at all. The occupation of Cyprus looks so much like a sharing of spoil with the other robbers; and to leave the Russians for nine months in Roumelia is to hand over the Mohammedans of that province to the murders, rapes,

and robberies, which were held to be so monstrous when perpetrated by Mohammedans on Bulgarians. For my part, I don't see any difference in the turpitude."

Diary. "*July* 12, 1878.—The Turks already preparing to raise money on the revenue which we shall guarantee them from Cyprus."

To Admiral the Lord John Hay.

"*July* 14, 1878.

"The disclosure of the Schouvaloff-Salisbury circular, followed so closely by the occupation of Cyprus, has had the worst possible effect here. The Turks are as strongly opposed to us as they were in our favour before, and the French are extremely sore at our taking a position so near Egypt and Syria, and doing it by a secret agreement, while we pretended to be negotiating quite openly with them."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*July* 16, 1878.

"What I meant with regard to Lord John Hay was, that it was very unusual for an officer of his rank to find himself, in presence of an insurrection, at the beck and call of a consul, while he had not one line to tell him what the views of his Government were. The worst pinch is to be looked for when the wires are cut, a thing which usually happens as soon as affairs become serious. Perhaps neither he nor I might find difficulty in

taking a course, but whether we should carry out the wishes of the Government is another question. Yet it is the main one, and it used to be ensured by the instructions or letters with which senior officers were furnished when sent to disturbed places. For my own part, I have no wish to penetrate Cabinet or other secrets; but when a course of action is settled, I know that the more fully agents are informed of their masters' wishes the better work will be done. I frequently see instances of this. For example, a few days ago you wanted two ships sent secretly from Xeros to Cyprus. If Admiral Commerell had known this, he could have sent them without exciting the least attention. As he knew nothing, he could only repeat your bald telegram, and the ships sailed with sealed orders. Every Greek at Xeros knew it directly, and it was telegraphed all over the Levant. When Captain Jago reported his arrival every one knew that we intended an expedition to Cyprus. Again, on the 30th ult., I was told to place a despatch vessel at the Ambassador's disposal. No sooner did she, at his request, reach Therapia than every spy inquired her business, and discovered that she must be on secret service. On the 4th they found she was going to Cyprus. She did not sail till the 7th. If I had known her errand, she might have lain quietly here till wanted, and when she sailed no one but her captain would have known where she was bound. On the other

hand, take a case where secrecy was equally necessary, but where the authorities were told of the projects — viz., the despatch of the *Salamis* to examine Scarpanto, Stampalia, &c., last summer. Considerable surveys were made by her officers, but except them there is no one in the squadron, nor a foreigner on shore, who knows what her mission was."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*July* 24.

"The only people who seem pleased by the Congress are the Russians, who, with Skobeleff at their head, say we have let them out of a terrible scrape; that they have got far more than they ever expected, and in Sofia all that is necessary for the present. In two or three years they will be ready to take the rest. I will ask the General[1] to send his spies specially to Buyuk-Tchermedge to look for those torpedo-boats. I shall be quite relieved if we find them there, for a lot left the Danube overland, and Bourgas, &c., and we have never been able to account for them. It is difficult to spy in the Russian lines, and Buyuk-Tchermedge is so covered with high reeds that boats might easily be hid there. I have not the slightest doubt the Russians had full plans for attacking us with them, and I kept up my patrols more or less till the Conference met. Commerell had to

[1] Sir Collingwood Dickson.

run his still harder, but then he was awfully exposed. The narrow entrance to Ismid was a great protection to us, and we watched the trains carefully, so as not to be taken from the shore."

Diary. "*July* 18, 1878.—On the 16th Commerell reported that the *Swiftsure's* steam-pinnace had been fired into by Russians, and two officers taken prisoner, on Sunday 14th. Next day Sub-Lieutenant Hall arrived with Commerell's report on the subject. I sent *Helicon* to San Stefano, with a letter for Todleben, in charge of Fitzroy. He was very civilly received, and brought back an answer full of regrets."

Official Report.

"*July* 19, 1878.

"General Todleben sent a despatch vessel with answer to my letter, expressing great regret at the firing at boat. He informed me that he had sent a colonel on the staff to Xeros to inquire into the affair of the *Swiftsure's* boat having been fired upon, and that he has not received any previous information on the subject. He will acquaint me with the steps he has taken to prevent a similar occurrence in future."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*July* 23, 1878.

"I was very glad to hear of the treaty with Turkey; we have immense opportunity to do good

in these afflicted lands, if we only carry it out boldly and vigorously."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*August* 12, 1878.

"Every Turk with whom I have been able to speak confidentially tells me how anxious he is for the future, and they give the same reasons for their anxiety. They say the Sultan is very timid, but autocratic. He enunciates good plans, but lives in fear of insurrection, and under that influence he removes councillors, governors, &c., on the least suspicion, and absorbs the time of his Grand Vizier about the appointment and removal of all sorts of people, and with such minor matters, to the detriment of important business. They speak very openly of the large party which exists who are determined on a radical change. They say it would have been made long since but for the fear that a tumult in Constantinople would be seized by the Russians as an excuse to occupy the city. If, as I hope, we are determined to give good government to this country, the time may soon come when we are called on to act."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*August* 12.

"I am very anxious about the health of our men at Cyprus. They are exposed to a powerful sun in landing stores, working daily from 3 A.M. to 7 P.M. I hear the *Invincible* has returned to Xeros

with many fever cases on board. If the ships were entirely under my orders, I should recall them to Besika, Xeros, &c., where they would be in a cool and healthy atmosphere, and send down an equal number with crews unaffected under Commerell. The Russian Ambassador has informed ours that the Russian army is about to retire immediately, but up to the 10th they continued to land stores at San Stefano."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*August* 26, 1878.

"On Saturday 24th I saw two steamers passing up the Bosphorus with the first of the Russian troops to Odessa, and this morning I hear that fourteen transports have left Cyprus with Indian troops. The removal of the Russian army will be a long business. General Todleben told Sir C. Dickson he had over 80,000 men to send by sea. To suit their system of peculation, they have refused the offer of an English firm, by which their troops would have been carried at 16s. 6d. per head, and have made a contract with a Russian company which will cost them 19s. 2d., and be carried out in small vessels. So we shall not see the last of them for some time."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*September* 2, 1878.

"The Russians move very slowly, some say purposely. They say themselves from difficulty of

obtaining transports; but the peculation they practise will fully account for all difficulties. When the *Sumatra* took up invalids some six weeks ago, the colonel commanding refused to sign the certificate till the captain had given him £100."

At all events, the Russian troops had begun to move, and the strain of the last year was somewhat relaxed. Honours and compliments began to be handed about; Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were made Knights of the Garter, the Ambassador had been made G.C.B. in June, and on August 6 the honour of a K.C.B. was conferred on the Admiral. The feeling in the service, if letters of congratulation are to be believed, seems to have been that the honour was much less than he deserved, as Lord Charles Beresford writes :—

"How wonderfully complete your organisation must have been, as if even a midshipman had lost his temper, he might have run the country into war."

For himself, the Admiral accepted it more as a compliment to the service than to himself, as he says in a letter to his wife :—

"For my own part, it will give me no pleasure to be called 'Sir Geoffrey'; but I certainly am pleased and proud to know that the best men in the service—I mean such as Commerell, Hewett, Salmon, Baird, &c.—are glad to serve under me,

and I pray that, if opportunity offers, their trust may be justified."

Even in his thanks he is anxious to show the appreciation he felt for his fellow-workers :—

"PRINCE'S ISLAND, *Aug.* 19, 1878.

"DEAR MR SMITH,—I beg you to accept my best thanks for the handsome terms in which you have brought my name to her Majesty's notice, as well as for the gratifying manner in which you have publicly spoken of the conduct of the officers and men of this squadron. I venture to hope that you may be willing, and may find occasion, to bring Sir E. Commerell to her Majesty's recollection. His work has been more difficult than mine, as he had less assistance and a more exposed position, and he has excited among all with whom he has been brought in contact—Greeks and Turks as well as his own people—such a spirit of concord and devotion as cannot fail to have a beneficial effect in the new position we seem about to occupy in this country. I ever feel deeply indebted to him for the ability and loyalty with which he has always helped me.—Believe me, yours very truly,

"G. PHIPPS HORNBY.

"The Right Hon. W. H. SMITH, M.P."

A few days before, Sir Edmund, while sailing a match in his barge against the *Rupert's* pinnace, got caught in a squall, which capsized both boats.

The *Rupert's* pinnace sank, and two of her men were drowned; those of the *Agincourt* managed to cling to their boat till they were picked up, but the Rear-Admiral was very much exhausted. Commenting on it, the Admiral says:—

"The country would indeed have suffered a grievous loss if Commerell had been drowned the other day. He has not only shown in his present command the decision and professional ability which always distinguished him, but also a great power of influencing all with whom he is brought in contact. Even Turkish pashas are kept straight by him."

There was a great deal of boat-sailing just then. Besides the regattas before referred to, there was an international one held at Prinkipo, where Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, in the *Alexandra* pinnace, won the cup, beating all the yachts, including an American centre-board yacht. General Todleben was among the guests on board the *Alexandra* that afternoon.

Prinkipo was to Constantinople, so to speak, what Brighton is to London, and the presence of the squadron made it more than ever a fashionable resort. The islands are all hilly, and more or less covered with pine-woods, which keep the air very sweet and fresh, and the views are lovely: at one place, between the wooded capes of the island in the foreground, you can see the islands of Marmora eighty miles away. On the highest part of the

principal island the officers had made a very good lawn-tennis ground, and here nearly every afternoon the Admiral came up to play, and the Easterns, who cannot understand any one taking exercise in warm weather, amused themselves by looking on and wondering at the eccentricity of the English. An enterprising Greek had set up a little shanty or *café* where the balls and rackets were kept and where drinks could be obtained, and later on he laid in a supply of little rockets, because the people who rode up by moonlight to see the view sometimes liked a few fireworks. One night, when the Admiral had ridden up, some of the midshipmen who were of the party arranged a sham fight, using the rockets as missiles. One of these, aimed a little too high, fell on the thatch of the little *café*, and in a few minutes the whole place was burnt to the ground. The Admiral asked the consul to ascertain what damage had been done, and sent the man a cheque for the amount named. To his surprise the man refused to accept it, and on inquiring whether he had not offered enough, the consul explained that if the man had accepted it at once, he would have been compelled by the officials to give them a good deal of it as baksheesh, but if he waited till they had forgotten a little, he would come one day privately to fetch it, and thus secure the full amount.

During August and September the Admiral also paid several visits to Therapia, where almost all

the embassies went for the summer. It was a very cheerful and sociable little colony; almost every evening one or other of the wives of the Ambassadors received, and there was music and conversation; sometimes also a little dancing. Carriages were quite unknown in Therapia; every one walked to and fro except some of the elder ladies, who were carried in sedan-chairs. In the daytime there was lawn-tennis; boating-parties on the Bosphorus in caïques. A picnic in Asia to-day, a picnic in Europe to-morrow. To these latter every one rode except Lady Layard and Lady Hornby, who went in an *arabah* (a country waggon drawn by white bullocks). Occasionally there were paper-chases: one special one took place a few days before the fleet moved, when a hunt breakfast was given at the Coal-Hole (as the house where the secretaries lived was called), at which Captain Chermside, R.E., sang a new version of an old hunting-song:—

"'Tis a fine hunting day, and as balmy as May,
Pretty near enough paper we've got;
Ere we sit down to lunch, vanish 'Times,' 'World,' and 'Punch,'
And the servants soon finish the lot.
All the sailors are on it to-day;
Each one to the other doth say,
'I'll hire a screw, and I hope worry through,
But I must go out hunting to-day.'
Chorus—For we'll all go a-hunting to-day,
The paper will show us the way;
We'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Mr Malet, C.B.,[1] gets wind of the spree,
Cavasses and servants are gay;
Says the telegraph clerk, 'I am off for a lark,
As those "Sec.'s" go out hunting to-day.'
The Great Master says, 'No, they must stay!
What on earth will Sir Henry Layard say?
But it's such a grand spree, that I'll let them go free,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.'
Chorus—For we'll all go a-hunting to-day, &c.

R. J. K.[2] is in boots, breeches brown as cheroots;
Greeks, Turks, Persians their visits may pay,
But he cares not a jot if they get in or not,
Or who sees the great 'Elchi Bey.'[3]
There's Lord George[4] in his gaiters of grey,
He and K. are the hares, folks do say;
He sings out from his cob, 'It's a fine sporting job
To lead you a-hunting to-day.'
Chorus—For we'll all go a-hunting to-day, &c.

Mr Pritchard's[5] at large, on a horse that takes charge
Of him when he goes for a ride;
'Public servant,'[6] gay fellow, is up on a yellow;—
There's a host of young sportsmen beside.
Russian ships and torpedoes, they say,
Are calling the Admiral away,
But he soon says, 'O Lord! I cannot stop on board,
For I will go a-hunting to-day.'
Chorus—For we'll all go a-hunting to-day," &c.

They threw off near some magnificent plane-trees, where the crusaders had encamped seven hundred years before, ran up the Buyukdere valley, and through the forest of Belgrade, on

[1] Sir Edward Malet.
[2] R. J. Kennedy.
[3] The Ambassador.
[4] Lord George Montagu.
[5] Paymaster of *Antelope*.
[6] Mr A. Leveson-Gower.

the other side of which the scent was very blind among the fern, and there were a few rifle-pits, which took some jumping. Soon after this the hares were viewed, but by this time some of the horses had begun to give out; even the Admiral's was so blown that he had to pull up and bring him in quietly. Only three were in at the finish: one, a French *attaché*, was so much pleased with himself for having acquired the English view-halloo that he never ceased hallooing from the moment the hares were first viewed. He was riding a capital, good-looking pony, and went afterwards to Mr Kennedy to ask for a certificate to say he had got in third.

Almost every day transports with Russian troops passed up the Bosphorus on their way home. They were very closely packed, and there seemed scarcely standing-room on deck among the baggage, but they appeared in excellent spirits. By way of a little chaff, as one regiment of the Guard went by, they eased down a few minutes before the English embassy, and their band played "Jingo." They evacuated the San Stefano lines about the 23d September, and the Turkish military police occupied them; so, in accordance with the agreement, the fleet moved on the 28th to Artaki.

A long hilly promontory runs out for about six miles and encloses a very well-sheltered bay. All the hillsides, where not cultivated, are well wooded, and the soil seems very fertile. The grape and

olive harvests were ripe, but for the first few days after the arrival of the squadron they could not be gathered, because the tax-gatherer had not been round to assess the taxes on the crops, so the poor people had to sit by and watch their fruit being damaged by the wet without being able to help themselves. There were partridges to be got by those who cared to walk for them, fourteen or fifteen brace being a good bag for four guns, with an occasional landrail or snipe; and, later in the year, Hobart Pasha came down and showed the Admiral where good pheasant-shooting was to be had. At Karaboya they got the only wild boar seen during the winter 1878-79. He was shot, not by one of the English, but by one of the Turks, who always came out and constituted themselves amateur beaters. The hounds were not brought to Artaki, but there was a paper-chase about once a-week.

December 2d, Besika Bay Hunt Steeplechases took place. The stewards were Captain Fitzroy, judge; Lieutenant Rawson; Hon. H. Lambton; Lieutenant Hammet; Doctor Ellis; Captain Lake, starter. The course was one mile and three furlongs over a fair hunting country. There were fifteen entries for the *Alexandra* Stakes, and with only two or three exceptions the horses were ridden by their owners. Mr Vaughan-Hughes won on his Moses, and Mr Grimston's Katerfelto was second.

In October the Lords of the Admiralty came out in the *Himalaya* to inspect Cyprus, and asked the Admiral, if he could leave without risk, to join them there. On his way thither in the *Helicon* he looked in at Gallipoli and Tchernak to warn the pashas to be very careful in watching the Russians, and landed at Besika to have a look at the beagles. Next day he stopped at Mitylene to shoot, got eleven brace of partridges; then on to Syra, where he interviewed Mr Binney, the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company's agent there. From there he went on to Rhodes and had a look at the fortifications: "All those old knights did was very good and substantial, but it has not altogether survived three centuries of Turkish neglect."

On October 28 he reached Larnaca. In the intervals between service and political talks with "My Lords," Lord John Hay, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, he took several rides about the island with Sir Garnet. After a few days at Larnaca they went on to inspect Famagusta and Kyrenia; and on November 4, after an interesting conference with Mr Smith, Colonel Stanley, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, he sailed for Artaki. On his way back he touched at Samos and Scio. At Samos the harvest was good, and the people therefore disposed to be contented; at Scio he found the island in the dilapidated condition usual in Turkish possessions. He stayed a night at Besika to put matters right about a caïque which Captain Beamish had

captured by mistake for a pirate, and next morning called on Hussein Pasha to get his promise to deal leniently with some runaway soldiers he had captured. November 10 he got back to Artaki, and turned over to the *Alexandra;* and two days later he recorded his impressions of Cyprus in a letter to Lord Derby:—

"ARTAKI, *Nov.* 12, 1878.

"I have just returned from a short visit to Cyprus, and I think you may like to hear what we have learnt, as it is of value to us. First, as a possible coaling-station for ships watching the Canal, the survey in progress at Famagusta shows that the roadstead there is considerably deeper than we supposed. By carrying a breakwater out along the shoals in a depth never more than 27 feet, averaging probably only 16 or 17 feet, we should shelter a good harbour, about one and a half sea miles in length and half a mile wide. Some 1700 by 700 yards of this would have a depth of not less than 6 fathoms, so any six ironclads could moor there safely for the winter. The remaining space would accommodate a great many small ships with a depth of water from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, which is capable of being dredged out to 6 or 10 fathoms without injuring the holding-ground. Inside this again is the old harbour, now silted up. It is a perfectly sheltered basin of 80 acres, which may be easily dredged out to 24 feet, and would make an excellent mercantile harbour. I

do not mean that any one proposes at present to ask for the expense of a breakwater, but the shoals now protect a space where a couple of ironclads could lie in comfort, and a pier 300 feet long might easily be built on a ledge of rock with a depth of not more than 9 feet, which at its outer end would allow ships of 19 feet to lie alongside. The position is close to the old walls, which are useless for defence, but would give the material for a pier.

"Now, as to the climate and productive power. One is struck with a curious change which our occupation is likely to make at once in the former. A few years ago the plain behind Larnaca, and a great deal of the Messaria, were under vines and mulberry-trees, but the cultivators found it more profitable to root them up and plant corn, which is reaped in June. Directly a land-tax is substituted for an arbitrary tithe, vines, mulberries, and cotton will again be planted, and the soil sheltered from the sun's rays during the hot months of July, August, and September. For some time, of course, labour will be scarce, as late inquiries lead to a belief that the population does not exceed 140,000. But water is easily to be had from wells, and by digging these in the ravines among the hills, rills can be obtained which will irrigate the plains below by gravitation, and cheaply. Population will increase rapidly.

"Now, as to sickness among our troops. When they were landed they encamped on a bare hill

about two miles from, and 100 feet above, the sea. The men had nothing whatever to do, or wherewith to amuse themselves. They had indifferent food, and were kept all day under bell-tents in which the thermometer stood at 110° to 120°, with clouds of dust blowing in. I agree with the colonel of the 71st, who says that if his men had been treated in the same way, either at Malta or Gibraltar, they would have had just as much fever. That regiment is now encamped on the northern slope of the southern range of hills, and the men have been set to work morning and evening to prepare ground for and to erect their huts. The result is that their sick are reduced to 5 per cent. The 42d are more favourably placed on the slope of the northern hills and close to the sea, but are unemployed and kept in tents. Their sick reach to over 10 per cent. When we first took possession of the island, Buffo was garrisoned by seamen from the *Raleigh*. They were provided with distilled water from the ship, and had plenty of work in landing stores, cleaning up the place, &c. They had no sickness. They were replaced by two companies of the 42d, who have been carefully nursed after the system adopted in the regiment: they have had no end of sickness. It seems to me as much a question of colonels as anything else.

"The latest accounts show that we shall have to pay the Porte about £90,000 a-year. The tithe and taxes in the Larnaca districts alone reach that

sum. The superintendent of customs told me that up to the present we have received 50 per cent more than the Turks received in any corresponding period of late years. At Larnaca the streets have been well repaired, and a small sea-wall nearly built, by fines and small contributions. These have been most willingly paid, for the people say they see the money has been spent for their benefit. The town is now as cleanly kept as Valetta, and everywhere houses, walls, and fences are being repaired and tidied, showing not only that there must be a good deal of money hid away, but that already the people feel they are perfectly secure in spending it. In fact, going there rather prejudiced by what I had read against the island, I have returned feeling sure that we have at command the power of making all we want in the way of a naval station—an island that might easily give us, if such were our policy, a large tribute; and we shall give the blessing of a good government to a long-oppressed people, with so small a change apparent in system that they and their countrymen will be astonished. I have heard but two 'growls' with reference to our action. One was from some Cypriot soldiers at Rhodes, who say they are now English subjects, and should be freed from Turkish service. The other from Syria, where the people say it was very hard that we stopped at Cyprus, and did not go on to take possession of their country."

Very soon after the Admiral's return from Cyprus, Christmas festivities began to be considered, and all agreed that Christmas was to be kept in the most orthodox fashion, because the anxiety of the former year had prevented any due celebration of the season. The preparations were almost complete when, as ill luck would have it, the Admiralty decided just a few days before Christmas to order the *Invincible* and *Pallas* to change stations, thus spoiling the Christmas dinners of both ships.

"Our men," says the Admiral, "have so few diversions that I do not like to see them lose one to which they look forward so long and hopefully as their Christmas dinner. I fear the arrangements for the Christmas dinners of the *Invincible* and *Pallas* will be spoilt by their exchange of stations; the *Invincible's* men would have gone to-night to Constantinople in the *Helicon* with those of the other ships. Beamish has doubtless made his arrangements, as we did last year, to get his things from Constantinople. As our telegraphs have again broken down, he probably will not know anything about this move before the 19th, when it will puzzle him to get them to this out-of-the-way place by the 24th."

From each of the other ships eight men had been sent to Constantinople to get the necessary supplies; and extra allowances of beer, tobacco, and lights were given to the men with the per-

mission of the captains. The latter dined with the Admiral, and a very merry dinner they had —"thus," as he writes, "bringing to an end pleasantly a year that has been very prosperous to me through the good conduct of my three dear boys, and which I shall look back on therefore with thankfulness to God."

For some time previously the Admiral had been advocating a move to Ismid; he had written to Mr W. H. Smith:—

"*December* 8, 1878.

"I cannot see why the country is to be put to unnecessary expense, and my men to the monotonous existence they endure here, to gratify Russian whims and fancies. Their army moves where it pleases on Turkish soil. So far as I can learn, they occupy positions on it chiefly with a view to put the most plunder in their officers' pockets. I beg to submit the claims of my men in preference. It is not here an officers' question. The officers can get some diversion, shooting or on horseback; the men get none except what indifferent grog-shops can afford. We cannot even get a recreation-ground within four miles of the ship for them."

At last permission was granted for the squadron to proceed to Ismid. The ships sailed, January 1, from Artaki, and next day occurred a disastrous explosion on board the *Thunderer*, Captain Chat-

field, which had relieved the *Devastation* some two months previously. The official and private reports of the accident say:—

Official Report.

"At daylight the ships of the squadron separated, by signal, to carry out the usual monthly firing at targets. On board the *Thunderer* the practice began with an electric broadside, for which all the guns were loaded with battering charges and chilled shell. This having been fired, the guns were loaded with full charges and empty shell. The starboard gun in the fore-turret fired first; when the smoke cleared, the order was given to fire the port gun. A violent shock was felt throughout the ship, accompanied by a loud explosion and much smoke, while masses of metal of various sizes were thrown into the flying deck, and one fragment even so high as the top. It was found immediately that the gun just fired had burst, all the muzzle before the trunnion being blown away; that several men were killed, more wounded, and that the ship was on fire in the fore-shellroom and battery-deck. There was a slight delay in extinguishing the fire, consequent on so many hands in that part of the ship being suddenly stricken down; but directly the reason of the delay was recognised, the firemen from the after-part of the ship ran forward with the greatest alacrity and coolness, and it was got under

without further loss of time. Captain Chatfield immediately signalled for medical assistance, and the nearest ships, the *Monarch* and *Achilles*, were quickly on the spot. I followed them so soon as I had ascertained the nature of the accident, for the *Thunderer* was not within signal-distance of the *Alexandra*, and by noon the wounded were divided among the ships present, and the squadron proceeded to Ismid. The two officers killed were young men of considerable promise, and their death is a great loss to the service. Lieutenant Coker commanded in the turret, and, with seven out of the nine men in it, was killed outright. Lieutenant Daniel, R.M.A., supervised the hydraulic loading-gear. He was looking into the turret at the time the explosion took place, and, with one of his men, was killed instantly. The shock throughout the ship was so severe as to put out all the lights; and when the order was given to stop the engines, the engineers had some trouble to find the levers. . . . The sufferers are reported as quiet, and doing as well as can be expected. Indeed I may say that the medical officers are sanguine as to saving the patients."

To Mr W. H. Smith.

"*January* 4, 1879.

"The *Thunderer's* accident is a great calamity, not only from the loss of life and amount of suffering it has caused, but from the distrust it must

create in our heaviest guns. Fortunately those two excellent officers, Captains Tryon and Heneage, recognised instantly the gravity of the occasion, and no sooner had they sent their doctors to assist the wounded than they returned to their targets, and blazed away with the heaviest charges, to show that their guns were not going to burst. I think there will be no nervousness in their ships."

To Admiral Wellesley, C.B.

"*January* 8, 1879.

"I am sending a report from Captain Chatfield, commending some of his officers and men for conduct in the late accident. I think if some mark of approval could be given to two of them it would have a good effect—viz., James Bunce, bugler, who, though blown down and hurt by the explosion, picked himself and his bugle up quickly, and sounded the 'Still' smartly when told to do so after the fire-bell rang; William Bridges, quarter-master, went down straight into the shellroom, which was on fire, and from which thick smoke was issuing, showing a very good example."

Official Report.

"I received the following from her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople — namely, 'Sultan begs me to express to you and the fleet his deep regret at the lamentable accident on board *Thun-*

derer, and places his kiosk at your disposal. He will send down an aide-de-camp to make all necessary arrangements. His Majesty adds, that if you like to send up some of the wounded to the hospital in the imperial palace, they will be properly taken care of by his own surgeons, and that he will himself visit them, this being the least he can do for his friends and allies.' To which I immediately sent the following reply: 'I have received your telegram, and desire to tender to his Majesty the Sultan, through you, the expression of my sincere gratitude, and that of the officers and men of the squadron, for his Majesty's kind message of sympathy, and goodness in placing his kiosk at the disposal of the wounded. This afternoon, January 4, I received instructions from England to send the *Thunderer* at once to Malta, so that the landing of the wounded here will be inexpedient. His Majesty's offer to receive some of the wounded into the hospital at his palace, and to visit them himself, is gratefully appreciated, but the medical officers represent to me that the moving of the patients from the ship at present is undesirable. I am happy to say that only two cases give cause for immediate anxiety, and the remaining thirty-four are doing very well.'

"On the 3d the funeral of the two officers and eight men killed by the explosion took place in the Armenian cemetery at Ismid. The funeral

was attended by the captains and nearly all the officers, and a large number of seamen and marines of the ships present."

Telegram.

"The evidence and report of inquiry into cause of the gun bursting is lengthy: the opinion of the inspecting officers is that, after being rammed home, the shot followed the rammer down the bore towards the muzzle, the cartridge remaining in its right position, thereby subjecting the gun to excessive explosive strain when fired. The shot had slipt forward on former occasions, owing to the wad having been withdrawn by the rammer."

Official Report.

"Some of the wounded men made statements that, when the rammer was withdrawn the last time the gun was loaded, some of the wad was withdrawn with it."

Letter to Wife.

"*February* 21, 1879.

"At Constantinople they have subscribed about £740 for the *Thunderer's* fund, and all the nations and languages seem to have joined in it truly—Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. The list begins with H.M. the Sultan, contains a lot of Pashas, Demetriades, Zafiropoulos, &c., &c., and ends with Solomon Ben Jeuda."

A further inquiry was held at Malta when the men were sufficiently recovered to be thoroughly examined, and the conclusion come to was that the gun burst from having a double charge. It is possible for a gun to miss fire, when an electric broadside is fired, without any one noticing it at the moment. On the other hand, it seems incredible that no one observed that the rammer did not go quite home; and as almost all those who could have given decisive testimony were killed, it remains one of those questions which will never be satisfactorily solved.

The first two months in the year had been spent at Ismid, and as the hounds had been brought up from Besika, the second season of the Besika Bay beagles commenced, under the mastership of Captain Culme Seymour. There were plenty of hares, but the country was very much wooded, which made it very difficult to kill them. Nevertheless the hounds went out twice a-week and had some very good runs. One day they drove puss into the sea; she swam 300 yards before she landed, beating the hounds who swam after her, and finally got away by putting up two others. Another day one of the Sultan's keepers, who had been told to give the officers every assistance in his power, with the best intentions in the world, shot the hare immediately under the nose of the hounds. He was very much surprised, first, at the volley of

invective showered upon him, then to see the hare, which such a number of men and dogs had turned out to kill, given to the latter to eat, and went off shaking his head and muttering to himself, probably about the extraordinary customs of these "dogs of Christians."

By the beginning of March the Admiral was getting very anxious to be able to make a move with the ships: he believed that when the Russian troops retired there would probably be troubles among the smaller States, and was anxious to get the ships refitted, so that they might be ready if called in to help. Moreover, the men were much on his mind: some of them, the liberty and special-leave men, had been granted leave at Ismid and at Prinkipo, but general leave had not been given for fifteen months.

Letter to Mrs Stopford.

". . . That is, many of them have not been out of the ship for that time, nor, with the number of villains who infest these towns, and the inefficiency of the police, is it possible to give leave to any who cannot be trusted in the matter of drink."

At last, early in March, the news came that the Russians were about to withdraw their troops from Adrianople, embarking them at Varna, and shortly afterwards the Admiral received orders

to hold himself in readiness to leave at forty-eight hours' notice. Preparations for leaving were made accordingly, and the Besika Bay Beagles were presented to the "Sport Club" at Constantinople. Their short but distinguished career ended with the two seasons at Besika and Ismid, as Levantine ideas of sport were peculiar. One member of the club proposed that any member might, by giving two or three days' notice, order them to any particular place, and "use them for stirring up a large wood, and driving out hares, boar, deer, &c."

Orders to sail for Besika were received on the 11th, and next day the ships were ready to weigh, when a telegram from Mr Malet (Sir H. Layard was away) delayed them. The reason for the delay was that the Sultan wished to give to the Admiral and his captains "a banquet in acknowledgment of the service which the presence of the fleet had been to him, and to show the Queen his appreciation of it."

It was a very high mark of imperial favour, but, as the Admiral says in his journal, "We had a most quiet dinner at the Yildiz Kiosk. The room was in the shape of a wide cross—the side-bays being separated from the aisle, in which the table was laid, by very pretty and light marble pillars, formed of four brownish columns each, the rest of the room being white and gold. In each corner of the dining-space was a very handsome glass can-

delabrum, about 10 feet or 12 feet high, and a large glass chandelier hung over the centre of the table. The silver plate on the table was fairly handsome; the candelabra represented trees, with deer, sheep, &c., at their roots. There were large and high masses of artificial flowers on stands between, and the whole effect was good. The party consisted of myself, secretary, and flag-lieutenant, four captains, two commanders, and Wingfield (commanding *Antelope*). Malet was accompanied by two secretaries and the head dragoman, Sandison. There was the Grand Vizier; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Seraskier (Ghazi Osman Pasha); Grand Master of Artillery, Namyk Pasha; Capitan Pasha, and three Turkish admirals; Sami Pasha, who occupies some high position at the Seraskierate; Kurd Pasha, whom I did not recognise at first; Colonel Dreyse, and some minor officers. We sat down, about thirty, to dinner. The Sultan sat at the head of the table, Malet on his right, I on his left, Khaireddin next to Malet, Ghazi Osman next to me. Almost a dead silence was preserved during the greater part of the dinner. Among the Turks no one would speak except the Sultan spoke to him. The Sultan had his dragoman standing by him; he gave him messages in a low tone, now for Malet, then for me. The dragoman, drawing close to us in turn, translated it into French, and spoke it to us in a very low voice. The Sultan's conversation was very small; except

that he asked if any, and which, of the officers had served during the Crimean war, he hardly said anything worth remembering. I spoke occasionally to Osman, and he answered, but made no attempt to continue a conversation. After a time there was a little talk down the table, but the general effect was very quiet. During dinner the Sultan filled a champagne-glass with water, rose, and told Murier something in a low voice. Murier, in an equally low voice, so that only Malet and I could hear, said that the Sultan wished to drink the Queen's health, and the continuance of the alliance which had so long existed between the empires. No one at the table could know what they were called on to drink. Presently Malet rose and proposed in English the Sultan's health, thanking him for the honour he conferred on us in offering us this banquet. The dinner consisted a good deal of Turkish dishes—mutton and rice, kabobs, &c., but no pilaff. The wine was pretty good, but no Turk touched it, much to old Hassan's disgust, who said it wouldn't do for him to drink there.

"After dinner the Sultan took Malet, Khaireddin, and myself into his small drawing-room: the Grand Vizier acted as interpreter. He told Malet again to convey to the Queen his sense of the great service the fleet had rendered to him by coming near Constantinople. He digressed a little to talk of the reforms and the new gendarmerie

that was to be established. Malet gave Osman a slap in the face, and Khaireddin a help, by pointing out that to appoint only a few fine-looking men of the Redif, as had been done, was not to provide the necessary material. He was told the present measure was only *provisoire*. Then the Sultan told us that as soon as the reforms were started, so that he could show what he had done, he meant to come to England to visit the Queen. The Queen of Sheba went to visit Solomon. Times are changed!"

Letter to Wife.

"The Sultan wanted to decorate us all. Of course Malet told him that could not be; he begged him to telegraph home for permission, but Lord Salisbury very properly replied that he could not depart from our custom and regulations."

The Admiral had moved the fleet to Gallipoli before the banquet, and had, with his captains, gone up to Constantinople for a couple of nights in the *Salamis* and *Antelope*, though the Sultan had offered to send a royal yacht to fetch them. The day after his return to Gallipoli, March 19, they again passed the Dardanelles—this time in lovely weather, and making a very imposing spectacle, all the ships under steam and sail. They anchored at Besika the same evening, but remained there only two days, as "I received a telegram

from Admiralty ordering me to Salonica, and 'to make the usual arrangements for detaching ships to visit the different parts of the station.' This did not convey a very clear notion of their wishes —if they had any—to my mind. I therefore did what was best in the interests of the squadron, and sent *Monarch*, *Invincible*, and *Pallas* to Malta to refit."

These ships were to spend a few days at Athens on their way, so as not to be placed in quarantine when they arrived. There was supposed to be some plague near Damascus, therefore the Maltese authorities had seen fit to impose quarantine on all vessels coming from the East, though travellers who took the quicker overland route from Salonica might land without question. The panic among the custom-house officials was rather comical. Before the Admiral knew of their regulations he had sent down a barrel of oysters to Lady Hornby: they did not like to take the responsibility of destroying this, or to detain it nine days in quarantine; they therefore fumigated it with sulphur, as they did letters, and sent it up to Admiralty House. The effect, when the oysters were brought into the house, can be better imagined than described. It never seemed to occur to the Maltese that this policy of imposing quarantine only cut their own throats, as it was arranged that the ships should stop at other places on the way down, so as to pass the necessary time, and thus money

was spent at Athens and elsewhere which would have gone into the pockets of the Maltese.

At last, in the beginning of April, the Admiralty gave the *Alexandra* permission to go to Malta, provided three ironclads were left in the Ægean Sea; and the flagship anchored in Valetta harbour on Good Friday, April 11.

As the summer was a hot one, no one was sorry that the summer cruise was to commence early in June, and the dockyard was being pushed to the utmost to get the ships ready. As things were not yet quiet in the East, the cruise was to be to the eastward again, but as Etna was in eruption, the Admiral thought that too interesting a sight to be missed.

Journal. "*June* 6, 1879.—Anchored at Riposto, about seven miles north of Aci Reale, at 8.15 A.M. Landed with Mary, Fitzroy, and Winsloe, and drove through Pie-Monte and Lingua Glossa towards Moya to see the lava-flow. The road was pretty, and the foliage of trees and vines luxuriant, but disfigured by a covering of powdered pumice. The cloud from the mountain shaded us from the sun during most of our journey, and for about an hour, near Lingua Glossa, it showered pumice upon us. The road was good, and including the zigzags, must have been seventeen miles, and occupied us five and a half hours in going and four in returning. The lava had spread in a huge heap, like a rough railway embankment, about one and a half miles

into the valley, with a minimum width of a mile at least, and was piled up full 50 feet above the road, where it had crossed it. The line in which it had descended the mountain was narrow and sharply defined, and had of course followed that of a ravine. The mass of it was enormous to be ejected in so short a time. We were told that we should have to walk three miles to the end of the mass, and as Mary was with us, I could not undertake it, but some of the officers went, and found the distance less than two miles, and the sight most curious. The lava moved on at the rate of about three yards in five minutes, and every now and then rolled over a mass of the cooled scoriæ from above, disclosing the molten earth below. It was like a great wave of stones and earth breaking on a beach. The mass was smoking in various places, and very hot. It had overflowed two houses, and was making straight for a village, from which it was about one and a quarter mile distant. Vineyards were disappearing under it, but we saw no sign of weeping proprietors. Several tourists came towards evening to see the lava by night, and a large body of troops had been collected in the neighbourhood to protect deserted houses; but the flow of lava was so steady that any one might calculate exactly the time at which his house would be invaded. The mountain was smoking, heaving, and emitting sounds like cannon-

shot every now and then. The lava was said to be flowing from five craters."

A passage of sixty hours, including steam trials, &c., brought the squadron to Athens, where the French, Russian, and Greek squadrons were lying. The King and Queen came in in their yacht next morning, and all the ships saluted and dressed ship. The foreign ships dress from yard to yard, which does not look so well as the English fashion from mast to mast. At Athens the Admiral dined once with the King, and had two dinner-parties on board. Owing to the heat, the table was placed on the quarter-deck in the open air, and the contrast of the shaded candle-light on the table with the starlight outside gave a pretty effect. The first of these parties was to the foreign admirals and captains. The Russians were most anxious to acquire all the information they could. The Frenchmen enjoyed their dinner: there was perfect enjoyment in the tone in which one French captain said, "Petits pois à l'Estragon. Ah-h-h!" The other dinner was to the King and Queen, June 19. Of this occasion the Admiral writes in his Journal:—

"After dinner he [the King] began to talk about the cession Greece was to receive from Turkey, and that they could accept nothing less than the line mentioned in the Berlin Treaty. I said I did not see how, if he got Janina, the Greeks could

govern it. He said that was not so; he had letters from all the most influential men, Albanians as well as Greeks, saying they would willingly change to Greek rule, but that they were afraid to say so publicly so long as they were under the Turkish Government."

The Admiral had been promoted on the 15th, and received on the 17th permission to hoist his flag at the main; but as he disliked any appearance of ostentation, he waited to hoist it till after he left, so as to avoid having his flag saluted by the foreign ships.

One of the objects of this summer cruise of 1879 was to inspect some of the possible coaling-stations in the archipelago: for this purpose both Milo and Stampalia were visited.

Journal. "*Milo, June* 25, 1879.—We have been here four days. The bay is large and well protected, but the depth of water makes far the largest part unavailable for the ships. The hills on each side of the entrance would afford admirable positions for forts; but with such deep water and an entrance so free from all difficulties, I question if ships could be stopped by any artillery-fire from entering the port at night. The defence must trust to torpedoes. Again, the N.E. end of the island is so well sheltered by Kimolo that a landing could easily be effected there, unless costly and large works were thrown up to prevent the anchorage being occupied.

From thence the country is open and easy, and it is backed on that side by a range of hills which would afford good sites for batteries to fire on ships moored in the bay. I do not think it so good a port as Sir Howard Elphinstone represented it to be."

"*Stampalia, June* 28.—I went to Port Vathy to-day with Captain Seymour over roads which were of the roughest, if indeed they can be called even footpaths. I was charmed with the perfect shelter for a coal depot which the harbour appears to offer. If it can be deepened, as the survey of '77 affirms, it would be most valuable to any naval Power; and, so far as one could judge in a hasty visit, the entrance would be easily defended, and it must be the fault of the holders if they make the country in the rear (which at present is quite impracticable) possible for an enemy to advance through. North, south, and west the ground rises steep from the harbour, with only a narrow margin of level shore, hardly 50 yards wide. At the east end the slope is more gentle, and there may be a couple of hundred acres of arable land. If we took it, I think the first thing would be to buy up all the land in the island north of it; enclose and plant all the hillsides. At present the reflection of the lime from the hillsides makes the place hot: trees would be a great relief, but they cannot be grown unless the goats are kept off the hills, and the export of

cheeses, though very small, is one of the most important of the island. In my opinion, dwelling-houses should be built on the south and west shores — that is, facing north and east — and when they are begun, it would be essential to run a good sewer the whole length of the inhabited part, discharging well outside the harbour. There can be little circulation in the harbour, and if the discharge of refuse is not forbidden in the harbour, it would soon become an open cesspool.

"The Mudir told our interpreter that the gross produce of the taxes amounted to about £400 a-year, out of which his salary and that of one or two officers, zaptiehs, &c., came to £280; so that, spending nothing for the benefit of the island, there was about £120 to remit to Constantinople. The old town above the Scala was very curious: a perfect rabbit-warren, with streets, or rather passages, which seemed to be barely 6 feet wide, but withal less dirty than the general run of Greek towns. There seemed to be very few Turks among the population, though the Mudir said there were only 1500 Greeks among 5000 inhabitants."

Rhodes, Boudrun, and the anchorage between Paros and Anti-Paros were visited, but do not seem to have struck Sir Geoffrey as particularly suitable for harbours. At Boudrun he was very much interested in looking about for the site of the original mausoleum; but though a good many in-

teresting Greek and medieval remains are scattered about the neighbourhood, he was not able to fix on the right spot, and so little local interest was taken in the matter that no one could guide him to it. At Anti-Paros a descent was made into the marvellous cave, a great pocket, descending 300 feet into the side of the hill, and filled with the most beautiful stalagmites and stalactites, some smooth and transparent, others frosted over like ice on the window-panes. Commander Lake of the *Alexandra* had charge of the arrangements for the descent, and managed all so perfectly that, though it was pitch-dark, and in one or two places rope-ladders had to be used to descend the precipices, the whole party, including the Admiral's daughters, got to the bottom without accident. Then in a moment the cave was illuminated with blue-lights, so as to show the whole beauty of the place.

The longest stay of the summer was made at Vourla, where the ships lay for nearly three weeks. A cool breeze from the north comes in every day about noon, which makes the heat less oppressive than at most places in those parts. From Vourla an expedition was made to Smyrna, and thence by special train to Ephesus and Aidin.

Diary. "The ruins at Ephesus give the idea of a large city, not like those in Greece. The rail to Aidin well engineered; country very fertile, and looks as if there was little oppression or fear of unjust exaction."

The next few weeks were spent between Sigri—where the Admiral's 1879 cup was won by Mr Ewart, a midshipman of the *Alexandra*—Tero, Moudros, Deuthero, Lemnos, and Mount Athos, where the Admiral embarked some of the monks and took them for a sail.

All through the summer the routine was very much the same: a day or two at sea, steam manœuvring, target-practice, &c. Each morning after they anchored, the captains would come on board to discuss matters, and to give as well as to receive criticisms. Sometimes the captains criticised each other, and one or other would leave the cabin with the words, "I shall write a service letter on the subject, sir!" Then perhaps in the afternoon the one who considered himself aggrieved would beat the other's galley racing on shore, or an opportunity for chaff arose too good to be resisted, and peace was re-established without any service letters being written.

In harbour the drills and hard work were generally got over before the heat of the day, so that the rest of the day there was only the usual routine and writing for mails. They generally managed to find some place suitable for a lawn-tennis ground, and when the partridges were strong enough on the wing, if the weather was sufficiently cool, they went after them. Sometimes they rode to explore the country. The Admiral's pony, Osman, had for the last two years always accompanied his master,

and got quite accustomed to being hoisted in and out of the ship, and jumping on shore or into the launch when re-embarked. He had to spend the days in his box, but at night a collision-mat was spread for him on the deck, he was brought out, and, after a good roll, stretched himself out comfortably for the night, never disturbing himself in the least when the men jumped over him, for blue-jackets have a wonderful power of inspiring confidence in all animals. At that time they had on board a hare, a pigeon, and a bear living in perfect harmony.

Sometimes at night experiments were tried as to the possibility of protecting ships in harbour from torpedo-attack, by electric search-lights, by look-out boats at short distances from each other, by a floating hawser, and by a boom across the mouth of the harbour.

Official Report.

"*October* 16, 1879.

"The total result appears to be that ironclads in harbour are open to the attack of locomotive torpedoes from torpedo-boats with very little risk to the assailants, unless the mouth of the harbour can be closed by a boom which the boats cannot break. If the ships can be seen from the boom, it will be necessary further to hang torpedo-nets under it. The boom itself must be protected by guns."

Thus the summer wore on till the beginning of September, when the Admiral, having got very much knocked up by the heat, took a week's run to Therapia. There he found Mr Laurence Oliphant negotiating for the return of the Jews to Palestine, the Ambassadors of England, Austria, and Italy very much at issue with the French Ambassador about the settlement of the frontier of Greece, and every one excited about a change of Grand Viziers which was pending.

The Admiral rejoined the fleet at Sigri, and as the ships were not allowed to go to Besika, during the rest of the month he cruised slowly down by way of Patmos, Kos, Marmorice, and Rhodes to Cyprus. The day before reaching Cyprus (*Official Report*) "the *Achilles* ran alongside of, and came into collision with, the flagship of this squadron at about 4.20 P.M. The squadron was at the time exercising steam tactics, each ship being manœuvred by the officer of the watch. I attribute the damage done to each ship being so small to the ships being well handled by the captains when the collision was inevitable, so that they fell alongside each other, and only touched once. The defects have been made good."

The damage caused by this laying the ships alongside each other, and which the Admiral often subsequently referred to as one of the prettiest manœuvres he had ever seen executed, consisted only of smashing the Admiral's galley and a few

minor articles, and cracking a plate in the bottom of the *Achilles*.

On October 1 the squadron anchored at Larnaca, and on the 5th the Admiral started in the *Helicon* for a trip to the coast of Syria. At that time the Admiral was anxious to see as much of Asia Minor and Syria as possible, because his mind was full of Lord Beaconsfield's scheme for establishing military consuls in those parts, to open up the country and to raise a militia which could be depended on in case of Russian aggression. There was also much talk of a Euphrates valley railway, with a terminus in the bay of Alexandretta. Perhaps, if Mr Gladstone had not seen fit to reverse all Lord Beaconsfield's policy in the East directly he came into office, there might have been no Armenian troubles to-day, but a peaceable and prosperous country.

Letter to Wife.

"My trip to the coast of Syria has been a very pleasant one. The party I took were Tryon, Lake, Gallwey (torpedo lieutenant of *Alexandra*), Jenkins (commander of *Téméraire*), and Winsloe. We left soon after midnight, October 5, in *Helicon* for Tripoli; we anchored there a little after noon, found it very hot, and so did not land until 4 P.M., when we rode a short two miles to the town. We unfortunately found, at so late an hour, the bazaars shut; but there was a queer and interesting mixture

of Eastern people, Syrians, Arabs, Jews, and non-descripts. The Arabs were real desert-men, who had come in with their caravans, and with very marked features as well as dress. Next day we went on to Ruad Island and Latakiah, small and uninteresting places. The following day—Tuesday—we steamed past Alexandretta. It stands on the end of a marsh, and offers no attractions except for a fine mountain behind it, which looks as well, or better, from the sea than anywhere else. We then steamed round the head of the bay to see the field of the battle of Issus, and to look for a new site whereon Tryon wishes to found a town and have a railway-station, and then we went on to Ayas Bay. It is a great shooting-place in winter, and a good place for francolin, which I had never seen, so we stayed there twenty-two hours and shot a few. Tryon was in great force, and we had a merry party."

The day after his return to Larnaca the Admiral rode up to Nicosia, and was much struck by the beauty of the approach to the town. From Larnaca the ships went on to Famagusta and Limasol, and at each place the officials dined with the Admiral, and seemed much to enjoy a civilised dinner after their long time of roughing it. On the whole, the island seemed to have improved in general prosperity, but at Larnaca the town was not so

clean or the roads so well kept as when a soldier had been commissioner the year previous. At Famagusta, to prove how much space there was in the harbour, the Admiral took the ships in and out in two columns in line ahead. They sailed on the 16th, and steamed in to Valetta harbour in close order on the 24th. Almost the first person on board to greet the Admiral on his arrival was his eldest son, whose death from cholera had been reported two months previously.

The fleet, for the first time for two years, wintered at Malta; consequently the season was an unusually gay one.

At last the time of his command drew to a close. On February 25 a telegram was received announcing that Sir Beauchamp Seymour had left Portsmouth in the *Inconstant*, and everything began to be done for the last time,—the last cricket-match, Polo Club *versus* Garrison, won by the former; the last polo-match, Royal Scots *versus* Garrison, won by the latter; the last picnic; the last visit to the naval hospital, where the Admiral always went once or twice a-week to visit the sick; the last dinner to naval men at Admiralty House, March 9. Then followed a farewell dinner at the dockyard, where Admiral M'Crea proposed the Admiral's health; the leave-taking on board the *Alexandra*, when Captain Fitzroy, contrary to Admiralty regulations, called for cheers; the

saying "Good-bye" to the officers in the dockyard on the 11th; the embarkation on Friday 12th, the yards manned, the bands playing, and all who could get away coming on board the *Helicon* to say "Good-bye" again, when nearly every one was weeping, and no one seemed ashamed to show feeling.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREENWICH ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, 1881 TO 1882.

LETTER OF APPROVAL FROM ADMIRALTY—APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE—WORK AT GREENWICH—THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.

WITHIN a week of his return to England the Admiral was, at a meet of the hounds at Stansted, being warmly greeted by many of his old friends. Almost immediately he took up his county duties, attending a meeting of magistrates to discuss county business at Petworth, the Bench at Chichester, the Board of Guardians at Westbourne, &c., &c. Before this he had reported himself at the Admiralty, where he had a very cordial reception, and asked that extra leave might be granted to the crew of the *Alexandra* when they arrived. Next day he received a letter of approval from the Admiralty couched in very flattering terms. The letter ends as follows:—

"The war between Russia and Turkey, and the

critical attitude of other European Powers, added very much to the responsibilities of those duties, and my Lords have observed with much satisfaction the zeal, ability, and good judgment with which you had carried out the instructions of H.M. Government, and so ably supported H.M. Ambassador at Constantinople in upholding the dignity and honour of this country."

Folded in with this is another paper, "testifying to the extraordinarily creditable state in which the *Alexandra* was handed over to her present officers, reflecting the utmost credit on Captain Robert O'B. Fitzroy, Commander A. P. M. Lake, and Lieutenant James L. Hammet, and all who belonged to the ship."

These papers are docketed in the Admiral's handwriting: "Approval of conduct while commanding in Mediterranean, but no promotion offered on hauling down flag, and request for that of Commander Lake, Lieutenant Hammet, and Mr Mosse, senior secretary's clerk, not granted."

Captain Lake did not get his promotion till January 1881, and the letter announcing it to the Admiral makes the latter the offer of the appointment of President of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. These Admiralty letters are somewhat deprecating in their tone, begging Sir Geoffrey not to decline the appointment without coming up to see Lord Northbrook and Sir Cooper Key, also that he would "sacrifice his own incli-

nations and wishes and accept the post." The Admiral went up to see Lord Northbrook, and accepted the appointment without any *arrière pensée*, because with him the only consideration which had any weight was the good of the service. Writing to announce it to his sister, Mrs Stopford, he says :—

"LORDINGTON, *Jan.* 15, 1881.

"Naturally you will not congratulate me on having to turn out of this pretty home again ; but you will be interested to hear that I am going to Greenwich. Lord Northbrook was pleased to say that the College had got 'very low, and that he was sure the service would be very much benefited if I would go there.' I quite agree with the premiss, whether the conclusion will be achieved is doubtful, but of course under such representations one can only go and do one's best. From what I heard at the Admiralty I believed that the vacancy would not take place till the end of March, but Shadwell writes that it will be on the 1st. This is a great bore, as I shall lose a month's hunting, and we have this vile frost on. I hope you will feel very proud of having your two brothers 'Head-Masters' ; but I reproach myself for not having had sufficient presence of mind to stipulate that I should be a doctor."

Every one knows Greenwich Hospital, the great handsome building close down to the river-side,

with the Park and Observatory rising behind, and the iron railings which surround the enclosure flanked on either side by the Anchor and the Ship of dining fame; but, as Macaulay says, "few of those who now gaze on the noblest of European hospitals are aware that it is a memorial of the virtues of the good Queen Mary, of the love and sorrow of William, and of the great victory of La Hogue." When Admiral Hornby went to Greenwich the enclosure surrounding the building was a bare expanse of grass and gravel, to break which he caused a double row of trees to be planted at each end of the building. These little trees he watched with the greatest solicitude, and he was wont to say that, when they were big enough to be ornamental and shady, he hoped that if nothing else were remembered of him, he would be given credit for having had them planted. Though he also took the keenest interest in the redecoration of the chapel, which was going on at this time, his work was mainly administrative, and had to do with the physical and mental wellbeing of the officers at the College. The physical aspect of things gave him pretty nearly as much to think of as the mental. Both externally and internally the place could not be considered a healthy one. Externally, because the Thames, which runs close by, could be likened to nothing but an open sewer; internally, because the blocks of building, though of various ages, were all old, as their names, Charles

II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, George III., &c., testify, and very ill-suited to the modern appliances of gas, sanitary arrangements, &c., which had been fitted into them. The mess, also, was very far from what he wished to make it, his object being that it should be to the Navy what the one at Woolwich is for the Artillery. When the College was first moved to Greenwich, the officers were not allowed to have the Painted Hall for a messroom, for fear the gas should spoil the pictures, and the messroom had been made in the basement, and was consequently very low and stuffy. The ante-room was also in another basement, and the two communicated by a very cold and draughty underground passage. Meanwhile nearly a whole block of buildings had been given up to the museum, models of ships, Nelson relics, &c., which hardly any one ever went to see. The Admiral tried hard, but unsuccessfully, to get the contents of this museum moved to the Painted Hall or elsewhere, and the building handed over to the Navy for conversion into a comfortable and suitable mess. Though not able to accomplish what he wished to do, the Admiral did everything in his power to raise the tone of the mess, and to interest the officers in its good management.

Of course, though in many ways the vicinity of Greenwich to London is a great convenience, yet it has its drawbacks. When a place is within three or four minutes of a station, and twenty

minutes of Charing Cross, a young fellow must be very ambitious, or very studious, not to shirk some of the work on occasion. The President of the College requires to exercise a great deal of insight and tact to know exactly when to shut his eyes and when to have them very wide open indeed, to show a nice discrimination between a man of mediocre ability who tries his best and another of good parts who will not work,—in fact, to see that every one is working at the very highest pressure of which his individual brains are capable. That the Admiral fixed his requirements very high is undoubted; but he also went very thoroughly into the examinations question, both for the boys entering the Navy and for the sub-lieutenants passing at Greenwich. His aim and object were, that the questions should be honest ones, difficult enough fairly to test the knowledge of the competitors, but that there should be no playing into the hands of crammers by a trick or quibble. He also himself from time to time attended various lectures on physics, chemistry, electricity, naval architecture, naval history, &c., &c., so that he might see that they were well and clearly delivered; and from the captains and commanders who were studying at the College he encouraged criticisms as to whether the lecturers were doing what they professed—*i.e.*, enabling naval men to keep themselves abreast of all the developments of science

which had any connection with navigation. In the spring of 1882 the Admiral himself delivered three lectures on exercising fleets, which were very well attended, not only by the officers studying at the College but by some admirals and many of the old captains. After the delivery of the lectures, for which he had for several months been preparing notes and diagrams, he had a great many requests that he would publish them; but he said that there were many hints he would give to English naval officers which he was not disposed to publish to the world, and it was not till three years later that he embodied the results of his experience in a book entitled 'Squadrons of Exercise,' which was printed by Messrs Griffin & Co.

While Sir Geoffrey was at the College the Mikado of Japan sent over his nephew, Prince Tatehito, to study there. This Japanese prince looked perhaps younger than his age on account of his small stature, dressed himself perfectly in European clothes, and had a very fair knowledge of English. His manners were those of a most finished little gentleman, and he seemed to take it as a special compliment that when he dined with the Admiral the table was decorated with chrysanthemums, the Japanese royal flower.

The duties of "Head-master," as the Admiral called his appointment, were not by any means his only occupations at this time. He had a good deal to do with the local affairs of Greenwich and

Blackheath, the Greenwich Boys' School, the Dreadnought Hospital, &c., &c. He was also serving on a committee to inquire into improving the status of naval architects, and was constantly being consulted on a variety of minor matters. Another reason put forward for appointing the Admiral to Greenwich had been, that he would be near at hand in case the Admiralty wished for his opinion on any subject under discussion; and the Admiralty certainly availed themselves pretty freely of the opportunity of consulting him, a week rarely elapsing without some such notice in his Diary as, "To Admiralty about signal-book"; or "Estimates," or "Building programme," &c., &c.

In the spring of 1882 troubles began brewing again in the East, and in July the campaign commenced with the bombardment of Alexandria. Sir Geoffrey was watching each turn of the game with the keenest interest, and was kept *au fait* of the progress of events from every point of view,—from that of Sir Beauchamp Seymour, naval Commander-in-Chief, to that of his own son, a midshipman serving on board the *Alexandra*.

There was no lack of promotions and honours given for this Egyptian campaign, and Sir Beauchamp accepted a peerage for the sake of the Navy, as he says in a letter to Sir Geoffrey, October 9, 1882:—

"You were most kind in writing to me on the 21st, congratulating me on the peerage, which,

I regret to say, I would give £500 to get off. I have only accepted it because I consider it an honour conferred on the service and not on me individually. I heartily wish that you had got it instead of your obedient servant."

These two loyal old friends grudged each other nothing of the good things of the service which had fallen to their respective lots, but they were both very emulous of keeping up the traditions of the Navy. Sir Beauchamp had followed the Admiral so far in every command—in the Flying Squadron, the Channel Fleet, the Mediterranean —but this was his last command. Though junior in the service he was an older man than Sir Geoffrey, and before the latter had finished his time at Portsmouth, Lord Alcester had reached the age for retirement.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTSMOUTH, 1882–1885.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, 1882—WORK AT PORTSMOUTH—CRUISE TO CHANNEL ISLANDS—RUMOURS OF WAR—MANŒUVRES—FAREWELL DINNER.

THE Portsmouth command fell vacant in the autumn of 1882, and the three who had been talked of for the Admiralty in 1879 were also named as possible Commanders-in-Chief. It was offered to Sir Cooper Key, who refused because he preferred remaining at the Admiralty; some urged that Lord Alcester should have it because he was within three years of retiring, but as he had never yet preceded Sir Geoffrey in any command, the authorities adhered to the old procedure, and gave it to the younger man, who was directed to hoist his flag in succession to Admiral Ryder, November 28, 1882.

Portsmouth and Plymouth are looked upon as the two biggest plums of the navy, and as the completion and recognition of a long and honourable

service. The duties are not arduous, except to those people to whom entertaining is irksome, as a great deal of entertaining is expected of a Commander-in-Chief. In olden times it was considered a very good thing in a pecuniary sense; but nowadays so many people directly and indirectly connected with the service are established at Southsea, that it is nothing unusual for a Commander-in-Chief's wife to have a thousand names on her visiting list. When this and the number of casual visitors are taken into consideration, it can be easily understood that any one at all hospitably inclined does not find it easy to make the pay and table allowances cover the expenses. The Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth is for the time of his command an honorary member of the Royal Yacht Club, and Sir Geoffrey's favourite summer amusement was either to watch the races from his own yacht, or to take a passage in one of the racing yachts. In winter, if there were no royalties to be received or seen off, no meetings at the Seamen and Marines' Orphan Home, or other charities to be presided over, or service matters to be attended to, he would get away for a run with the hounds. Two weeks taken from his Diary will give some idea of his manner of life at this time:—

"*Friday, Feb.* 23, 1883.—To Littlegreen to meet architect, a pleasant and sharp-looking man. He had found the cause of most of the leaks—bad

lead generally. Good account of the lambs, but two ewes lost.

"*Saturday*, 24*th*.—Colomb to see me about plain clothes' question. Much excitement about it. Young Michael Seymour embarked. *Nepaul* sailed.

"*Sunday*, 25*th*.—With Michael Seymour for a walk round Anglesey, &c.

"*Monday*, 26*th*.—With Hegan and Robin to Barn Green. A large meet and a long draw. Found near Southwick, and had a good gallop up and along Portsdown Hill; lost him by making a bad cast. Dined with M'Crea to meet Saxe-Weimars and Lady Ailesbury.

"*Tuesday*, 27*th*.—Very fine. Gave dockyard gardener a lesson on pruning timber-trees. French and Austrian *attachés* to dinner.

"*Wednesday*, 28*th*.—Drove with E. to pay calls. A good lecture by Dr Walter Reid at College on naval lanterns.

"*Thursday*, *March* 1.—Duke of Cambridge down. *Serapis* sailed. Attended meeting of governors of grammar-school. Lunched at Government House. Jack Fisher showed me a reply he was about to write to Francis Egerton for Lord Hartington about guns and Gun Committee."

Turning to the first week in August, the entries run:—

"*Friday*, *Aug.* 3.—E. to a bazaar; I to a hospital meeting. Prince of Wales arrived before

time, but we met him on pier. A reception for him at Government House in a tent; well done. Saw King of the Netherlands' Cup for Royal Yacht Club. Did *not* go to 'Goodwood Ball' at Southsea.

"*Saturday*, 4*th*.—Called on Prince of Wales. Princess arrived at 11.30 A.M. Fine, but sultry. To *Asia* for a dance, and to Cowes afterwards.

"*Sunday*, 5*th*.—Heavy rain in morning, though bar. stood at 30·2. Took a walk round Southsea Common.

"*Monday*, 6*th*.—Last of our Goodwood party left. Went off to Wye with Lady Parker and Skipwith.

"*Tuesday*, 7*th*.—Light wind and hazy. Over in *Fire-Queen* for Cowes Regatta, a large party on board. Saw yachts round the Nab, then to Cowes, and landed.

"*Wednesday*, 8*th*.—To Littlegreen, lunched there, and walked round by West Marden and Forest-side. Got very wet.

"*Thursday*, 9*th*.—To Cowes for regatta. Fire-works very moderate, and being outside the royal yachts, we could not see their illuminations; not home till nearly 1 A.M.

"*Friday*, 10*th*.—To Cowes with Prince Edward, to breakfast with Prince of Wales, and sail in *Aline* for the King of Netherlands' Cup. A strong breeze. She carried away hook of peak halliard-block, gybing round the Nab, and was out of it. To Osborne to dine and sleep."

After the Cowes week came the autumn inspections of the harbour ships, the annual visit of the Admiralty, the departure of the troop-ships, the arrival of the Court at Osborne, and so on *da capo.*

The first thing that happened out of the usual routine was the return of Lord Alcester from his Mediterranean command: the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* was sent to Cherbourg to meet him, and a large number of naval and military men assembled at Portsmouth to receive him. From Portsmouth Lord Alcester left by special train for Windsor, and then on to town, where several large dinners were given in his honour. Sir Geoffrey was present at those given by Lord Northbrook, and at the United Service Club. Of the former of these dinners he writes to his wife:—

"*March* 17, 1883.

"I sat last night at dinner between the G.O.M. and Mrs Goschen. He and I talked 17 to the dozen. He was eloquent on the moral and physical qualities of the Montenegrins; I said my best for the Turks of Asia Minor. The Prince of Wales was pleased to ask my opinion about a greatcoat for the Navy, and premised his remarks by saying 'he believed I took great interest in uniforms.'"

This chaff of H.R.H. was doubtless in allusion

to the plain clothes' question, which had been agitating the Portsmouth naval mind the previous month.

Very soon after his return from the Alcester festivities the Admiral was much shocked by the unexpected death of his old friend, Admiral M'Crea, at the Portsmouth dockyard.

Admiral M'Crea was not only a very old friend and fleet-mate of the Admiral's, but he was very generally popular for his ability as an officer, and for his genial hospitality and kind-heartedness. The feeling about him can be realised from the window erected to his memory in the Portsmouth Dockyard chapel, which has for its subject "The Good Samaritan."

In fact the winter and spring of 1883 to 1884 was a very sad one, for not only did it see the deaths of many of the Admiral's old friends, and many distinguished naval men, but on March 28 Prince Louis of Battenberg arrived at Admiralty House with the news of the death of the Duke of Albany. On April 1 the royal yachts left for Cherbourg to fetch the body.

A sort of *chapelle ardente* had been arranged in one of the cabins of the *Osborne* in which the coffin was placed, amid a profusion of wreaths and crosses, till early on April 4 the funeral *cortége* left for Windsor.

Side by side with due reverence paid to the dead seemed to come naturally schemes for the

alleviation of suffering. It was during this year, 1883 to 1884, that the Admiral was able to carry through an entire reorganisation of the nursing system at Haslar Hospital, and that he assisted Lady Hornby to institute an association for nursing the sick poor of Portsmouth, which still continues to flourish and extend its borders. Moreover, the Troop-ship Guild, started some years previously by Lady M'Clintock, but which had nearly died out from inanition, was re-established, and although the Indian troop-ships have been done away, the hired transports still carry boxes of warm clothing for distribution to the wives and children of soldiers on the return voyage.

In the early days of June the Admiral had what was to him the great pleasure of presenting a V[illegible] to Captain Arthur Knyvet Wilson, C.B.; and a few days later Lady Hornby launched the *Calliope*, a little ship which afterwards distinguished herself by steaming out of the harbour at Samoa in the hurricane which wrecked the German and American ships. Later in the summer a great many foreign ships visited Spithead—Americans, Italians, Danes, and a Swedish yacht with the king on board. The king spent a long day in the dockyard with the Admiral, lunching at Admiralty House, and coming to a ball there in the evening, where he stayed very late and danced a great deal, taking advantage of the incognito under which he was travelling to select his partners.

After the foreigners had left, the Admiral started for a cruise which he is supposed to make once during his Portsmouth command—*i.e.*, to visit the Channel Islands. Leaving Portsmouth on the afternoon of August 21, he reached Portland in time to get Captain Fitzroy, then commanding the *Hercules*, to dine with him. Next day he inspected the *Boscawen* and the Hospital, and in the evening dined on board the *Hercules*, a thoroughly naval dinner-party, which he much enjoyed. At 11 P.M. he sailed for Alderney, where he landed early to inspect the breakwater and forts. The construction of the former disappointed him. In the afternoon he went on to St Helier, getting most lovely views of Guernsey and Sark as the yacht passed between them. Sunday was spent at St Helier, where he attended the French service in the parish church. The way the service was done pleased him much, though it sounded odd to English ears to hear "Notre Reine très débonnaire" prayed for, but he thoroughly appreciated the graceful turns of expression in a most excellent sermon on the Pharisee and the Publican. Jersey is not a safe place to go out of in the dark, so the *Fire-Queen* waited till daylight to weigh. She nearly missed the tide at Havre, but by the aid of the pilot—a very "*brave garçon*," as he called himself—they just saved it, and got in in time for dinner. Leaving the yacht early next morning, the party started for Trou-

ville in a passenger steamer, where they saw as much of the place and the very pretty surrounding country as was possible in twenty-four hours. Then on by rail to Rouen, where the Admiral was delighted by the marvellous beauty of the two cathedrals, and very much interested in the quaint old houses, and the collection of antiquities in the museum. Thursday evening saw him back at Havre, and the same night he crossed again to Portsmouth—a rough passage, the only time during the last week when there had been wind enough to show of what knocking about the *Fire-Queen* was capable.

The Admiral got back from his cruise just in time to receive some Abyssinian envoys, fine handsome men in their picturesque national dress, over which they wore cloaks of leopard-skin fastened by very curious and massive gold clasps. After this the Admiral settled down to completing his book on 'Squadrons of Exercise,' the manuscript of which was sent off to Griffin on February 13. The book was ready by May, and at first the Admiral contemplated the idea of publishing it, but refrained from the same reason which had prevented him from publishing his lectures in 1882. He kept the copies entirely in his own hands, giving them away to those among his brother officers who were likely to profit by them, and the most important part of the book is now incorporated in the 'Manœuvring Manual.'

Seeing how matters quieted down afterwards, it seems curious to look back and observe how inevitable war with Russia seemed in the spring of 1885, and how it almost seemed as if the Russians were taking the initiative. Judging from the Admiral's letters and diaries, it was a veritable war-scare, which after all only ended in the initiation of the annual naval manœuvres.

Diary. "*April* 9, 1885.—Hear that the Russians have attacked the Afghans on the Kheish river and given them a devil of a thrashing.

"*April* 10.—Report that the Indian Government wish for war now.

"*April* 13.—Michael Seymour and Heneage down from town,—the former to command an Atlantic cruising squadron, the latter to be second in command in Mediterranean.

"*April* 19.—*Iron Duke* ordered to be commissioned.

"*April* 21.—Writing hard most of the day.

"*April* 22.—Heneage says London was very warlike yesterday: he wishes to go to Batoum, but does not see how we are to get into the Black Sea.

"*April* 24.—To see Mr White's torpedo-boat. Admiralty can't make up their minds to buy her, and are wasting much time. He has offered her for £20,000, but will want £25,000 when war is declared.

"*April* 25.—*Repulse* arrived.

"*April* 26.—*Lord Warden* arrived.

"*April* 27.—Jack Fisher tells me he is to have command of the squadron of tugs, and other light craft, in Baltic under Hoskins.

"*April* 29.—Pressing on preparations for war. Kennedy appointed to *Ajax*.

"*April* 30.—Walter Kerr appointed to *Devastation* and King to *Rupert*."

Letter to Mrs Stopford.

"*May* 1, 1885.

"The country is absurdly apathetic about the war. It shuts its eyes to the shameful neglect of duty and the petty motives which have sacrificed our interests. It fancies we are going to have another Tel-el-Kebir campaign somewhere on Russian soil, and it fails to see how the Government may commit us to a war in which we cannot strike for the objects we are quarrelling about without the permission of a third Power, of whose goodwill we are not secure. The only vulnerable point of our enemy, the Black Sea, has been carefully blocked.

"Now the only place where we can strike him is the very place where we ought not to do so —viz., Finland. I am not at all sorry they have not asked me to go to the Baltic. The Reserve Squadron was ordered there, and it is quite right it should go under its own admiral, Hoskins. When I commanded the Channel Squadron, I

should have been very much aggrieved if it had been sent to the Baltic under another admiral. I have always held that if work is to be done, the youngest men will do it best. Hoskins is four years younger than I am; and in picking Culme-Seymour and Heneage for commands, Lord Northbrook has, I think, shown wisdom, as they are young and experienced. I wouldn't mind, though, having a shy in waters I know. If we begin this war, I can't see how we are to finish it without passing the Dardanelles, and I am vain enough to think that I could take a fleet up there better than the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean.

"However, you recollect how our dear father used to say, 'No one ought to go to sea after he is sixty, for he can't sleep properly.' I am sixty, and I don't sleep as I used to do, so I am quite satisfied to go or stay as the Powers may decree."

Diary. "*May* 3, *Sunday.*—Brassey called, said there would be no war, and suggested a review. I objected strongly."

After this anti-climax the Government was doubtless a little puzzled to know what to do with the large number of ships assembled at Portsmouth, as nothing transpired for more than a fortnight. The Admiral takes up the subject again in his Diary:—

"*May* 17.—To town to see Key about cruise.

Found him ready to give me everything—*Leander*, gunboats, *Oregon*, tugs, &c. Many greetings in Club.

"*May* 20.—Called to town by note to see Lord Northbrook, who wishes me to take command of the fleet, to carry out experiments on attack and defence with Whitehead torpedoes.

"*June* 1.—Busy all day writing and going into plans of booms with Markham and Jeffreys.

"*June* 5.—Hard writing all day preparing orders.

"*June* 6.—Hard at work preparing for start.

"*June* 7.—Left Portsmouth in *Fire-Queen*, got into Portland at 7.10 P.M., and joined *Minotaur*. Britten had made my cabin very cheery by putting in half-a-dozen of his best pictures. There are already four arm-chairs in it, so I shall send back the one I brought from home.

"*June* 8.—Admirals and captains met me at 10 A.M. to talk of booms, mines, and signal-book. In afternoon returned admirals' calls, and to look at the torpedo-nets of *Sultan* and *Shannon*. Hoskins, Durrant, Fitzroy, Gallwey, and others at dinner. The cook is fairly good, and everything nicely done."

Letter to Wife.

"*Minotaur*, BEREHAVEN, *June* 11, 1885.

"We arrived here about 4 P.M. to-day, after a remarkably fine passage and plenty of steam tactics. Until to-day it had not been hot, nevertheless we

who have been a great deal on deck are frightfully burnt. In fact, you may tell Mrs Fisher that the complexions of her husband and yours are in a dem'd state. We are hard at work making booms and laying down torpedoes, to prevent the enemy from blowing us up by torpedo-boats or running us down with rams. Yesterday we had a corvette-course. Andoe in the *Mercury* was hunted by Gallwey and another man in two torpedo-boats. It was very gratifying, for Andoe came back saying he had sunk a torpedo-boat, and Gallwey reported that he had destroyed the *Mercury*.

"*June* 12.

"The laying out of the mines is a very long process, and interferes very much with placing the boom, which should keep out torpedo-boats. We were to have had four gunboats, and for want of them we cannot tow out our boom and lay the mines at the same time.

"*June* 14.

"On Friday night four small ships and four torpedo-boats went outside to watch the port, while Gallwey went out two hours later with nine torpedo-boats to drive them away or blow them up. He has not returned, as I gave him leave to take his boats to Glengariff or Bantry, so that his men might have a pleasant run till to-morrow evening. Service in those boats is hard. Captain Dale, who commands the blockading force, says no

torpedo-boat found him, but that the *Mariner* had a boat under fire which turned away. The interest between the two parties who act against each other is intense, and I doubt not we are going to learn a good deal.

"*June* 18.

"On Tuesday night we went out with this ship and two others to see if we could get past the blockading squadron of ships. No one but Gallwey knew that we were going to move, and I told him only because I wanted him with his torpedo-boats to sweep away, if he could find them, the torpedo-boats of the enemy, and to frighten off the small ship that was looking out in a special direction. I had a party to dine, so that it might be thought unlikely that we should start. However, though the night looked dark, it was not so. Gallwey took the look-out ship readily, but most of the other torpedo-boats kept out of his way. One of them caught sight of us, and very cunningly kept abreast of us at first, so we thought he was one of Gallwey's lot, and indeed two of our boats were on the other side of us. Of course we could show no light, so it was impossible to ask questions. Presently the rascal threw up his fireball, so as to give notice to the blockaders that we were coming out. Our torpedo-boats immediately went for him, but he was too fast. The small ships drew off the land, so that at daylight they might be in sight of us, and so we found it was a *coup manqué*.

But it was very good exercise and experience all round.

"*June* 23.

"These Irish are detestably mean. Last year one of them asked compensation for a calf which was said to have been prematurely born from the cow being frightened by a torpedo discharge, and got it. Now several are sending in fabulous claims. One wrote for compensation for damage done to his land by spars having been hauled up on the beach. 'Daniel Barry' makes claim 'for trespass on his potato-garden, and injury done to his cows by reason of the noise and waving of flags, £3.' The parish priest indorses his claim, saying he is a very honest and poor man, with many children, and that the value was assessed by two most respectable men. After much search the scoundrel showed me one footprint in his potato-bed, but on close inspection it proved to be made by a bare foot. I met the priest a little later and gave him a bit of my mind.

"*June* 27.

"The gunboats are come, so we shall have our sham fight, probably on Monday. We continue mutually to seize suspicious persons as spies. Last night young Thynne came down with a letter from Hoskins and an artist. Thynne made himself busy in examining the mine-field, and the artist made a sketch of the boom. They were imprisoned im-

mediately, and the artist, who, I presume, is a good fellow, has been permanently annexed by the *Agincourt.* To-day two mids of the *Iron Duke* went by land to Glengariff for a Saturday's outing. They have been seized, and, I suppose, will be kept at the hotel.

"*June* 30.

"We 'declared war' yesterday. Gallwey came down with *Mercury* and his boats and captured two of our boats. Hoskins came down to attack us last night about 11 P.M. : the single boom was jumped, but the double one is secure. Early this morning we began some experiments with our boom. Ran *Polyphemus* at it, trying to stop her with Whitehead torpedoes ; but she was well handled, escaped them all, and blew up part of the boom, but hardly made it passable.

"*July* 2.

"We are off for a sea voyage, so you need not expect to hear again till you see a letter."

Diary. "*July* 3.—*Sunbeam* in company. Brassey came on board at 9 A.M., and we began steam tactics ; but thick mist came on, and I was glad to get them in two columns again, four cables apart, before it came on thick.

"*July* 4.—Told the ships off for anchoring in three divisions. Formed three columns on approaching anchorage at Blacksod Bay and moored.

"*July* 6.—Arranged an attack by the first-class boats. The electric lights were laid diagonally away from the fleet, so that boats coming in must cross them, and picket-boats were anchored off, with second-class torpedo-boats patrolling. It answered well, as all boats were seen on entering, and the nets caught the torpedoes."

Letter to Wife.

"BELFAST, *July* 14.

"We ran in here this morning after an interesting and amusing cruise of four days. On Friday morning Admiral Whyte and his division sailed from Blacksod Bay to intercept us in our attempt to pass round the north of Ireland, so as to attack this place or Greenock. After they left we saw the *Oregon* return, a little after sunset, towards the harbour to watch us. We took little heed, however, for the night was dark and dirty, and unless we ran over her there was little chance of being seen. By morning we were thirty-five miles off the land, but the weather was nasty, and the other torpedo-boats could not deal with it, so they had to be sent back to Blacksod, and the *Hecla* went with them to repair and to look after them. Gallwey in his boat and *Mercury* went on to Colonsay. My plan was to go there, and run through the rather narrow sound which separates Islay from Jura, push across from thence to the high land of the Mull of Cantire, under shade

of which I hoped to pass down unperceived, and possibly get round the Mull and go up to Greenock.

"We made a long passage to Colonsay. First, because we had to keep a long way to the west to keep clear of the *Oregon*. Secondly, because I could not drag the gunboats along quicker than seven knots. We reached that island yesterday morning, landed, and enjoyed a ramble over the heather and a glimpse of Sir John M'Neill's house; and I thought what a jolly place it would be for a summer or autumn. Gallwey had run down Islay Sound, found no one was watching the south end of it, and by climbing a mountain saw Whyte's ships and all he was doing. At 4 P.M. we ran through, and very pretty it was,—saw a lot of deer on Jura. We anchored in a little nook on the east side of Islay, hidden from south, to wait for dark. Unluckily, it remains light so late in those high latitudes that we could not weigh till ten o'clock, and as we had over twenty miles to run, it made us late, so that when we got to the Mull the tide was making against us, and being spring-tides, we could hardly stem them. Nevertheless, we had clearly jockeyed them so far, and passed at least one of their ships without being seen: we were very sanguine of success, and the interest felt was immense. All of a sudden a little firework went off close to, and then we saw a torpedo-boat not 100 yards off. She fired a

rocket, and it was answered, and we saw our hopes of surprise were over."

Letter to Mrs Stopford.

"We should have requisitioned Glasgow for £35,000,000 if we had been at war, but as our agreement with the 'enemy' was, that we were to go up unobserved, we were obliged to play fair and fraternise, when that dirty little torpedo-boat found us out. We all feel the better for the cruise, and I find that I sleep a deal better on board than I do on shore."

Diary. "*July* 21, *Portland.*—Orders to break up squadron. Foreign *attachés* down to see squadron, lunched on board. Gallwey arrived with torpedo-boats.

"*July* 22.—A farewell dinner-party. Weighed at 9 P.M. with Eastern Division. Fired two rockets to show that 'operations were concluded.' Many expressions of thanks for lessons given.

"*July* 23.—Anchored at Spithead at 7 A.M. Dressed for Princess Beatrice's wedding."

This was the end practically of his active service, though it was four months longer before his flag came down. At the farewell dinner given to him at the club, November 27, Captain Colomb was in the chair, and in proposing the Admiral's health, spoke of the warm affection entertained for him in the service, and the regret at his leaving,

concluding his speech with the remark "that the Admiral was as straight as an arrow and as true as steel."

According to the 'United Service Gazette,' the gallant Admiral, in responding, spoke of the uniform good fortune which had followed his early advancement in the service. Placed as he was, he could not but look forward to a happy future, even though separated from active service; but on looking back, he could not but be thankful that his life had been spent in the Navy, amongst those whose first principles were honour, zeal, and determination to do their duty. He then paid a warm tribute to the officers who had been from time to time under his command, for their unvarying support and assistance to him. He had seen many changes in the service, and many ups and downs, since he went to sea. It was very low when he joined Admiral Martin's flag in the Mediterranean, but since then the Navy had rapidly improved, especially in the last ten years. He considered that much of the improvement was due to the establishment of the College at Greenwich, which was producing a class of officers whose influence on the men was so marked. It was also due to the practice of the officers personally instructing the men in the details of their work, which gave the latter a remarkable confidence in their officers. Speaking of the advantages of early promotion, he said he was assured that when responsibility was

imposed early, the man was all the more able to bear it. While the *personnel* of the Navy was never better than at the present, material was lamentably low. There were ships without speed, guns without range, and boilers with only a few months' life in them. It was called economy, but it was only not spending money. It was as if he were to let his barns go to ruin to avoid spending the money to repair and replace them. The failure in material might be traced to the movement of 1870, which tended to make the naval element subordinate to the government of the service, and which made it more difficult to get the naval voice heard, but he was sure that naval officers would not be held irresponsible should disaster occur. It was incumbent on them to speak out when they had the opportunity. A precedent they had in the example of the great man whose picture (Lord Nelson's) was opposite to the speaker. He wrote that, if he died, "want of frigates" would be found engraved on his heart; and it was so now. Without abundance of cruisers and torpedo-boats no fleet could be called complete.

The Admiral concluded a speech, which was listened to with the most appreciative and concentrated interest, by hoping that his last words were only a "Farewell till we meet again," and by recording in warm and touching words his thankfulness that his life had till then been spent among naval officers.

The two following letters will give some idea of the good feeling which existed between the Admiral and those under his command:—

To Captain Colomb, R.N.

"ADMIRALTY HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH,
September 4, 1883.

"SIR,—The anxiety I have felt for so many years, from your tendency to forget important parts of your duty, still pursues me. I have reason to doubt whether you have done anything for the last six months to maintain your skill as a marksman, especially in firing at a moving object.

"I have therefore to request that you will make provision for the discharge of your ordinary duties on Thursday next, the 7th inst., and will parade at the Harbour Railway Station at 9.55 A.M. with a fowling-piece and suitable cartridges. The object at which you will be exercised will be partridges (clever rhyme!).

"If not otherwise disposed of, you will be allowed to return to above-mentioned at 7.25 P.M. —I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"G. PHIPPS HORNBY, Admiral,
C.-in-Chief."

"ADMIRALTY HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH,
September 9, 1884.

"MY DEAR COLOMB,—I am authorised by the Rt. Honble. Sir Cooper Key, G.C.B., to acquaint you that it is his intention to appoint you to relieve

Captain Rowley, A.D.C., in command of the *Duke of Wellington*, when he vacates on promotion; and in tendering my congratulations to you, I may add, that from the weight the Rt. Honble. officer attaches to harmony of action in these ports, he is confident that you will not only conform to the directions you may from time to time receive from your C.-in-Chief, but that you will always think precisely as he does on all topics; notably, on such naval questions as sighting ships, manœuvring in groups, rules for avoiding collisions. The last is a thing to be particularly attended to, and I am graciously pleased to acknowledge that so long as you do this, it is possible that we may not quarrel. —Yours very truly, G. PHIPPS HORNBY."

CHAPTER XVI.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

LIFE AT LORDINGTON—G.C.B. AND A.D.C.—THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET—ILLNESS—GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

THOUGH he had still ten years to serve on the active list, the Admiral settled at Lordington, and said that henceforth he would become "Yeoman Hornby," a man who farms his own land. The agricultural depression, like the time of prosperity before it, was advancing with leaps and bounds. His property, though it had been improved in the matter of roads, farm-buildings, and cottages, brought in something less than half what it had done ten years previously, and he was hardly ever without a farm on his hands. All idea of being able to live at Littlegreen had to be abandoned. In the early months of 1886, while the house was unlet, he was there very frequently, and each visit is marked by some such entry in his Diary as—

"*March* 29, 1886.—To Littlegreen, very low to see how nice that dear house is, and we have no prospect of living there."

J. Phillips Hornby.

"*April* 27.—Our thirty-third wedding-day. With E. to Littlegreen. Place lovely, feeling very low about it."

Except with regard to Littlegreen, it is only in the two years after he left Portsmouth that he makes any complaint of the state of his affairs; but on the last days of these two years he writes:—

"*Dec.* 31, 1886.—Parted from this year, which has been a most happy one, from the conduct and society of our children; but the worst financially, and the most anxious on that score, that I have ever known."

"*Dec.* 31, 1887.—So ends a year wherein I think I have had more enjoyment of home life, and from my children, than I ever experienced before; but, on the other hand, the most crushing anxiety and pinching for want of money."

He was never too poor, however, to provide employment in road-making, or in the woods, for poor labourers who had been thrown out of work by the hard weather; to provide warm dinners in the school for the children who lived too far away to go home for their dinners; or to keep old folks who had worked all their lives on the property from the workhouse. Nay, even outside his property there were many occasions when he took specially hard cases under his protection. Truly his right hand did not know what his left hand did, for many would have found it difficult to believe that the man who insisted so rigidly that

every contract should be faithfully carried out, and was so severe on any labourer who was found scamping or shirking his work, could be so tender and lavish in any case of real suffering.

Two luxuries only he allowed himself; these were, keeping the Lordington shooting in his own hands, and one hunter. Both of these he enjoyed mainly for the sake of his sons, who to the last day of his life were always "the boys" with him, and his ideal shooting-party was to have his three sons, a son-in-law, one old naval friend, and himself to make up the six guns. As to hunting, as he said, "It doubles the pleasure to have a boy with me," and he was certainly as keen and as bold a rider as any boy.

Luckily his old black horse, "Budge," was a very safe conveyance, and carried his master perfectly for twelve seasons. It might almost be said of the horse, as the 'Times' said some years later of the Admiral, that "He never made a mistake." Budge and his master were generally very well up with the hounds, sometimes the only members of the field to see the whole of the run, as, for instance, on January 18, 1886:—

Letter to Mrs Stopford.

"I have had a rare day. I started this morning with Robin to meet the Goodwood Hounds on Halnaker Hill, and came in for what they tell me is the best run they have had this year. We

ran within a mile of Arundel, and then two miles back again; and only the huntsman, one whip, a farmer, Robin, and I were up at the kill. Well done the Hornby family! The farmer had no business there, for he cut in by a fluke in the last mile, but the rest of us rode it fairly."

In his other tastes the Admiral was extremely simple; he never smoked, and was remarkably abstemious both in eating and drinking. His everyday life was to start immediately after breakfast for a run with his dogs, and then to employ the rest of the forenoon in writing or seeing his tenants or work-people. In summer, part of the forenoon would be given up to his bees, whose diligent way of life was of immense amusement and interest to him. After lunch he would be off directly, either to see how work was getting on at the farms, to see to the felling or planting of timber, or to his favourite occupation of pruning or training the young trees in the woods where the underwood had been cut. At tea he had always some amusing account to give of what he had been doing during the day, or comments to make on the doings of others, after which he would go to his study to write or read till dinner-time, or in summer, if no lawn-tennis were going on, he dug plantains on the lawn. He was very particular about the keeping of the grass and gravel paths, that the trees and shrubs should be

cared for and have plenty of room, but in flowers and vegetables he took no interest. They might be necessary for decorative or culinary purposes, but it was almost the only point at issue between Sir Geoffrey and Sir Thomas Symonds, that the latter could never stir his old friend into any enthusiasm on horticultural subjects. Of course the dogs had to be considered, and dogs are proverbially bad gardeners, and with the Admiral it was a decided case of "Love me, love my dog." Not only were his own sporting dogs very well cared for, but old favourites belonging to his sons were always encouraged to spend the remaining years of their lives in luxurious leisure at Lordington; and his daughter's collie, Rob, had the very largest possible amount of spoiling. He even shared his master's after-dinner cup of coffee. Then he would retire to his corner, while the Admiral leant back in his arm-chair, crossing one leg above his other knee, his left hand stretched out as though he were warming it, whether there were a fire or no; and taking his book in his right hand, he read without changing his attitude—except, perhaps, to change the volume—often till nearly midnight. The last book in his hands at night, the first one he opened in the morning, was always his Bible. Neither fatigue nor press of business ever induced him to neglect this. His religion was not kept for leisure hours and Sun-

days, but was with him continually, the ruling motive of his life.

Even after he settled at Lordington his life continued to be a very busy one, and the simple country life described above was very frequently interrupted by county business and matters connected with his profession, which took him away from home. One of his first absences after he left Portsmouth was on a summons to Windsor to be invested with a G.C.B. Lord George Hamilton had announced to him that the honour was about to be conferred, in a letter written December 1885:—

"I have just had the Queen's assent signified to a proposal I put forward to signalise your retirement from Portsmouth with a G.C.B., and I have much pleasure in communicating to you this intelligence. Your work in command of the evolutionary squadron was so exceptional that I am glad to be able to associate some distinction with it."

This letter, and the very warm congratulations of a great many of his old friends, gave the Admiral great pleasure, as did also another naval distinction—viz., that of Principal Naval A.D.C. to the Queen, which devolved on him on the retirement of Sir Cooper Key in January 1886. This appointment of A.D.C. frequently took him away from home, as it became his duty to attend

drawing-rooms and other State ceremonies at which the Queen was present. Another naval matter which, though it did not take him away from home, occupied a great deal of his time, was the production of a new signal-book. The Admiral was not serving on the Committee, but he was discussing all its main provisions with various members of the Committee, and was always insisting on clearness and minuteness in the instructions. In one of the last letters which he wrote to Captain Winsloe on the subject he says :—

"*November* 4, 1886.

"You are laying before the service an enormous change, and the very size of the new book has already struck terror into the minds of some officers who have seen it, but to whom the key was not known. I believe you will make its acceptance far easier and pleasanter if you will give your reasons for the changes :—

"First, The desire to reduce the flags in use.

"Second, The fact that you have to provide in your code for three conditions—sometimes singly, sometimes together.

"Thirdly, By showing how, from changes being made by ships turning to port instead of to starboard, some of those changes are doubled, and that you have to provide for each.

"I am sure much information on these things (that are simple enough to you) are much wanted

by several men; and now that you have the ball at your foot, why not kick it for the benefit of the service? Your index-sheet is clear enough to me, and I have no doubt it will be so to others, if, as Lord Beaconsfield used to say of the House of Commons, you will take them into your confidence."

Besides naval duties, there were political matters.

First, came the inauguration of a Primrose League Habitation in Westbourne.

Second, the first of his many attendances at Royal Academy dinners. He writes of it to his wife, May 3, 1886:—

"I had a very pleasant dinner on Saturday, sitting between Calderon the artist and Lord Colville. The President spoke very well, and when he spoke of 'Loyalty to the Ancient Crown, which was the symbol of the strength, and stability, and *union* of the Empire,' all the company, except the two or three Ministers, cheered for about five minutes. Lord Rosebery spoke well, for his was a difficult speech to make."

Third, came the general election of 1886, and a request from Mr W. H. Smith that the Admiral would stand for Portsmouth; but the Admiral held that politics, like every other profession, needed special training, and he declined.

In 1887 of course nothing was thought of but the Jubilee; and the Admiral's first care was that

every one on his property should at least have a good dinner on the Jubilee Day. He was also put on the Committee of Selection for the models of ships which were to be given by the Navy to the Queen. On the Jubilee Day, with the other naval aides-de-camp, he attended the Queen at Westminster Abbey. It had at first been suggested that they should ride in the procession from Buckingham Palace; but as the Admiral considered that a naval officer was out of place on horseback, he asked leave for himself and his colleagues to await the Queen at the entrance of the Abbey. He was most touched by a little incident which occurred just as the Queen alighted from her carriage. It may have been the sudden change from the roar of the cheering outside to the silence of the Abbey which caused her just for one moment to lose her self-possession, and she went forward with both hands outstretched towards the Prince of Wales, as though she herself required support. Only one moment, for almost immediately she recovered her composure, and though the Admiral's place in the procession was near enough to her to give him ample opportunities of observing, he never noticed one moment's departure from the usual calm dignity of her demeanour.

It was not till the eve of the Naval Review at Spithead that the Naval Jubilee Memorial was presented to the Queen at Osborne. The Ad-

miral writes: "The naval address was far too long. The Queen read her reply, which was a very good one, admirably." On the day of the review he was in attendance on board the royal yacht, and was required to give a deal of information on naval matters to many of the royal guests. This same day the Admiral received a Jubilee medal from the Queen.

During the winter the Admiral was busy maturing his plans to try to awaken the public to the fact which they are only just beginning to realise —viz., that England must have a navy strong enough to defend not only the Channel but her commerce and colonies. The first step was not taken till nearly the end of May, when he read at the Chamber of Commerce a paper on "The Defence of the Mercantile Marine." The meeting was very well attended, and a very profitable discussion followed it, for which and the paper *vide* 'Journal of the Chamber of Commerce,' June 5, 1888.

Another paper followed, delivered in the City of London, "On the subject of our Naval Requirements," which was also very well received; but after this his severe illness put an end for a time to all further attempts to attract public attention to naval matters. In travelling down to Eton by night, after delivering his lecture, the Admiral was seized by a severe attack of hepatitis, and for three weeks lay dangerously ill at

his brother's house at Eton. All this time his desire to get back home was growing and increasing so much that his doctor determined to risk the move. In spite of the discomforts of the journey, it almost seemed as if the change of air had had the desired effect. He rallied so marvellously that his trained nurses were dismissed. After a few weeks, however, it became evident that the mischief was still there; but for fear of alarming him by recalling trained assistance, his daughters decided to undertake the nursing. He was not a tractable patient. One Saturday evening he read in the paper what he considered an unfair criticism of Admiral Baird's management of his squadron. Next morning, though so weak that he could hardly stand, he came down at ten o'clock, and announced that he was going to write a letter to the 'Times.' He found he could not write, and dictated it to his daughter so quickly that she had hard work to keep pace with him. Then he bade her read it over; two, perhaps three, words had to be altered, and it was sent off by the eleven o'clock Sunday post, appearing in the 'Times' the following Tuesday. Another day he heard that a question in which he was interested was coming before the Governors of the Chichester Hospital, and he was determined to go to the meeting. Lady Hornby begged the doctor to forbid it, but Dr Bostock answered, "If you don't let him do what he wishes, he will say,

'I may just as well lie down and die,' and he will do so!"

There was no help for it, therefore, but to arrange that he should have as little fatigue as possible. In spite of every precaution, he nearly fainted from exhaustion when he came out from the meeting; but as soon as he began to revive a little, he said he must take the opportunity of being in Chichester to have his hair cut. Luckily the barber, seeing how ill he looked, did not make a long job of it, and he got home, seemingly none the worse except for fatigue. Not many days after this the crisis came, August 14. The abscess burst outwardly, and from that moment the Admiral never looked back. You could almost see the flesh growing on his bones. He had been so emaciated that when he raised his arm you could see daylight between the two bones. Before September was over he had resumed all his usual avocations, was writing an article for the 'Fortnightly,' and was somewhat indignant that his doctor would not allow him to begin riding before the middle of October.

About this time also he began to prepare for the county council election, the proposals for dividing the county into electoral divisions having been passed at the October quarter sessions. It having also been agreed that it was advisable for some of the magistrates to offer to serve on the county council, the Admiral offered himself for election.

Strange to say, he was not only opposed, but beaten, losing the election, probably for the same reason which loses so many elections—viz., despising his opponent. For the last time quarter sessions were held at Petworth on January 2d, and the first provisional county council met at Chichester on February 14, when they voted the Duke of Richmond into the chair and chose some of the Committees. The Admiral having been brought in as an alderman, was soon busy on several Committees, the two in which he took most interest being the "Main Roads" and "Sea-Fisheries."

Meanwhile his interest in naval matters had not flagged; all the time of his illness his friends had kept him supplied with every detail concerning the manœuvres then going on. In fact, then, and after, he seems always to have had first-hand news of every incident connected with the Navy which occurred in any part of the world.

During the winter 1888 to 1889 he was called on to give evidence before Lord Hartington's Committee, and to speak on a paper on the "Wants of the Navy" read by Lord Brassey at the Mansion House. The following summer he was ordered to attend the young Emperor of Germany during his visit to Cowes, and was much disappointed that the English fleet did not get under weigh to meet the German squadron. Only the Prince of Wales, taking the Admiral with him, went out in the *Osborne* to meet the Emperor.

Next day the Admiral wrote to his wife :—

"ROYAL YACHT, *August* 3, 1889.

"The yacht was shamefully mobbed by the Solent steamers as we went towards the 'Nab,' and they could be kept off only by rigging the firehose and threatening to pump on them. The German ships came up very well. We were all presented to the Emperor on board his yacht, and then went back to Osborne. Dined there in the tent where we lunched on the Jubilee Day. Lord Salisbury, the German Ambassador, Malet, and a lot of swells. After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and were all presented in turn to the Queen. I have a very comfortable cabin here, Sir H. Keppel, Stephenson, &c., on board.

"3 P.M.

"I've been to call on the German admirals, and meant to have gone on to see Baird and others; but the tide running against the strong wind made such a bobbery that I was afraid to risk the sides of the beautiful blue royal barge. They talk of taking me to Aldershot, where they have sent a most sedate charger for my use."

"*August* 5.

"After breakfast a message came from Osborne to say the Emperor wanted to see me. It was to take me to see the *Irene*, the ship which his

brother Prince Henry commands, a very nice ship and in very good order. I have returned here at 12.45, and at 3 P.M. shall meet him again at the pier, in my best clothes, for the inspection.

"Yesterday afternoon we went on board the last-built ship of the White Star Line (the *Teutonic*), the *Howe*, *Immortalité*, and Prince George's torpedo-boat."

"*August* 7.

"We have had a very good day at Aldershot. I got a very good horse to go, but he was poor at standing still. Every now and then we bucketed about at a great pace, and then my gear gave way —hooks of the sword unhooked, hook in my coat to support the belt torn out, loop of aiguillette gave way, and so forth. However, I fell in with a General Fremantle, who was very kind, and told me what the soldiers were trying to do. We had a nice dinner yesterday with the Yacht Club. Both Prince of Wales and Emperor spoke very well; so, some people (notably the Emperor) were good enough to say, did your humble servant."

"*August* 8.

"The Queen inspected the seamen of the German fleet to-day, the Emperor commanding. The men marched and manœuvred admirably."

The year following, the Admiral was again in attendance on the Emperor during Cowes week,

but he gives a more detailed account of the proceedings in his Diary than in his letters:—

"*Aug.* 4, 1890.—Embarked in *Alberta* at 10 A.M. with the Prince of Wales, to meet the Emperor of Germany on board *Hohenzollern* in Osborne Bay. Lunched and dined at Osborne, and had to go into the smoking-room to talk till after midnight with the Emperor.

"*Aug.* 5.—Royalties dined at club-house.

"*Aug.* 6.—Prince Henry sailed in *Valkyrie*, but she was unlucky. The rest of us went to Eastney to see an experiment for hiding an attack of troops by smoke. It was a failure, the wind being across the advance. Barracks were much admired. A large dinner-party at Osborne.

"*Aug.* 7.—To the dockyard at Portsmouth; were joined there by the Austrians. A fair show in the workshops. Lunch very well done.

"Lord Salisbury at Osborne; he and the Emperor had a long talk. Prince Stephen and Austrian officers slept on board *Victoria and Albert.*

"*Aug.* 8.—Regatta for small craft and rowing-boats. Dined on board *Osborne;* the Prince of Wales told me I was to go to see the German manœuvres, and the Emperor said he would show me a military review, and had a good horse for me. He sailed about 11.15 P.M."

It was officially decided that an Admiral of the Fleet (Sir Geoffrey had attained this rank, May 1, 1888) could not go unattended, and therefore

he was accompanied by Captain Moore and Lieutenant Robin Phipps Hornby.

Feeling that he and his staff were in a sense representing the English Navy, Sir Geoffrey, true to his adage that "attention to minutiæ secured efficiency," looked very carefully into every detail of preparation, and remembering his experience at Aldershot, had the naval uniform specially "constructed and secured" for riding. August the 30th he started for London, whence his letters to his wife commence:—

"*August* 30, 1890.

"I have been to the German Embassy to get information, and hear that on the 4th there will be a grand parade of the Army Corps; on the 5th, fleet manœuvres; 6th, Army Corps manœuvres; 8th, fleet and army, and possibly something more on the 9th; so it looks as if I might get home about the 12th."

"Hotel Germania, Kiel, *Sept.* 2.

"We have journeyed very well so far, with just enough rain to lay the dust, but with fine weather generally for the scenery. Cook made rather a mistake in our tickets, which were not available for the shorter routes, and so we travelled round by Brussels, while Moore and the courier went across to Venlo, and arrived at Cologne five hours before us and ordered rooms. We put up at the Hôtel du Nord, near the cathedral and the big

railway bridge, and were very comfortable. We got up early enough to look at the cathedral and a bit of the town, and left Cologne at 10.15 A.M., arriving here at 8.40 P.M. yesterday. We came over many long plains, but there is a wonderfully well-to-do look about everything. Houses, cottages, farm-buildings, and foundries seem well kept, and the neighbourhood of iron and chemical works compare very favourably with those near Appleby, St Helens, and Widnes. We are lodged here at the Emperor's expense, and nothing can exceed the attention that has been shown us. Above all things, I find that Count Moltke and Waldersee are coming down with the Emperor, so Robin and I shall see them, and point the finger of scorn at those who have not. The manœuvres in this neighbourhood are to be as I told you. To-night the Emperor arrives here at 7 P.M. We are all to be presented to him at the Schloss, and after that, I dine, or, as it is called, sup with him."

"GLUCKSBURG, *Sept.* 7.

"Since we arrived here, Wednesday 3d, we have been too busy to write a line. On that day the Emperor inspected the German squadron. We lunched on board the flagship. Then the Emperor steamed in a despatch-boat round both squadrons, after which they weighed. *Hohenzollern* led out, and the rest followed. Anchored about 5 P.M. in the lower part of Flensburg Fiord.

"We were taken up the fiord to Glucksburg, where at one of the hotels we were greeted by one of the Emperor's chamberlains, and asked to go to supper with the Duke of Oldenburg. Though we had dined only a couple of hours before, we went down, and found a nice-looking young man of thirty or so drinking beer with his A.D.C.'s. We talked of the programme for the next day, and ate very little.

"Fine weather greeted us next morning. We were taken to Flensburg by water (it is at the S.W. end of the fiord), where we found my horse; but Robin and Captain Moore had to drive two miles before they got theirs. I should tell you that besides the Duke of Oldenburg there are staying at this hotel Prince Albrecht of Prussia, a cousin of the Emperor, the son of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Field-Marshal Blumenthal, with their staffs. So '*Me*' and these swells, and the Archduke Charles Stephen of Austria, all rode out together.

"Flensburg, which I had supposed to be quite a small place, is really a town of 36,000 inhabitants. There are several quaint old houses in it, and it seems to be very well kept. We rode nearly a mile through the streets. There were 14,000 men on the review ground, the infantry in white trousers, which, in combination with the dark blue uniforms, made the men look very large.

Men, cavalry, and guns went past twice, and looked wonderfully well. Got back here about three o'clock, and started at five for Gravenstein, about seven miles off, at the N. end of the fiord, where the Empress lives in a large old-fashioned chateau. Here we met all the staff of the army—generals and officers commanding in it. The Emperor and Empress walked round separately, and talked to different people, both before and after dinner, without any formality. We sat down 250 to dinner in a long marquee pitched the length of the courtyard of the chateau. The Emperor drank a toast to the welfare of the Army Corps during dinner, to which the General commanding replied, and drank to the health of the sovereigns. We were little more than an hour at dinner. The Empress wore a very handsome dress, approaching crimson, with very fine diamond ornaments. She is a tall, fine-looking woman.

"On Friday we landed about three miles N.N.E. of Flensburg, and rode out fast some three miles to the manœuvring-ground. This day there was only a skeleton enemy, but we saw something of their way of judging the value of artillery fire, &c. Robin had the advantage of a lecture on the art of riding from the German Jack Fisher on Thursday; and on Friday Prince Rudolf of Bavaria, a young fellow about twenty, was looking forward with great glee to seeing the English naval officers

on horseback; and was a good deal astonished to see that they got over the small obstructions better than they of Germany.

"That evening we dined again at Gravenstein, to meet the civil authorities of the province. I had a long talk with Field-Marshal Blumenthal on the way up, and I sat beside Moltke at dinner, but the band was too loud for much talking. The toasts during dinner were—the welfare of the province, the health of the sovereigns, and the health of the Archduke of Austria.

"Yesterday we went to sea to review the fleet. It was got under weigh, and we went out to look for the enemy's fleet, which was represented by some targets: we fired at them, and finally rammed them. The torpedo-boats ran about a bit, and we came to anchor rather late, nearly 5 P.M. The handling of the torpedo-boats was very good; of the fleet, good, but we did not do much. The gunnery was below par. The dinner was to the navy. After dinner they had a torchlight tattoo in the gardens. All the bands were massed. I do not know how many men—some say 400, others 700 or 800; but the effect was beautiful, particularly as they marched away in procession with the torches still alight. We did not go home till 11 P.M., very late for these parts.

"This is a quiet day, but we shall have to attend a dinner at 5 P.M. at another hotel here, given by the council of this province."

"*September* 12, 1890.

"We have had two more days of most interesting manœuvres, and now we have only to eat one more lunch and return to Kiel. I never was more agreeably surprised than I have been by this country. Instead of being, as I had anticipated, low and flat like our Orkney Islands, it is a pretty undulating country, well wooded, and intersected with inlets and arms of the sea, and with many large ponds, approaching nearly to lakes. The towns have many old houses, but all are in excellent repair, and the streets are kept very tidy. The whole country looks thoroughly well-to-do, and with such easy access to the sea as the many fiords afford, it is no wonder that it is prosperous and comfortable."

Letter to Mrs Stopford.

"LORDINGTON, *September* 14, 1890.

"Robin and I have had a right good time in Schleswig-Holstein. Nothing could exceed the kindness and cordiality of the Emperor, and his subordinates followed suit. His army is wonderful, in the apparent perfection of its condition. Every little detail seems to be complete; each advantage the ground affords of elevation for attack, or hollow for shelter, is carefully turned to account. At other times it can make a grand display. The march past, with the long and swaggering Prussian step and a gallop of guns and

cavalry, is very impressive; and a torchlight tattoo with over 500 musicians and drummers, and lots of coloured lights, was as pretty a thing as could be seen.

"Bob [Admiral Stopford] will be interested to hear that they keep good station in their squadron, and that their ships are very silent. They are not so clean below as ours, nor are their men so smart in appearance, and the senior officers do not seem to have got nearly so far as we have in tactics. The Emperor lent me a capital horse, and his officers seemed surprised to find that a naval man could ride.

"They were hard on us with their stories.

"1. A day or two before he left Berlin, the Emperor was asked if he were going to see Buffalo Bill. He replied, 'No; but next week I am going to see fifty naval officers on horseback.'

"2. The man who was charged to break the horses for the said fifty was complimented on their being so quiet, and asked how he got them so. He said he got a lot of tailors and cobblers, and when none of these were spilt in a day's ride he thought the horses must be fit even for sailors.

"I saw a great deal of both Moltke and Blumenthal. The former ages fast."

The Emperor's kindness did not end with the manœuvres; he was never in England without sending for the Admiral for a talk, and during

the Cowes week Sir Geoffrey always spent two or three days on board one or other of the royal yachts. On one of the few occasions when he mentioned his regret at having to retire, it was because he should not see the Emperor again, and it might be considered fishing for an invitation if he went over to Cowes to write his name during the royal visit. The Admiral had two portraits which the Emperor had given him, one a print, and the other a miniature mounted in diamonds on a snuff-box. These of all his possessions he valued most, excepting only his father's gold medal and the portraits which had been given to him by the Queen.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT—DEATH OF THE ADMIRAL'S SISTER AND WIFE —PUBLIC DUTIES—THE LAST DRAWING-ROOM—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Now came a time when it seemed that the Admiral was to go to the places, one after another, where he had passed his boyhood. In the following years he was for the last time at Winwick on the occasion of the funeral of his cousin, the Rev. Frank Hopwood, the rector. He went for the last time to Knowsley for the funeral of the late Lord Derby, who had been one of the great friends of his youth; and when he was at Plymouth, for the *Howe* court-martial, he went over the old house where so much of his boyhood had been spent. It happened also that in the early days of 1891 all his six children were in England, and under the pretence of a village entertainment he gathered the whole family together for the last time. They were now all grown men and women; his eldest son and two of his daughters were married, but in his eyes they

were all boys and girls again, only with three more young people added to the party.

"The children," he writes in his Diary, January 17, 1891, "gave a theatrical display in Walderton Barn. Very good." And certainly by far the most appreciative member of the audience was the old Admiral himself.

Not much more than a month after this festive gathering, all those of his family still in England were summoned home again by the news of an accident which had befallen their father. He was going up to town for a levée, and was driving himself to the station with a mare whose one terror was a traction-engine. They were very nearly at the station when the mare, catching sight of a traction-engine standing in a gravel-pit on the left side of the road, swung suddenly round a corner to the right, catching the wheel of the dog-cart against a post and upsetting it. The Admiral was thrown violently out on to the back of his head, and very seriously injured. He had a very large deep wound on the back of his head, and it was thought that his skull was fractured round the left side. For twenty-one days he remained unconscious, no one being able to tell what the end would be—whether it would be life or death, or, what would have been worse than death, any injury to his intellect. During this anxious time the Queen asked to have daily reports telegraphed to her at Windsor, and with

that thoughtful consideration so characteristic of her, ordered that the telegrams should be sent on to the Admiral's brother, the Provost of Eton.

At last, after twenty-one days, the Admiral woke as it were from a long dream, in which he had dreamt that he was commanding a fleet in the Baltic. Never had there been such successfully executed manœuvres, never such cheery dinner-parties, never so much fun and chaff, and all his favourite captains had been with him. Only, when he awoke, it seemed to him that this dream had been the reality, and the incidents of his illness the dream. He was aged considerably in appearance, but this did not in the least impair his activity. Only he seemed to feel heat and cold a great deal more than heretofore. The only other way in which his illness seemed to have affected him was that, though he had had a remarkable memory for names and faces, now the memory for the names was gone, and though he remembered the faces, and every little incident connected with them, he could not readily recall the name. At first he could not bear any vibration, not even that of the easiest carriage; but this passed off gradually, till by the end of June he was able to attempt a railway journey. This cost him a severe headache, which, however, he thought quite compensated for by the very warm greetings which he received from many of his old friends at the Marlborough House garden-party, the object for which he had attempted

his first journey. Even this effect of vibration passed off, and when September came he found that shooting did not at all affect his head. He did not do any cub-hunting, but was out with the hounds towards the end of October—in fact it was the last winter that he ever really enjoyed hunting. Before the next season his old horse had become hopelessly lame, and though the Admiral's sons tried their best to get him a reliable animal, the thorough comradeship between man and horse could not be re-established, and after two or three attempts during the winter 1892-1893, he gave up hunting altogether. What really took the zest and enjoyment out of his life was not age or illness, but the death of his wife, following very close on that of his favourite sister, Mrs Stopford. Both of these fell victims to the prevailing epidemic of influenza. Lady Hornby's health had never recovered from the shock of an accident which had deprived her of the sight of one eye in 1876, and for some years she had been so frail that the slightest ailment assumed a serious character. Though every effort was made to shield her from infection, she was one of the first to be attacked, and though the actual disease passed off, she had not the strength to rally. It seems more reverent to let his own words speak of this great sorrow :—

Diary. "*Jan.* 29, 1892.—Our Dearest One left us a little before 4 P.M. Sinking gradually and without pain at last. Oh! the desolation no one

can conceive, so loving, wise, and true. Dear old Boy had left, and Robin did not arrive till 6 P.M., but the others were with me, and were a great support.

"*Feb.* 3, 1892.—A terrible day taking the body of that Dearest One to Woking for cremation. Arrangements well made, and everything conducted very quietly. James read the funeral service. The jewel has been removed from the casket, and the dear little home is desolate! God help us."

His bereavement did not make him flinch from work, or from anything which he considered his duty. Within a week of the funeral he was attending the poor-law board and the bench, and one by one, as the time came round, each one of his old occupations was resumed. So much of his life's work had been done away from home, that it seemed to assuage the sense of loneliness to have interests which took him outside himself. As he wrote to one of his friends, he had but three years to wait till he reached his appointed threescore years and ten, and then he could look forward to meeting her again.

The first thing which he seems to have really enjoyed was his visit to Plymouth at the time of the *Howe* court-martial. His old friends gave him so cordial a welcome, he revisited so many of his old haunts; his old comrades, and among them an old boatswain of the *Winchester*, came

to see him and renew acquaintance. Except on the night of his arrival, he never dined at the hotel, and he had generally more invitations than he knew how to accept. As to the court-martial, it commenced on December 29 and sat on till the second week in January. The case for the prosecution took a long time; but Admiral Hornby was called as one of the first witnesses for the defence. Very soon after he had given his evidence the proceedings came to an end, and the trial resulted in the acquittal of Admiral Fairfax.

Another instance of the weight which attached to his evidence was in the action for libel brought by Mr Montgomery, editor of the 'Broad Arrow,' against Professor Laughton with regard to some strictures passed by the latter on a book written by Mr Montgomery. The Admiral was called as a witness for the defence:—

Diary. "*June* 11, 1894.—Only Laughton and I were put in the box. After hearing me the jury stopped the case and gave the verdict for the defendant. Sir Henry James very complimentary, and old Doctor Russell very much pleased."

If anything, work rather increased than diminished in these last years. In local matters, to his attendances at the county council and Board of Guardians were added the duties of chairman to the parish councils of Walderton and Racton;

and he only succeeded in escaping being made High Sheriff by the plea that he was still liable for active service. From the outside came so many requests to express publicly his views on a variety of subjects, that his time would have been fully occupied had he acceded to one-half of them; and every year saw him taking part in the work of several special committees, such as that of Church Defence in 1892, and the winding up of the Naval Exhibition, when it fell to him to propose a vote of thanks to the Prince of Wales, which his old comrades told him he did very well. The next year he was taking active interest in the Agricultural Union, and was one of the committee to select the naval present to the Duke of York. The Admiral was at Marlborough House for the presentation, at the wedding, and at some of the wedding festivities; but at the moment he was feeling very acutely the loss of his old friend, Sir George Tryon, in the *Victoria*, and had much difficulty in throwing himself into what was going on. In the last year of his life, one of his last public appearances was at the dinner given to Admiral Erben and the officers of the American squadron. Sir Geoffrey sat next at dinner to Captain Mahan, whose two books, 'The Influence of Sea-Power on History' and 'The Influence of Sea-Power on the French Revolution,' had impressed him very much. It

also fell to the Admiral to propose Admiral Erben, which he did with an allusion to the motto at the end of the room, "Blood is thicker than water"—an allusion particularly happy for the double reason that it came from the grandson of General Burgoyne, and referred to an officer who had been serving on board the American ship at the time of the attack on the Taku forts.

Towards the end of the year 1894 the Admiral was made Permanent Chairman of the Defence Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce, and in the beginning of 1895 was asked in the most flattering terms to become President of the newly formed Navy League. Yet though, as his seventieth birthday approached, he would say laughingly to his friends, "Does not it seem absurd to retire a young fellow like me?" the conviction that he had not much longer to live was growing on him. When Lordington wood was shot in November 1894, he told his son-in-law, as he walked home, that it was the last time he should shoot the wood himself. In writing to condole with his brother, who had just lost his eldest son, the Admiral spoke of this conviction, that his separation from his wife had almost come to an end.

There was no sign of failing health about him to account for this idea. As he left the levée on February 14 some one reproached him for

being without a greatcoat, and his answer was, "I am walking so fast I don't feel the least cold." On February 19, he was again in town for the last drawing-room which he would attend as principal aide-de-camp to the Queen. He was perhaps rather more particular than usual about his order and medals being exactly in their places; he complained of a slight headache, and as he left the Palace his daughter noticed that he was rather flushed; but knowing how very loyally devoted he was to the Queen, it did not surprise her that he should be affected by the thought that he was personally serving her Majesty for the last time. Next day he seemed to have quite recovered, and one of the officials who saw him off at Waterloo noticed how well and cheerful he looked. His daughter did not return home till the 21st, and then found him so ill that she insisted on his going to bed and sending for the doctor, who pronounced his complaint to be influenza. Till Monday it was hoped that the disease was taking its normal course, though the Admiral seemed almost from the first to make up his mind he would not recover. The last letter to which he ever put his signature was to Sir Noel Salmon, and was dictated to his daughter, February 24, to this effect:—

"My dear Salmon,—My best thanks to you

for your very hearty wishes. Nothing can be more pleasant to an old officer on retirement than to find how many of the best men in the service are pleased to say I have done it good. It's no use standing still; what might have been good enough ten or twenty years ago is not so now, and I hope that the service will hold firmly to that best principle of Sir William Martin's —namely, the co-operation of columns. I am very sorry to say I got a bad chill on the 21st, which has got such a hold of me that I am unable to write. Your China and Indian experience will enable you to understand that, when these things happen to old men, it is likely to prove a homeward-bound signal.—Yours very truly, G. PHIPPS HORNBY."

That same day, Sunday 24th, he asked his daughter to bring him his private papers, some of which he caused to be destroyed; and having sent for his eldest son, he gave him on the 25th certain instructions with regard to the disposal of the property. After that, he became too ill to hold any consecutive conversation. It seemed to him perfectly natural that his children should be with him, only as his weakness increased it puzzled him that his youngest son, who was in the *Royal Arthur* in the Pacific, was not there. "Does that dear Robin," he would say, "know I am ill?" He sent affectionate messages to his

grandchildren, and spoke sometimes of Admiral Fitzroy and some of his old naval friends. Once in the early part of his illness he said, "Tell them I think it is a great shame to retire an old Admiral when he can still work."

Several times he murmured, "The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

Though the doctors did not disguise the fact that his two serious illnesses in 1888 and 1891 had given his constitution a severe shake, at no time during those last days did there seem enough illness to kill him if he had really wished to live; and it seemed as if the will was lacking rather than the strength. Even so late as on the Friday evening the doctors pronounced the case to be serious but not hopeless. For the first few days his cough racked him terribly, but afterwards there seemed to be only a feeling of intense lassitude and fatigue, till he was too weak even to put out his hand to the old collie Rob when he came to the side of the bed. His one complaint seemed to be, "I am so weary," and when on Saturday morning his daughter went into his room, his last words to her were, "My dearie, I am——," but he was so weary that he could not finish the sentence.

The doctor thought he would not live till mid-

night; but just about that time his pulse steadied a little, his breathing grew quieter, and for a few hours there seemed hope that though he had gone to the very confines of the Dark Valley he was now turning back. Towards morning, however, the power of swallowing left him, and then very quietly, just like a little child falling asleep, he passed away. It was Sunday morning, March 3, just about the time that on board ship the drum beats for divisions.

His work was finished. Vigorous, active in mind and body, he had just stepped over the threshold of his seventieth year, and then, like a workman who is weary with his day's work, he put aside his tools and lay down to rest.

His had been a successful, and, on the whole, a very happy life. Grief he had had,—the loss of his wife and his favourite sister had been heavy blows; but though the wounds were deep, and ached at times, he was too healthy minded to let them fester. As to minor trials, probably the greatest in his life was the decrease in the value of his property, which prevented him from living at Littlegreen. He had no disappointments, because he never sought anything for himself; but it often grieved him sorely that he could not make others as keen for the public good as he was himself.

Sir William Hewett, writing in 1878, had said, "He will get a Peerage or Westminster Abbey,"

but the Admiral would not have cared for either of those distinctions; he had what he valued far more, the loyal respect and affection of men of all ranks in the Navy. Since the death of Sir Provo Wallis in February 1892, Admiral Hornby had been *de facto*, as for years he had been *de jure*, at the head of the service. Some people who met him casually, and saw in him only a genial, agreeable old gentleman, were surprised at the deference with which he was treated by his brother officers; but men of any distinction, from Moltke downwards, seemed instinctively to recognise the power of his mind and his claim to implicit confidence.

He had left no instructions with regard to his funeral except that he wished his body to be cremated and laid by the side of his wife, and that Admiral Fitzroy, Captain James Bruce, Captain Winsloe, Captain Lake, and the Provost of Eton, should be invited. Of these five, only the two last were able to be present; but the service to which he had given more than fifty of the best years of his life claimed the privilege of paying him the last honour. His sons and sons-in-law expressed a wish to be allowed to act as bearers, but they were told that this was the right of the petty officers. Certainly right and fitting it did seem that those stalwart men in their workmanlike uniform should bear the coffin covered with the union-jack, on which, beside his sword and Order of the Bath, were placed a wreath of im-

mortelles "From the Queen," and some violets from the Duke and Duchess of Coburg "In affectionate remembrance."

Many relations and friends were present. The Emperor of Germany sent Captain Von Gulich, the German military attaché, to lay a beautiful wreath on the grave, and to deliver to Miss Phipps Hornby the message, "The Emperor wished me to express his deep and sincere sympathy with you, and his great regret at the loss of such a distinguished naval officer."

France, Austria, the United States — even Japan—sent their representatives, and all ranks and branches of the Royal Navy came to render this last service to their old chief. They were all there, from the officers who represented the Queen and the naval members of the Royal Family to old pensioners who had served with the Admiral as far back as the time when he commanded the *Tribune*. Some of those present had been mess-mates of his on board the *Princess Charlotte;* others had served under him as midshipmen on board the *Alexandra*.

Slowly, to the solemn strain of the Dead March in "Saul," played as only the best military band in England can play it, the procession moved into the little flower-filled country church at Compton. Then after the service, when the tombstone had been rolled back over the little urn into its place, the last notes of Tennyson's hymn "Crossing the

Bar" died away, and the sharp crack of the rifles had ceased, they took their last farewell of the old friend, who after life's long voyage had met his Pilot "face to face," and in the desired haven was "Waiting," as he had once written, "where there is no more parting and sorrow, till they also, one by one, come Home."

There they left all that remained of him on earth in the quiet Sussex valley, where the richer pastures slope upwards to the wind-swept undulations of the Downs, where the cathedral-like aisles of the beech-woods give way gradually to stunted yew-trees bending away from the force of the south-west wind, where the silence is seldom broken save by the boom of the big guns at Portsmouth and the cry of the sea-gulls as they come up in stormy weather to feed in the fallows. There they left him, close to the little church, in the shadow of the woods he loved, almost within hearing, almost in sight, of the sea.

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PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

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on 15 October, 2018